April 11, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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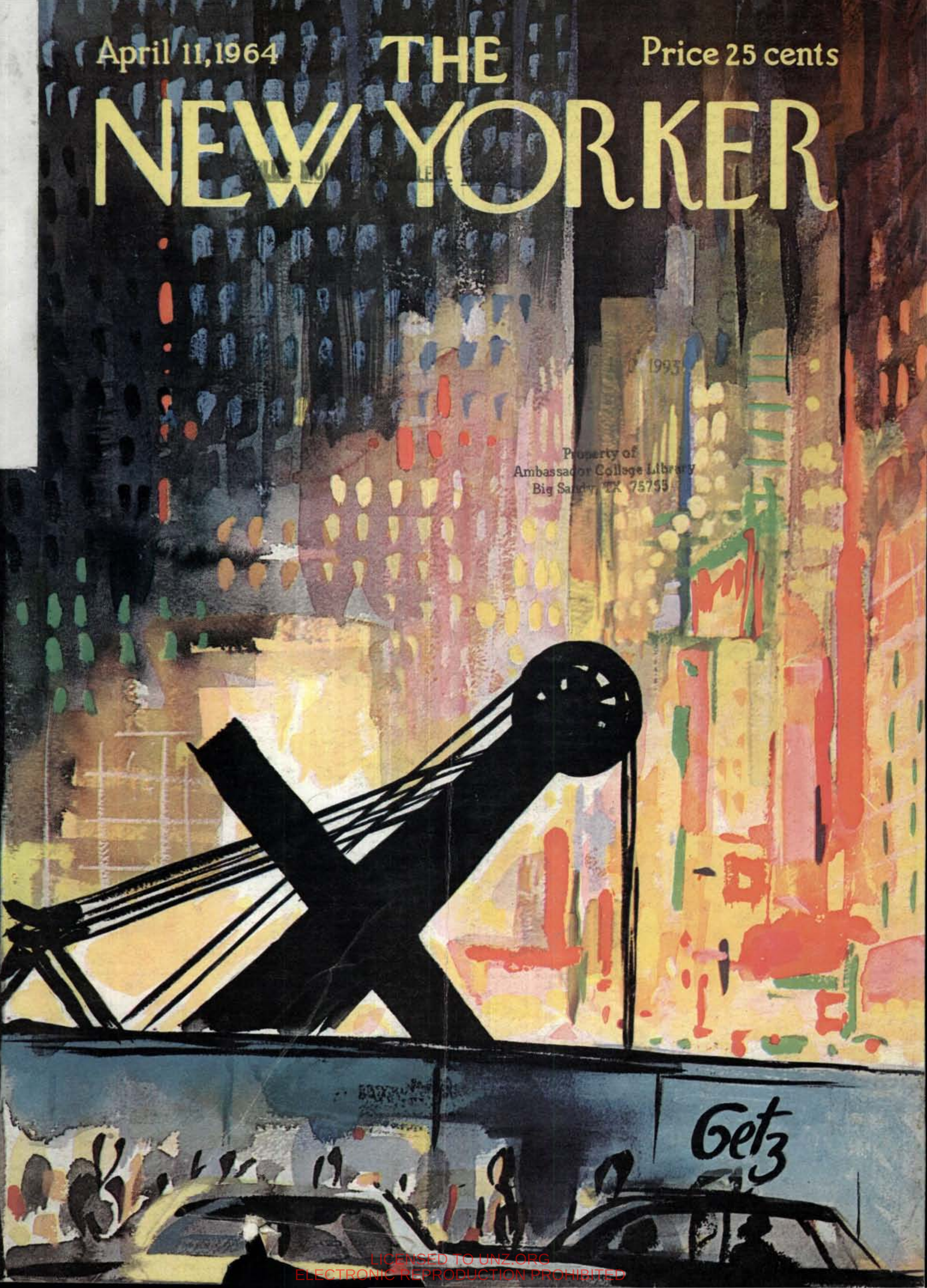

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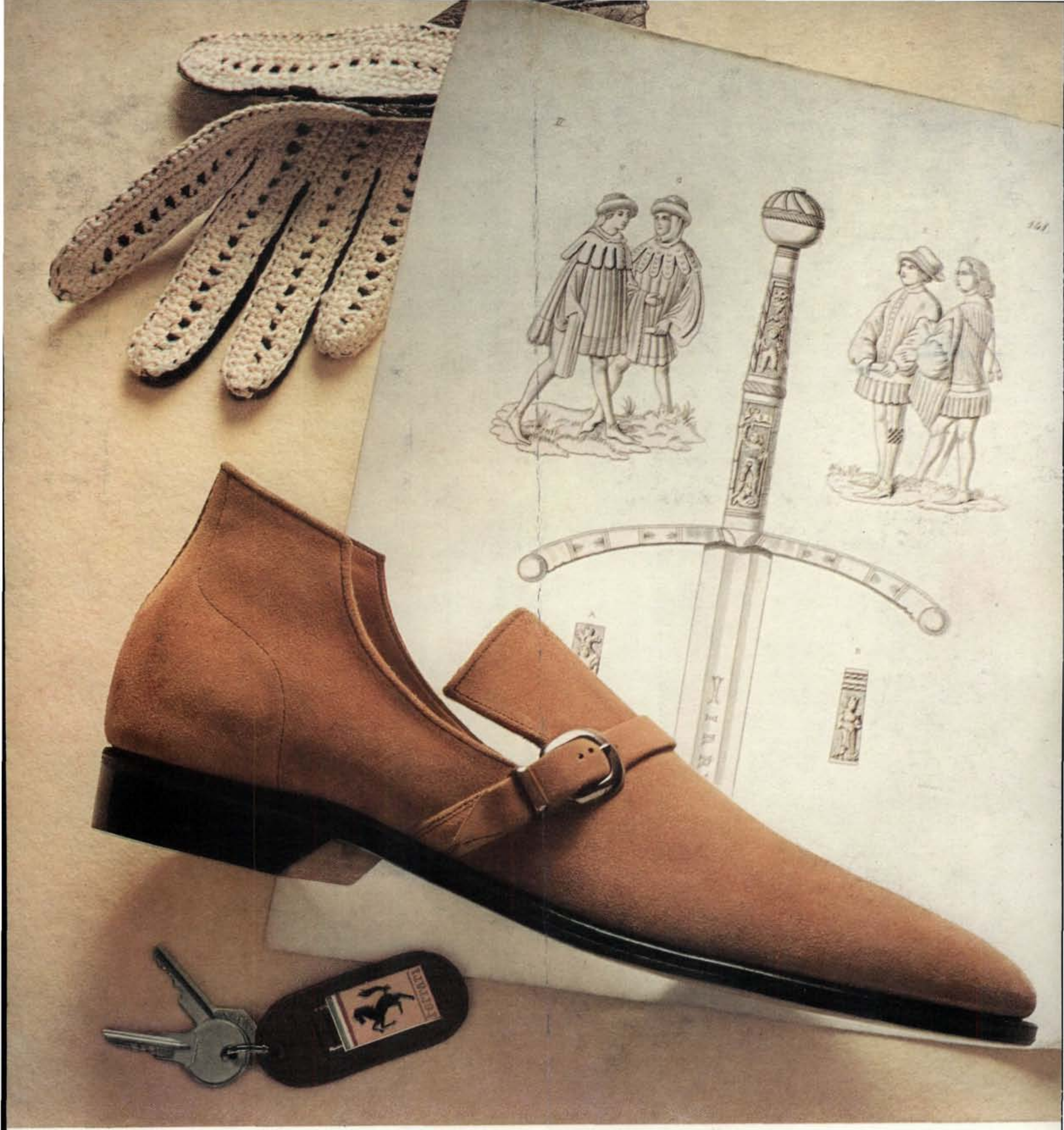

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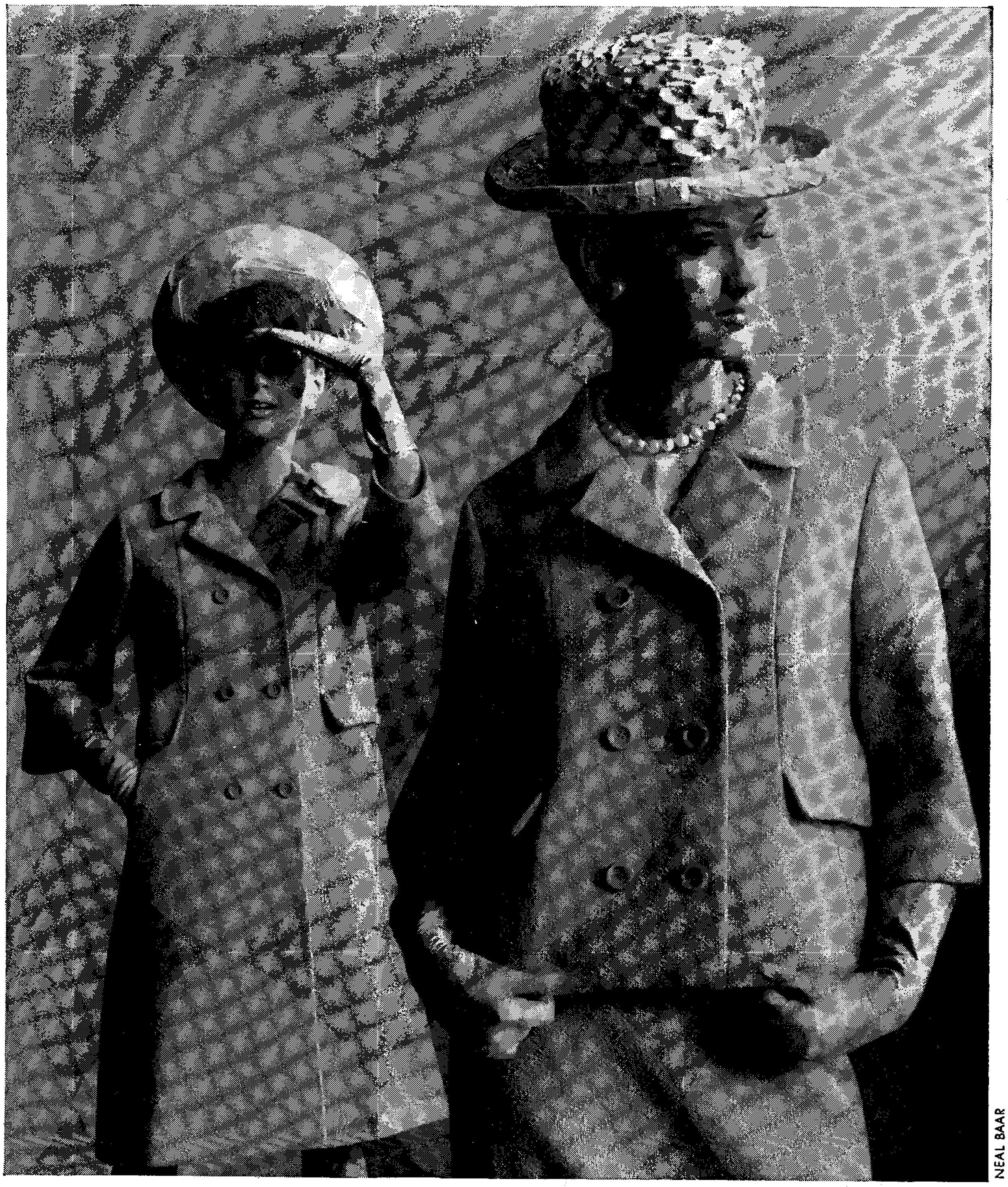
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—An invitation to laughter conceived by Muriel Resnik and advanced with great skill by Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. It has to do with the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. The play was directed in lively fashion by Henry Kaplan, and has a bright set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 12.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's pleasant trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. *Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford,* Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar give good accounts of themselves in the central roles, and the direction, by Mike Nichols, is very apt. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Case of Libel—A dramatization of the courtroom struggle between Westbrook Pegler and Quentin Reynolds. Van Heflin is highly effective as the plaintiff's lawyer, and all kinds of admirable performers assist him. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Deputy—A compressed version—five acts have been reduced to two—of Rolf Hochhuth's drama in verse, which deals with the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII during the moral crisis brought on by the Nazis' extermination of Jews during the Second World War. The verse as rendered into English is no great shakes, but the play has a powerful impact. Jeremy Brett has the leading role and does well, as do most of the others in the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—A perceptive portrait by Sir Alec Guinness of the drunk, loquacious, and talented Welsh poet, who is described here in the course of a couple of visits to the United States. The drama is the skillful work of Sidney Michaels, and has been astutely directed by Peter Glenville. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

National Repertory Theatre—A four week repertory of two plays, with Eva Le Gallienne, Farley Granger, Denholm Elliott, and Anne Meacham. Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," directed by Jack Sydow, Thursday matinée, April 9; Saturday matinée, April 11; Sunday evening, April 12; Wednesday evening, April 15; and Friday evening, April 17. . . . ¶ Chekhov's "The Seagull," adapted and directed by Miss Le Gallienne, Thursday through Saturday evenings, April 9-11; Sunday matinée, April 12; Tuesday evening, April 14; Thursday evening, April 16; and Saturday matinée and evening, April 18. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30; on Thursday, April 9, at 2. Closes Saturday, May 2.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston, prancing about amusingly, has the lead in this comedy about Hollywood television. The play was written by Ronald Alexander and directed galvanically by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sponono—A South African company in a sporadically interesting drama by Alan Paton and Krishna Shah that deals with the difficulties that the principal of a Johannesburg reformatory has in understanding the psychology of a native youth under his jurisdiction. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964:** Four nimble wits (Paxton Whitehead, Patrick Carter, William Christopher, and Patrick Horgan) in a revue, now revised, with new material added. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Tom Helmore are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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MUSICALS

Anyone Can Whistle—A lapse into lethargy which has a book by Arthur Laurents, music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and the services of Lee Remick, Angela Lansbury, and Harry Guardino. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Foxy—Bert Lahr at the top of his game in a variation of Ben Jonson's "Volpone" that puts the whole mercenary cast of characters in a primitive town in old Alaska. The book is by Ian McLellan Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., and the lyrics and music, which are frequently pleasant, are by Johnny Mercer and Robert Emmett Dolan. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice in a musical that is loud and gaudy, but not quite as good as you might hope. The book was written by Isobel Lennart, the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and there are some splashy musical numbers staged by Carol Haney. Jerome Robbins supervised the production, which was directed by Garson Kanin. Kay Medford, Danny Meehan, and Sydney Chaplin give Miss Streisand sturdy support. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—An adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," in which Carol Channing and a fine supporting cast have themselves a high old time. The lyrics and music were provided by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Michael Stewart. The enterprise is also fortunate in having direction and choreography by Gower Champion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Meredith Willson's hymn to Santa Claus, Christmas, Macy's, and Gimbels is long on color but not really lively in the song-and-dance division. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—Although not quite as stimulating as "The Rainmaker," from which it was adapted, this musical still has merit, mostly because Inga Swenson, as the heroine, is wonderfully beguiling. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A dilatory musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Budd and Stuart Schulberg wrote the book, and the lyrics and music were created by Ervin Drake. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Dick Shawn, Jack Gilford, and assorted cuties. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Advertising offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1365 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 8, April 11, 1964. Second-class postage paid in New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**: Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St. W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OLIVER!**: The early life of Goldsmith, set to music. With Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

HIGH SPIRITS—A musical by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, based on Noël Coward's play "Blithe Spirit." The cast, directed by Mr. Coward, is headed by Beatrice Lillie, Tammy Grimes, and Edward Woodward. The producers are Lester Osterman, Robert Fletcher, and Richard Horner. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

HAMLET—A limited engagement, starring Richard Burton, Hume Cronyn, Alfred Drake, Eileen Herlie, William Redfield, George Rose, and George Voskovec. The director is John Gielgud, the producer Alexander H. Cohen. Opens Thursday, April 9, and will run through Saturday, June 27. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BABY WANT A KISS—A play by James Costigan, with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and the author as the entire cast. Presented by the Actors Studio Theatre and directed by Frank Corsaro. Previews through Sunday, April 12. Opens officially on Monday, April 13. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly at 8:30 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

LINCOLN CENTER REPERTORY—"But for Whom Charlie," S. N. Behrman's seriocomic drama about a noble philanthropist who employs a very tricky character to help him operate a foundation aimed at improving the lot of literary types. The play is certainly not top-drawer Behrman, but it has one large redeeming feature—David Wayne in the role of a sprightly seventy-year-old author full of iconoclastic opinion. Performance Thursday, April 9, at 8:30.... ¶ "Marco Millions," Eugene O'Neill's satire, now thirty-six years old, which contrasts the mercenary values of a Western wheeler-dealer with the placid values of the philosophic East. A fine big spectacle in which Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman figure to good purpose. Performances Friday, April 10, at 8:30; Saturday, April 11, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, April 14-16, at 8:30.... ¶ Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below Mr. Miller's best work. Performances Sunday, April 12, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, April 17, at 8; and Saturday, April 18, at 2 and 8. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—A revival of "West Side Story," with Don McKay and Julia Migenes. The first in a series of three shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

APA AT THE PHOENIX—A Molière twin-bill, "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles," Thursday, April 9, at 8:40.... ¶ Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths," Friday, April 10, at 8:30; Saturday, April 11, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Tuesday through Thursday, April 14-16, at 8:30.... ¶ George M. Cohan's "The Tavern," Sunday, April 12, at 3.... ¶ Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are," Sunday, April 12, at 7:30; Friday, April 17, at 8:40; and Saturday, April 18, at 2:40 and 8:40. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

THE AMOROUS FLEA—A modest and chipper little musical adapted from Molière's "School for Wives," with Lew Parker, properly creaky and comical, as the old bachelor who plans to marry his young ward, and Imelda de Martin, properly slyboots, as the object of his affections. The songs—words and tunes—are by a promising newcomer named Bruce Montgomery. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BLOOD KNOT—James Earl Jones gives a fine performance and J. D. Cannon a good one in this rather mechanical drama about a pair of South African half brothers, one of them a full Negro and the other part white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE CARETAKER—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with Leonardo Cimino, Donald Moffat, and Norman Bowler serving as the entire cast. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CINDY—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. The music and words are agreeable enough, but it is the singing and dancing of the refreshing young cast that give the show its charm. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE IMMORALIST—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

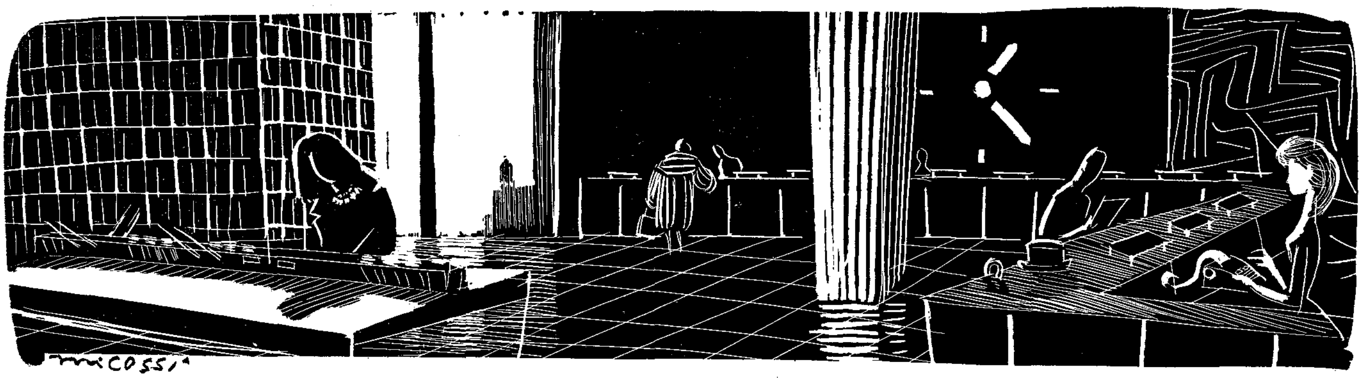
IN WHITE AMERICA—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six able performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays, except April 14, through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

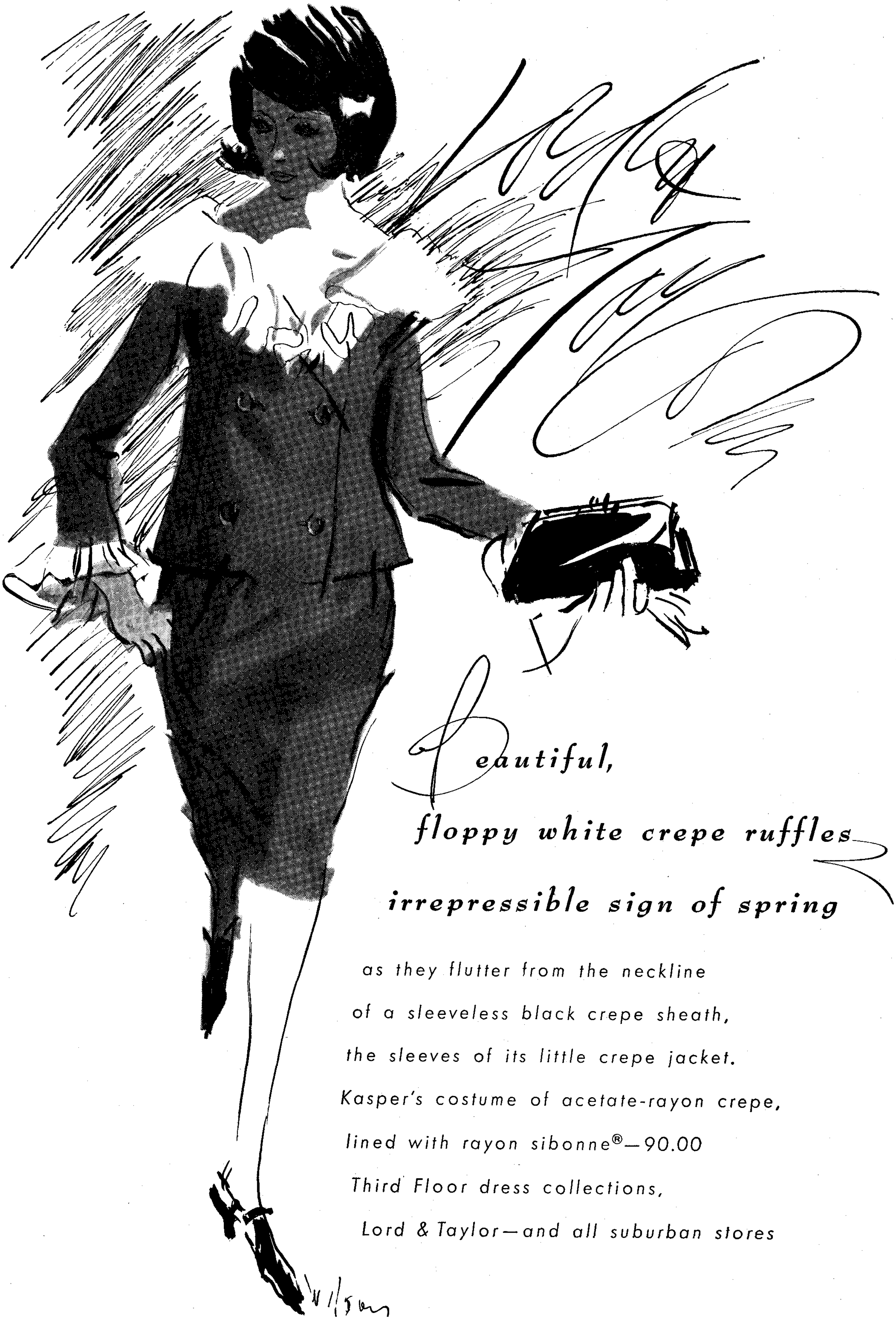
JERICO-JIM CROW—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 8:40 and Sundays at 3.)

LIFE IS A DREAM (LA VIDA ES SUEÑO)—Calderón's seventeenth-century play, being presented in both English and Spanish. Performances in English on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, Fridays at 10, Saturdays at 7, and Sundays at 8:30. Performances in Spanish on Mondays and Wednesdays at 8:30, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 10, and Sundays at 3. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240.)

LITTLE EYOLF—An inept production of an understandably neglected work by Henrik Ibsen. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE PINTER PLAYS—Two dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2355. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:30.)

Three at the Cherry Lane—A trio of one-acters. "Dutchman," which ends the evening, is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. Samuel Beckett's "Play" continues its run, and the management has added a revival of "The Two Executioners," a sombre, down-with-mother work by the usually perky Arrabal. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trumpets of the Lord—A musical adaptation of "God's Trombones"—a series of poems in the form of sermons by the late James Weldon Johnson—which is by turns (and at times simultaneously) jubilant, witty, moving, and fervent. The all-Negro cast is made up of three good actors and six good singers. The music is made up of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs. Vinnette Carroll is the adapter. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White Rose and the Red—The story of England's Wars of the Roses in an arrangement of scenes from a batch of Shakespeare's historical plays. The scenes are performed by thirteen actors, most of whom play several parts, and some of whom do pretty well. In the solo part of Henry VI, Nicholas Kepros does extremely well. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Thursday and Friday at 8:30 and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, April 12.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Olé Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—A program of modern-dance works by Doris Humphrey, Anna Sokolow, José Limón, and Paul Draper, performed by students and alumni of the Juilliard dance department, with members of the Juilliard Orchestra. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

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MISCELLANY

The Circus—Now tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Josephine Baker—With her company of dancers (including Carmen de Lavallade and Geoffrey Holder), plus an orchestra, in a limited return engagement. (Henry Miller, 43rd St. east of Broadway. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

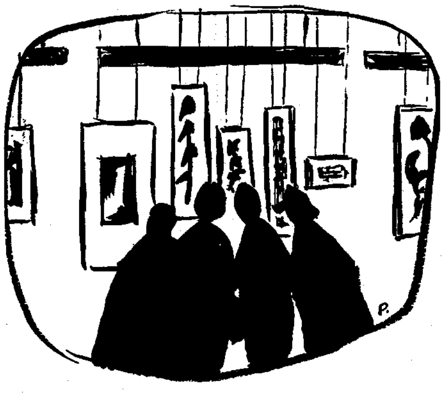
Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Julie London, who made the River of Tears famous, is still to be found along its banks, but a new glaze (probably from that twenty-four-hour-a-day Las Vegas sun) has been imposed on some of her later ballads. She and a cluster of boy acolytes pass through the Royal Box at dinner and supper; a couple of dance bands stay put right along. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The floral tributes that adorn the walls of the restaurant come from Never-Never Land, but the music is for real. George Anaya's little band, which makes it, is Latin and American. It does menu music from eight to ten and prancing music from then until one, not to mention Sunday matinées from one to three. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The "No Casting Tonight" sign is forever conspicuous by its absence from the offices of this famous old talent agency. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who likes to dance. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Sundays, the only sound is taped music in the alcove called Perona's.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, a Ben Cutler band is in great good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Alice and Ellen Kessler, completely interchangeable twins from the Rhineland, are proving—at dinner and supper in the Persian Room—that they are quick studies in absorbing the American way of song-and-dance life, to which their blond youth and beauty do (let it be admitted) add a touch of Fourth Dimension. Emil Coleman's and Mark Monte's industrious groups do hour after hour of dance tunes for the patrons. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.



St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Peter Duchin's orchestra and Quintero's Latin Americans make the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, baby sister of the Maisonette, the comestibles are brought to table on the wings of piano by Walter Kay and violin by Jani Sarkozi. Eight to two is their run. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns represents great calm, great peace, and chortling music from the small posse of Arturo Arturos, which sets to at half past seven during the week and at six on Sundays. Curfew on Sundays at eleven, on weekdays at twelve-thirty; closed Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—The spirit of the Cairo Shepheard's back in the days of Empire lives on, seven nights a week, to incessant but jovial dance music (part machine-made, part man-made) that begins at eight. Some of the décor is Peter Larkin's merry Egyptology (he's put Mona Lisa smiles on all his Sphinxes); the rest is the audience, which has put best bibs and best tuckers on itself.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Milt Shaw's band is percolating in the Embassy Club, which is on a routine of dinner and supper and eurythmics—eight to one in general, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Edie Adams, who dominates the Empire Room at dinner and supper, placates tradition to an extent (bursting-at-the-seams orchestrations, an attendant cloud of boy dancers), but her parodies of people in show business have now attained a real sharpness without discarding any of their humor. A more than usually jaunty Meyer Davis orchestra and the band run by Horace Diaz are also in action. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Open house, open forum for a whole lot of mutual friends. Another part of the sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): On an evening's stroll among the dinner tables in this Florentine garden, one can encounter—from Thursday through Saturday—not a few old-school musicians, Puccini and Leoncavallo among them. The baton man for the singers is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra for both operatics and (augmented by a helping hand or two) dancing. The rest of the week, Mr. B. is the basso, and there's almost always a feminine voice in the house, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **Café Ambassador,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **Archie's,** 863 First Ave. at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): A roguish glimpse of the nineteenth century, made festive indeed by Hugh Shannon, who gives his pianoforte a sturdy barroom bounce and his all-in-fun ballads a firm, round, fully packed tenor. Michael Burr's efficacious bas-

TIFFANY STERLING—The heavyweight champion.
From left, the six piece place setting;
Flemish, $50. Hampton, $60. Provence, $60.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fiddle joins in the romp. The music, not audible on Sundays, begins at nine. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Brothers Grimm had something to do with the interior, decoration of this playful pageant. Through it strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. The orchestra in the pit is George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): High life, but on its best behavior, to which Forrest Perrin contributes judiciously jovial piano for cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic violinists squired by the perfectionist Herman Honigsberg. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with an unlimited expense account; the music—the calm but poignant guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the nineties restaurant, in the bar of which there's piano from five to seven-thirty and nine to two every evening but Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A scattering of musicians makes the sound that goes with the neat but not gaudy Italian school of cookery. A piano starts soliloquizing at five, and Joe Candullo's dance trio starts at nine-thirty. Fridays and Saturdays, a couple of voices join in. It's all family style, but with the greatest of dignity. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A complete cast of characters, from Shubert Alley to Sutton Place, is in stock. At the south end of the pavilion, a dance trio shows up at nine. Monday nights (this may be considered an invitation or a warning) are devoted to dance festivals led by Killer Joe Piro, a survivor of the Peppermint Lounge state of mind. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast issue now from the piano of Karl Inwald, but on Monday, April 13, George Feyer returns to the keyboard. The waves are tiny, yet nobody seems to mind. The tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park offers the well-brought-up piano of Steven Weltner, who is part of the intercontinental circuit. He operates from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A finer lot of bouncing Czechs and Hungarians you never saw or heard. Two of the few zimbalons remaining in captivity are prominent in the celebration, and so is (among other sounds) the voice of Tibor Rakossy, slowly savoring the ageless words of romance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
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Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dim are the lights, dark is the panelling, and dark are the Russian eyes that Marina Fedorovskaya, the clear-as-a-bell and unmannered innkeeper, sings of between seven-thirty and two. The air is Russian (Imperial), too; so are the ruminative piano and violin; so is the chef. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, or your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Our best-known midtown Moorish palace provides dining to tiptoe piano from six to nine-thirty. The musician is Conrad Monjoy, whose vacations are Saturday and Sunday evenings. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): In the Palm Court, which is often an Ivy League forum at the cocktail hour, Joan Bishop applies herself assiduously and calmly to her piano from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): The piano, which (manned by two operators) goes quietly about its business from five-thirty to three, never tries to rewrite the nation's songs—rather a novelty these nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The wickedest woman in all Paris of the Lautrec era is played and sung by Rita Dimitri, the proprietor of this café, with all the pertinent nuances and implications. She appears at dinner, and on Fridays and Saturdays at supper, too. There's music the rest of the time, some of it for dancing on a tiny floor. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A jack-in-the-box named Mimmo del Sud hops about the ornate bar between nine-thirty and one-thirty every night but Sunday, whipping out guitar and the lyrics, mostly Latin, that go best with it.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Young womanhood in her crowning glory and in not very much else. The current occasion of her appearance is "Diamond Fair," a vast and sumptuous enterprise comprised of light, color, movement, mummery, flummery, and cheer. Acrobats, singers, ballerinas, too, ad infinitum, as well as the Kaye Sisters, a cabaret singing turn from London. Dancing for the guests is also permissible. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Pat Collins, a girl with a hypnotic manner and a basilisk eye, is putting any customers who volunteer for her A Treatment to sleep long before their bedtime, and putting them through plenty of antic paces before restoring them to real life—an operation that possesses the simultaneous jocosity and eeriness of the world of Dr. Strangelove. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Sergio Franchi, an honest-to-goodness Roman tenor, with the strength of ten and the finesse of two dozen standard singers, lets fly his last well-rounded arias on Wednesday, April 15; Joey Forman, a local wit who shows steady signs of improvement, departs at the same time. The Copa dancing dolls stay on to greet the new show, due next evening. Prancing is a perquisite of the customers, too. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Vive Les Girls," our forthcoming entry in the Olympic high-kick event, is a vigorous way of introducing to this city a captain of the chorus, Jeanie Stevens, of tremendous vim, vigor, and vivacity. The one humorous interlude in this gymkhana is, though, distinctly low jinks. Dancing.

CABARETS

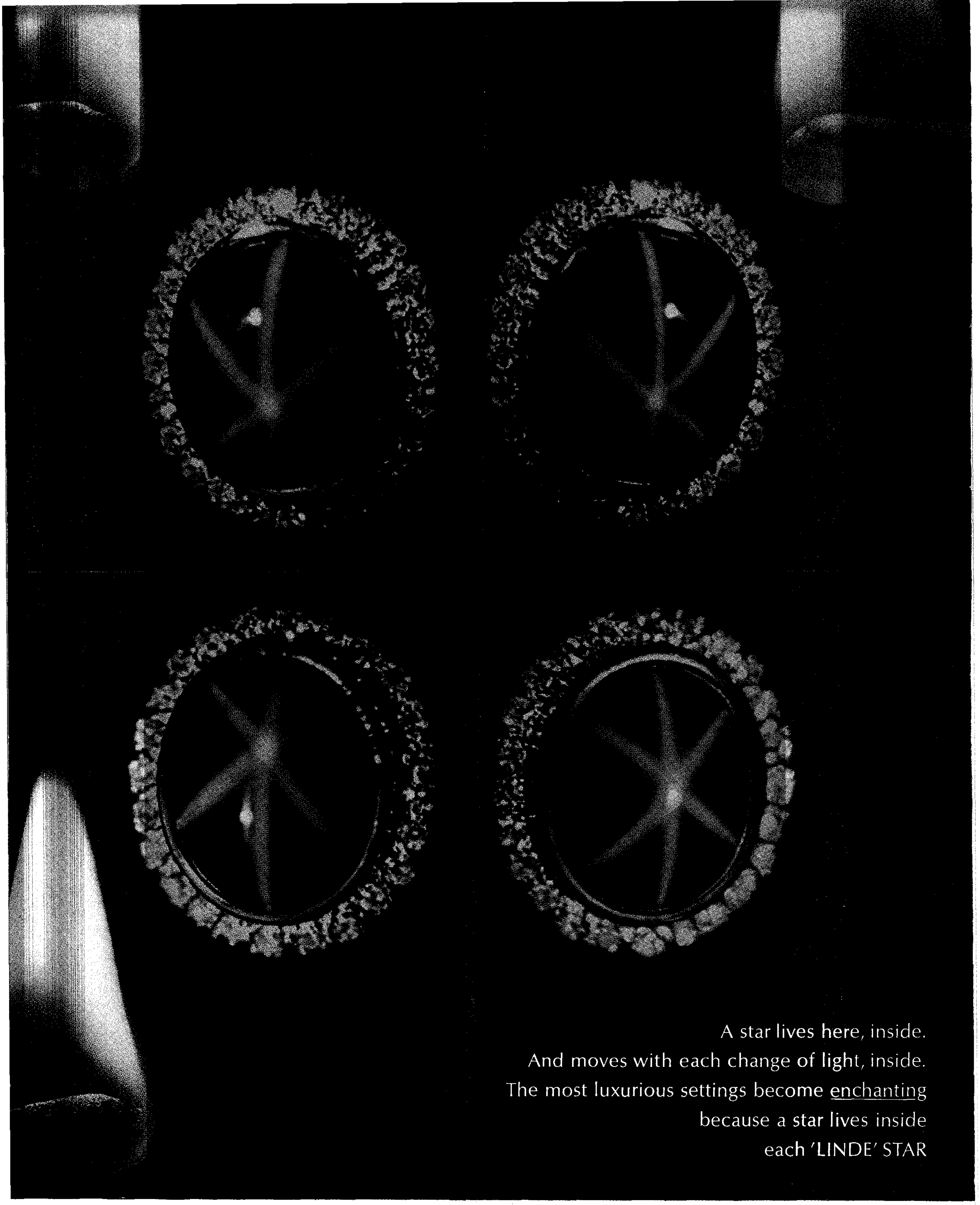
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Not every prospect pleases the authors of "Baker's Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, which has an unkind and well-rhymed word for everything that stands in the way of communal happiness. The faultless Gerry Matthews is the ringleader; his chief helpmeets are Nagle Jackson, Jamie Ross, Delphi Harrington, and Barbara Cason, an actress of great quality; the sophomores—all deserving a good word, too—are Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Dick Blair. The band is the pianos of Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. Exhibitions at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Rolf Harris, a genuine music-hall entertainer of a sort nearly vanished from the earth, is rousing, rowdy, and rollicking in about equal measure; his principal companion is Ketty Lester, a meadow lark who comes close to being sheer delight. They vanish on Sunday, April 12; next evening's arrivals are Godfrey Cambridge, an Off Broadway performer turned humorist; a new chickadee, Kathy Woodruff; and a new folkster, Wayne Storm. Dinner and supper are always part of the course. A trio rambles through the lounge from two until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): What's on the fertile minds of John Bird, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, and Carole Simpson, one of the best of the Hudson's Bay Company's corps of lady and gentleman venturers, is being revealed in the brand-new revue "The Muffled Report," which they and Peter Cook have put together. They stand to and deliver at nine and eleven-thirty. A rather British cuisine goes with all this, and so does Marian McPartland's semi-abstract American trio, which gets its second wind in the bar after the late show. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): For Spain, the forecast is sunny and warmer whenever the glee club and marching band called Los Chavales de España enter the back room. Their words are put into flamenco action by the feet of Isabella and Miguel. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturday nights they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at ten-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's flamenco arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): A youthful venture, devoted to just about anything from drag racing to Roman chariots, and now given over to Irwin Corey, an interesting if unforecastable neurosis, and a talkative one. Folk singers from here and there are apt to drift onstage, too. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): An older venture, but equally unforecastable. It is more than likely, though, that Felicia Sanders will arrive on Tuesday, April 14, to start going up in the flames of her own heart-and-soul ballads. Enid Mosier, that West Indian singing and dancing scamp, and Marc London, an in-and-out humorist, should also be reporting for duty that night. Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames are already doing lackadaisical music there. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Bill Evans, who truly has


A star lives here, inside.
And moves with each change of light, inside.
The most luxurious settings become enchanting
because a star lives inside
each 'LINDE' STAR

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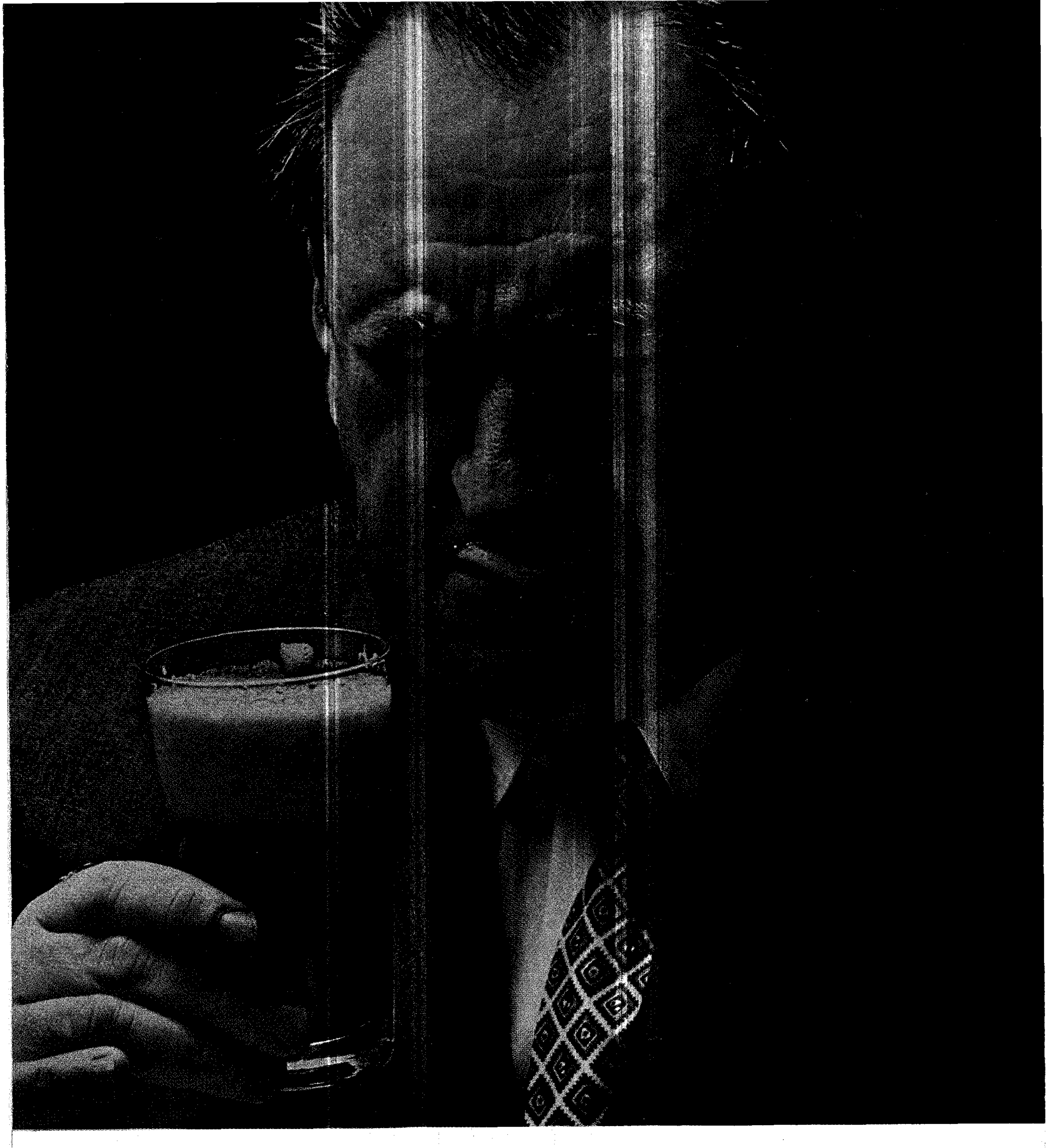


HE HATES CAVIAR, TOO!

Nothing fancy about him. He's just plain Bill. Honest, hardworking and happy with his three squares a day. But you'd never make him an honorary member of a gourmet society. Black olives, truffles, pâté de foie gras, venison? They're not part of *his* chow. So when it comes to brews, Guinness doesn't figure. The brisk, bright, not-quite-sweet, not-quite-sour, malty, winey flavor is wasted on him. But gourmets love it. It takes more than one hearing to enjoy Beethoven's Ninth. It takes more than one bottle to enjoy Guinness's Stout. But it's a pleasure that grows and grows. Isn't it significant that though very few like Guinness when they first try it, it's the world's largest beer export, now selling in a hundred and thirty-nine countries?

GUINNESS EXTRA STOUT

IMPORTED BY HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the gift of abstract piano, is expected, along with his trio, on Thursday, April 9, and the American Jazz Ensemble, led by Bill Smith on clarinet and John Eaton on piano, should be arriving to demonstrate the influence of their Guggenheim Fellowships on avant-garde jazz. Sundays, there are matinées from four-thirty to seven. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Nina Simone, whose songs are really delicately put-together withdrawal periods, sings—seeming never to look at her audience—along with her threesome. In addition, a chunk of Oriental chanters and executers of the *danse de ventre* ply their odd trades. Mondays, when this cast ceases and desists, are catch-as-catch-can affairs. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffeehouse that sets the Village a good standard for its genre. Among the accessories that go with it are Joan Toliver, who has just discovered folk music, and the squad of Jim, Jake, and Joan, who have ideas about comedy. All are off duty on Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Rant-and-roll music prevails from three until eight-thirty, after which Woody Herman and his slam-bang herd, plus Marty Napoleon's traditionalists, get to work. On Monday, April 13, Wild Bill Davison's band succeeds the Napoleons. Sundays, visiting outfits have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Wednesday, April 15, is closing night for Gerry Mulligan, irresistible force, and his crew of valiants. Mondays there are jam sessions. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The rotation-of-crops system that prevails here removes the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, playing their eightieth engagement on the premises, as of Thursday, April 16, and brings in, on the following night, the fivesome of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer for *its* eightieth engagement on the premises. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Sonny Rollins, who delivers statements with a majestic firmness of conviction, has his group in action. On Mondays, the place is assigned to the Upper Bohemia Six, which plays—rather unevenly—for listening and dancing, and to the quartet of David Amram, composer and seeker of the truth about the new music. On Sundays, there's a four-to-eight session for visiting artists. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Lang syne, some of it auld and some of it more recent, is being attended to by Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave Frishberg, Benny Moten, and Buzzy Drootin with befitting enthusiasm. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): County-fair midway is the point of view. Not far above the babbling crowd stands Dizzy Gillespie, by word of both mouth and horn a great and funny man. He and his quintet will be joined at midnight on Thursday, April 16, and every midnight thereafter, by Tessie O'Shea, the British music-hall singer from the demised "The Girl Who Came to Supper." Sundays there are other musicians. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the celebrated oval bar sits Mary Lou Williams, an intense, dedicated, sometimes demoniac, and always true-blue pianist. Her trio gets to work at ten, and is on the premises every night but Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Marshall Brown's battering-ram trombone augments Mr. J. every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; Thursdays through Saturdays, his aides are Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four Wednesdays through Sundays, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and come-as-you-are devotees. Mondays and Tuesdays, a counterpart known as the Red Onion Minstrels works out. . . . **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-0160): Frontier town, but more modern than it is in the Westerns, for Morgana King is doing her tormentor ballads and Dave McKenna is playing 1964 piano. Sundays, Benny Powell's quartet is the whole deal.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Karel Appel—A joint exhibition by the contemporary Dutch painter: nudes at the Hahn (960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.) and object-paintings at the Jackson (32 E. 69th St.); both through April 25. (Both galleries are closed Mondays.)

Gianfranco Baruchello—Paintings by an Italian artist; through April 25. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Warren Brandt—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 11. (Grippi & Waddell, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Braque—Four galleries are participating in a four-week benefit exhibition (through May 2) of a hundred and sixty American-owned oils, collages, gouaches, watercolors, pastels, and chalk drawings, plus twenty-eight sculptures—At the **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Fauvism and Cubism. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The Twenties. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: The Thirties. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: The late years and sculptures.

William Brice—Figure studies; through Saturday, April 18. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Paintings; through Saturday, April 11. (Gallery 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Ch'i Pai-shih—Paintings by the leading figure of Chinese painting in the twentieth century, plus examples of the work of Chu Ta, Tao-chi, and other masters who influenced him; through May 2. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cook—Bronzes; through April 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

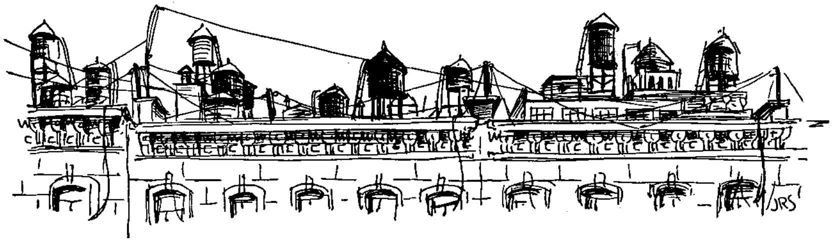
Corneille—Paintings; through Saturday, April 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings, assemblages, and ink drawings; through Saturday, April 11. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Joel Falguière—Paintings by a French artist; through Saturday, April 11. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Martin Friedman—Landscape paintings; through Saturday, April 18. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mildred Friedman—Abstract paintings; through Thursday, April 16. (Brata, 56 Third Ave.,



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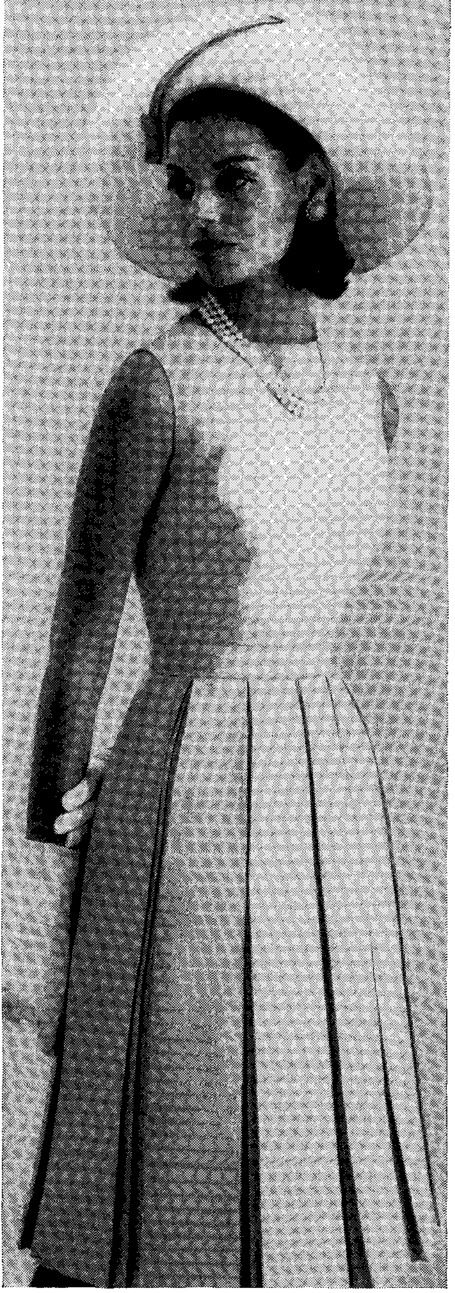


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Elisabeth Frink—Bronze figures and related drawings by a young English sculptor; through Saturday, April 11. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Paul Georges—Nude figures in landscapes; through April 25. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Paintings; through Saturday, April 11. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Roy Gussow—Sculptures in forged bronze, stainless steel, and copper; through April 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marsden Hartley (1877-1943)—Oils, drawings, and pastels; through April 30. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Henri (1865-1929)—Portraits and landscapes; through April 30. (Chapellier, 21 E. 75th St.)

Jean Ipousteguy—Bronzes; through Saturday, April 18. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

James Kearns—Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, April 18. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Elmer Livingston MacRae (1875-1953)—Pastels and watercolors by the treasurer of the 1913 Armory Show; through April 25. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Paul Matthews—Figurative oil paintings; through Saturday, April 18. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Frank Metz—Semi-abstract landscapes; through April 22. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Mondrian, De Stijl, and Their Impact—Nearly thirty paintings by Mondrian, together with double that number by other members of the De Stijl group and their followers; through May 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Morris—Abstract paintings; through April 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Claes Oldenberg—Pop art; through May 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Pace—Large figurative paintings; through April 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Fairfield Porter—Interiors, landscapes, seascapes, portraits, and figures; through Saturday, April 11. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes and figure paintings; through April 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Jeanne Reynal—Mosaics; through Saturday, April 11. (PVI Gallery, 173 E. 73rd St.)

Richards Ruben—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 18. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bill Sawyer—Mostly cityscapes with figures; through April 25. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Clara Seley—Oil pastels and drawings; through April 29. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

John Sloan and Reginald Marsh—Four decades of graphics make up a show entitled "The Sidewalks of New York;" through Wednesday, April 15. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones—Paintings; through April 25. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, April 18. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Stearns—Silk-hung forms; through Saturday, April 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

George Sugarman—Abstract sculptures in painted laminated wood; through Saturday, April 11. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Pavel Tchelitchew—An exhibition of watercolors and drawings that is running concurrently with the showing of his works at the Gallery of Modern Art; through Saturday, April 18. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

William Thon—Seascapes and landscapes; through Saturday, April 18. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Villon (1875-1963)—Paintings (1909-60) by the French artist; through Saturday, April 18. (Thaw, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Previously unexhibited drawings and watercolors; through April 25. (Goldschmidt, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

Jack Youngerman—Abstract paintings; through April 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Zao Wou-ki—Paintings by the Chinese-born Paris abstractionist; through Saturday, April 18. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-seventh annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 19. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ibm gallery,** 16 E. 57th St.: "Art of the Western Frontier," composed of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by such nineteenth-century artists as Frederic Remington, George Catlin, and Charles Russell; through Saturday, April 18. . . . **milch,** 21 E. 67th St.: Watercolors by Childe Hassam, Ogden M. Pleissner, and Gari Melchers (to mention a few); through Friday, April 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **sal-peter,** 42 E. 57th St.: Stefano Cusumano, Philip Evergood, and Thomas C. Quirk, Jr., are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings, drawings, and collages by living artists on "Themes from Shakespeare;" through May 2. . . . **sloan,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through May 2.

French; Group Show—"A Look at Paris," a show of color lithographs by Braque, Chagall, Villon, and others; starting Friday, April 10. (Griffin, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Latin Americans; Group Show—Eighteen artists from nine countries in a showing of oils, drawings, watercolors, prints, and sculptures; through April 25. (Galería Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Rembrandt prints. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The fourteenth national print exhibition, comprising a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

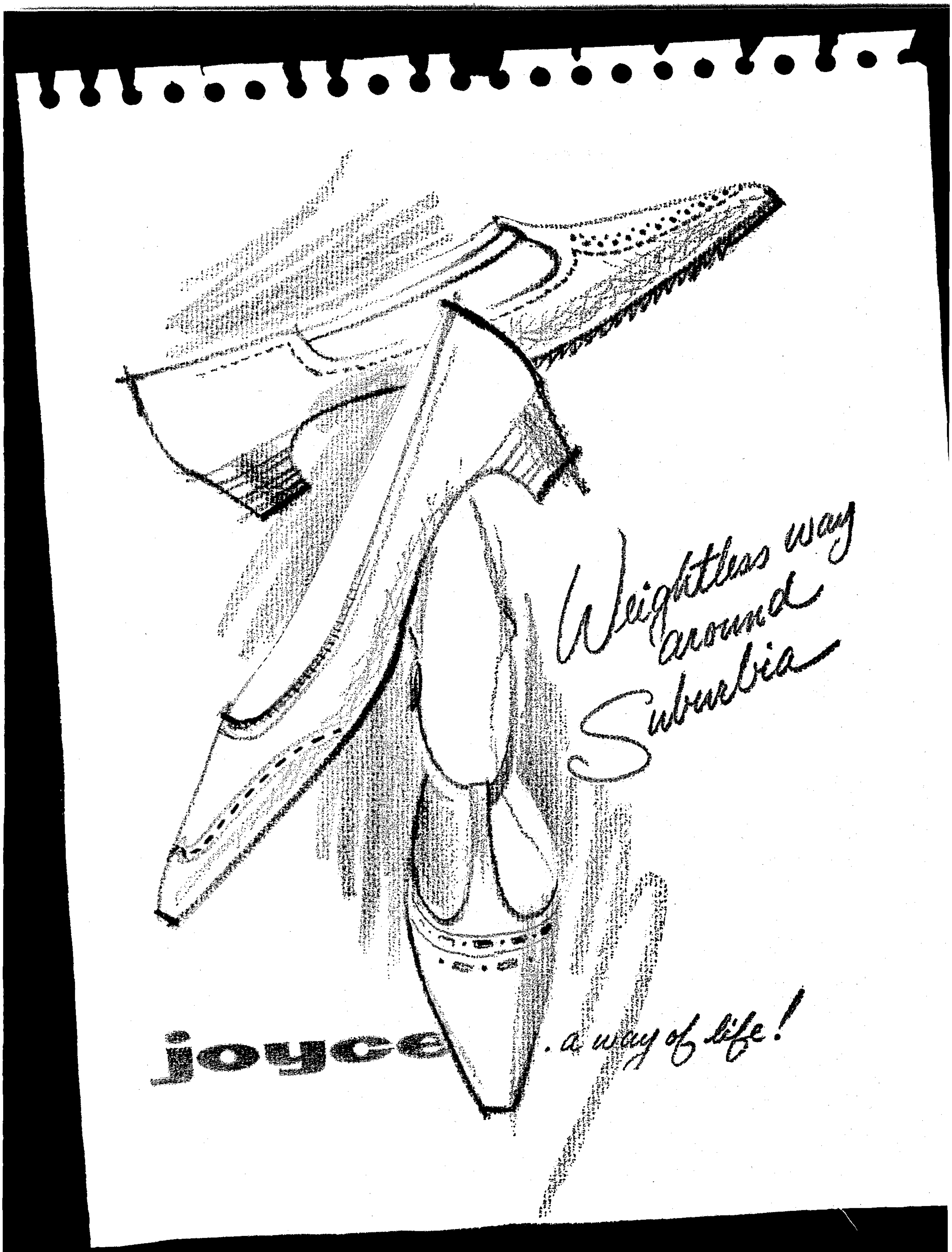
Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Venetian Baroque Painters," a loan show of works by (for instance) Bernardo Strozzi, Domenico Fetti, and della Vecchia; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Huntington Hartford's new museum has opened with a permanent exhibition of paintings and sculptures from Mr. Hartford's own collection, including pieces by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein, plus an exhibit (ending April 19) of about three hundred and fifty paintings and drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the Tchelitchew showing is his exhibition at the Catherine Viviano Gallery, 42 E. 57th St.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by van Gogh selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh; through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A ten-year retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Jasper Johns, a leading member of the New York School; through Sunday, April 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Shakespearean Tribute": Early quarto editions of the plays, the four folios, Shakespeare's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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

source books, and forgeries of his works; *through June 19*. . . . ¶ "From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A show entitled "Seafarers of New Guinea: Art of the Massim Area" (carved canoe prows and paddles, dance shields, and the like), together with a showing of Miguel Covarrubias's paintings of primitive sculptures; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings by the Abstract Expressionist Jack Tworkov; through May 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the regular season—Thursday evening, April 9: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Janis Martin, James McCracken, Anselmo Colzani, John Alexander, and Robert Nagy. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Friday evening, April 10: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Barry Morell, Frank Guarrera, William Walker, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 11: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Farrell, Mildred Miller, Richard Tucker, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and Franco Ghitti. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 11: "Macbeth," with Irene Dalis, Cornell MacNeil, Arturo Sergi, and Jerome Hines. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.) . . . ¶ Following a two-week tour, the company will return here for a special two-week World's Fair season starting Monday, April 27.

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, April 11, at 8:30: "Aida." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Elaine Malbin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein directing the first New York performances of his Third Symphony, "Kaddish," plus two Brahms works, with Felicia Montealegre, narrator; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; the Camerata Singers; and the Columbus Boychoir. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, April 9, at 8:30; Friday, April 10, at 2:15; Saturday, April 11, at 8:30; Sunday, April 12, at 3; and Tuesday, April 14, at 8:30.) After a week's hiatus, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Thursday, April 23.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a benefit concert, with Isaac Stern, violin; Leonard Rose, cello; and Eugene Istomin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Jean Martinon conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, April 16-17, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Mariana Sarrica, piano. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, April 12, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Orchestra San Pietro of Naples—Renato Ruotolo conducting a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 16, at 8:30.)

Camerata Singers—Abraham Kaplan directing a concert postponed from March 23. The first of two programs of choral chamber music. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 10, at 8:30.)

Schola Cantorum of New York—Hugh Ross directing, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Evelyn Sachs, contralto; Andre Montal, tenor; David Clatworthy, bass; Alexander Scourby, narrator; and forty members of the New York Philharmonic. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, April 16, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 18, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Rudolf Schock—Tenor. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 9, at 8:30.)

John Wummer, Joseph Wolman, and Frances Steiner—Flute, piano, and cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 10, at 8:30.)

Virgil Fox—Organ. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 11, at 3.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-64—The sixth in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff and Matthew Raimondi, violin; the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Arthur Weisberg; and composers Robert Ashley, William Sydeman, Gordon Mumma, Betty Sawyer, Lester Trimble, and Ben Weber. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, April 12, at 5:30.)

Vivian Rivkin—Piano, in a program of Mozart concertos, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Joseph Eger. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them William Sydeman and Alan Hovhaness, performed by Frances Fogelson, harpsichord; the Hartt Chamber Players; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Kroll Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Monday, April 13, at 8:30.)

Anton Kuerti—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 14, at 8:30.)

Philippe Entremont and Roman Totenberg—Piano and violin, in the first in a series of three sonata recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Miriam Makeba—African singer. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 18, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—First league games here—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday, April 14, and Thursday, April 16, both at 2. . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, at 2.

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 11, and Saturday, April 18.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 11.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 18.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 30. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 11. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, April 25. The Laurel Handicap, Saturday, April 18.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **children's repertory group:** "Persephone." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at

83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 11, at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING:** "Puss 'n Boots." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Year of the Quiet Sun," studies the sun and its influences on earth at a time when solar activity is at a minimum. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include mice, kids, monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Bunnies, lambs, piglets, kittens, and the like, which can be petted as well as admired. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

MOVIES—"Captains Courageous," with Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 11, at 2:30.)

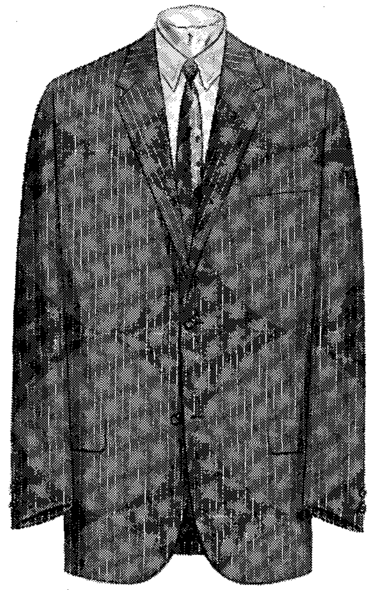
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Dannie Abse reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, April 13, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Robert Creeley, Robert Duncan, and Denise Levertov reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, April 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW—The eighth annual do, featuring the latest foreign and domestic wheels, together with a collection of classic, antique, and experimental models. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday and Friday, April 9-10, from 11:30 to 11; Saturday, April 11, from 11 to 11; and Sunday, April 12, from 1 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, April 11, at 1:45: English furniture; Derby and other old porcelains; table silver, porcelains and glass; and Oriental rugs. The property of Mrs. James Laughlin and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 15, at 1:45: Graphic art, including posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, two Picasso lithographs, and two plates from Chagall's "Daphnis and Chloe;" owned by Pierre Janlet and others. Exhibition starts Friday, April 10.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A leisurely, touching account of a young Greek who aspires to come to America and, like a good Greek, does so. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Billy Liar—An English comedy with Tom Courtenay, in which it turns out that honesty is the best policy but not much fun. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting April 15, tentative.)

Cleopatra—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A nightmare comedy as shocking and wonderful as its title is long. With Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—Stephen Boyd, Sophia Loren, Alec Guinness, and Christopher Plummer in a costume drama of unimpeachable implausibility. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Knife in the Water—A harsh comedy of middle-class life behind the Polish end of the Iron Curtain. Superbly directed by Roman Polanski. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 11.)

Paris When It Sizzles—William Holden and Audrey Hepburn in a very funny picture. George Axelrod wrote the script and Richard Quine directed. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Point of Order!—The Army-McCarthy hearings, a TV sensation of nearly a decade ago, are as thrilling and dismaying as ever in a skillfully edited documentary. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the wicked man of all work in the home of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. Also in the cast are James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Seven Days in May—Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner in a terrific thriller about a right-wing plot to take over Washington and, indeed, all of us. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Silence—Ingmar Bergman's latest study of the human condition is also his gloomiest, though Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are fascinating to watch. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—An exceptionally attractive film, in which Alberto Sordi does his gentle best to find out if it's true that Swedish girls dote on Italian lovers. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 14. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 15, tentative.)

Palace
MATINEE DAILY 1:30 P.M.
SATURDAY & SUNDAY CONTINUOUS
Beauty
Salon
CANDY
SODA
tf

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with raffish high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The World of Henry Orient—Two little girls named Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and quite a big boy named Peter Sellers having a merry time in Manhattan. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Mindless, cheerful nonsense in a three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

REVIVALS

Across the Pacific (1942)—Spies and counter-spies. Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 14.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Here Humphrey Bogart is in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through April 14, tentative.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart, no less, and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 11.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 10-13.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all mementos from the silent past. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 11.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. (In Italian at the Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 15. . . . ¶ In English at the R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting April 15.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (In Italian at the Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting April 15. . . . ¶ In English at the R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting April 15.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Charlie Chaplin telling off the dictators. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting April 15.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; starting April 10.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; April 10-13. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 15.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 9.)

The List of Adrian Messenger (1963)—A rip-roaring old-fashioned mystery, directed by John Huston and with George C. Scott and Kirk Douglas in the cast. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 15.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 15, tentative.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 10-13. . . . ¶ New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 14. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; April 9. No afternoon performances.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting April 15, tentative.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; April 10-13. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—Slapstick in the old Mack Sennett manner, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 12-15.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 11.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 9. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting April 14.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 10-13.)

The Wagons Roll at Night (1941)—Humphrey Bogart (it's his week) and Sylvia Sydney in a sketch on life in a wandering circus. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 13.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"From Russia with Love," Sean Connery.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
April 9: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.
From April 10: "False Shame" (in German).

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Challenge to Live" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
POINT OF ORDER!

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
April 9: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
April 10-13: **JULES AND JIM** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).
From April 14: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 14: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.
From April 15: **8½** and **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (both in Italian and both revivals).

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 14 (tentative): "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and "The Mouse on the Moon," revival, Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.
From April 15 (tentative): **BILLY LIAR**; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
April 9: "Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.
From April 10: **THE HUSTLER**, revival.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Best Man," Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"From Russia with Love," Sean Connery.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE GREAT DICTATOR, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"The Best Man," Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
TOM JONES.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Adorable Julia" (in French), Charles Boyer, Lilli Palmer.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 14 (tentative): "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From April 15 (tentative): **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish); and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 14: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish).
From April 15: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 14: "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.
From April 15: **HUD**, revival; and "Come Blow Your Horn," revival, Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 9: "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival; and "Street of Shame" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.
April 10-13: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival; and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival.
From April 14: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 11: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish); and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).
April 12-15: **SOME LIKE IT HOT**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
AMERICA AMERICA.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Open the Door and See All the People," Maybelle Nash.

LETTERS
U S MAIL

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th (WA 9-2166)
Through April 14: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson; and "The Starfighters," Robert Dornan.
From April 15: **HUD**, revival; and "Come Blow Your Horn," revival, Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 14: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish); and "The French Game" (in French), Françoise Brion.
From April 15: "Please, Not Now!," Brigitte Bardot; and "I Like Money," revival, Peter Sellers.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 14: "The Incredible Mr. Limpet," Don Knotts; and "FBI Code 98," Jack Kelly, Andrew Duggan.
From April 15: **8½**, revival; and **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE**, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"A Mistress for the Summer" (in French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through April 14 (tentative): **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival.
From April 15: **8½** (in Italian), revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Crimes of Monsieur Lange" and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (both in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Dimka" (in Russian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through April 12: "Of Wayward Love" (in Italian), Lilli Palmer.
From April 13: "Bandits of Orgosolo" (in Italian).

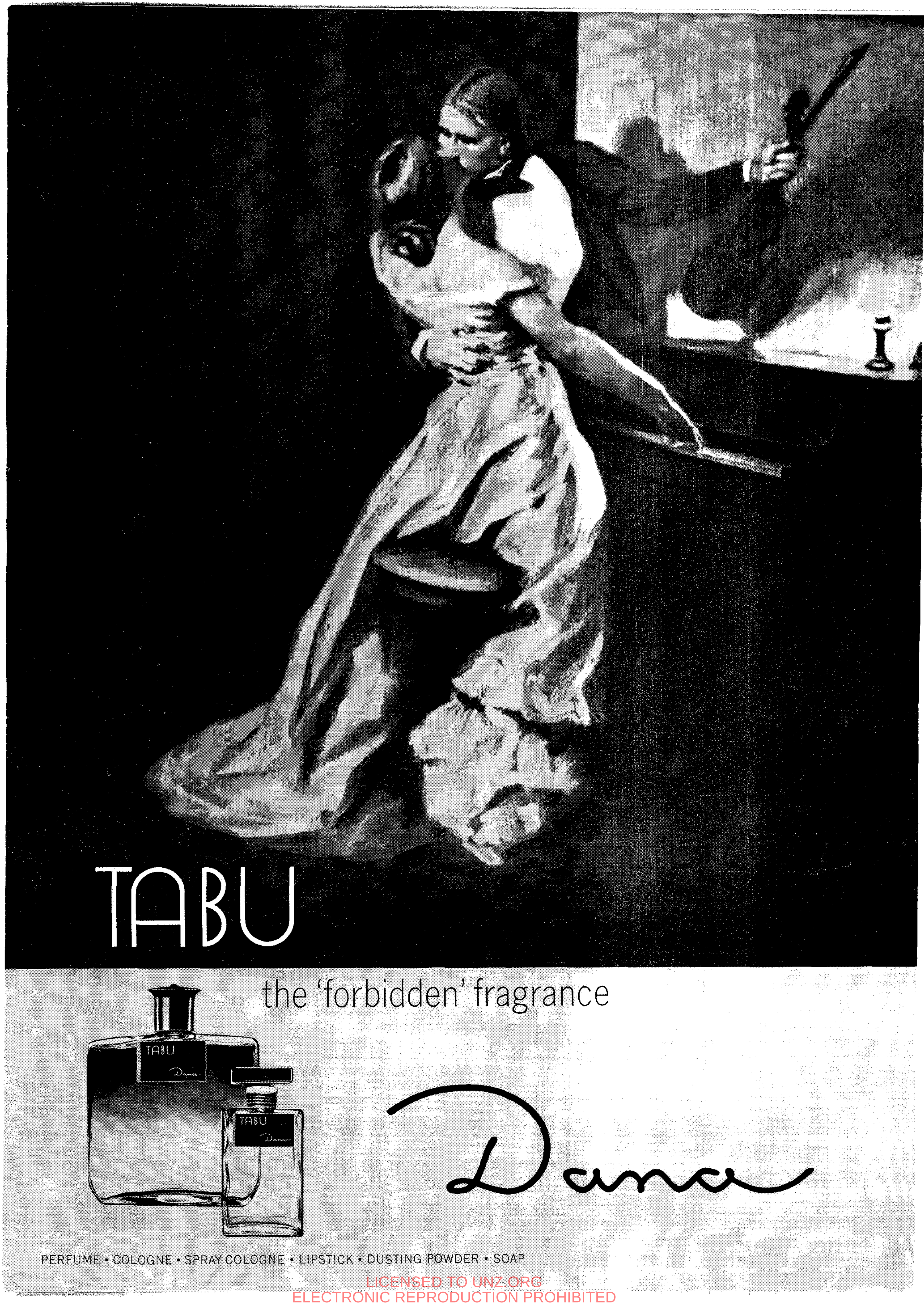
Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through April 14: "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.
From April 15: **HUD**, revival; and "Come Blow Your Horn," revival, Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 9: "You Can't Get Away with Murder," revival, Humphrey Bogart; and "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann Sheridan, George Raft.
April 10: "Two Against the World," revival, Humphrey Bogart; and "Racket Busters," revival, Humphrey Bogart, George Brent.
April 11: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival.
April 12: "All Through the Night," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre; and "Kid Galahad," revival, Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson.
April 13: **THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT**, revival; and "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien.
April 14: **ACROSS THE PACIFIC**, revival; and "The Oklahoma Kid," revival, James Cagney.
April 15: **KEY LARGO**, revival; and "Bullets or Ballots," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 14: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson; and "A Ticklish Affair," Shirley Jones, Gig Young.
From April 15: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER**, revival; and "Strait-Jacket," Joan Crawford.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 9: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish); revival; and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival.
April 10-13: **VOLPONE** (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
From April 14: "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 14: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish); and "The Third Lover" (in French), revival, Jacques Charrier.
From April 15: "Please, Not Now!," Brigitte Bardot; and "I Like Money," revival, Peter Sellers.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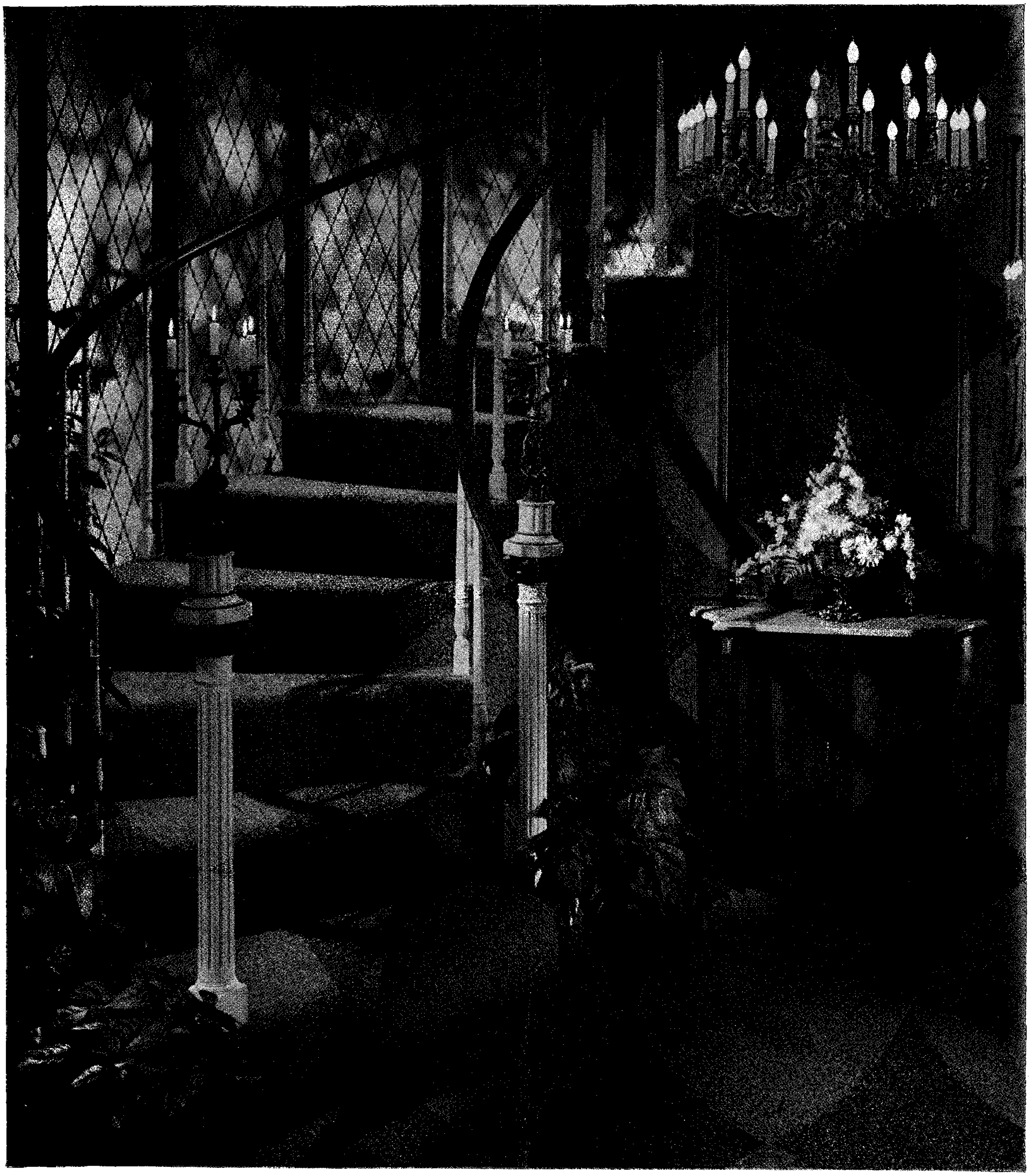

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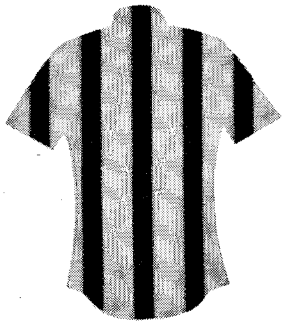
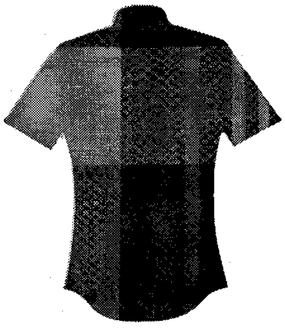
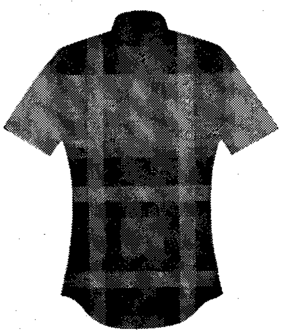
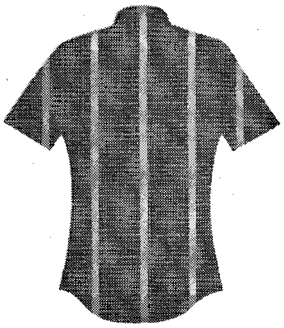




Wall-to-wall Wyckstones





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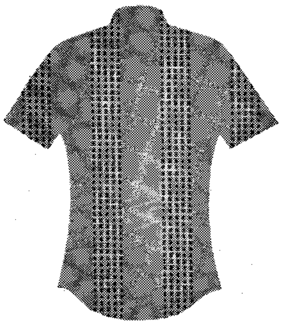

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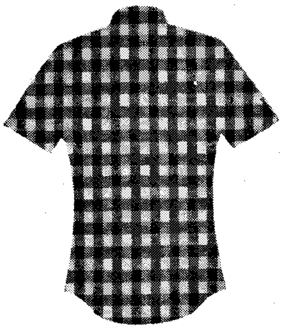
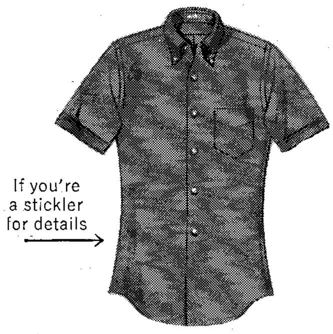
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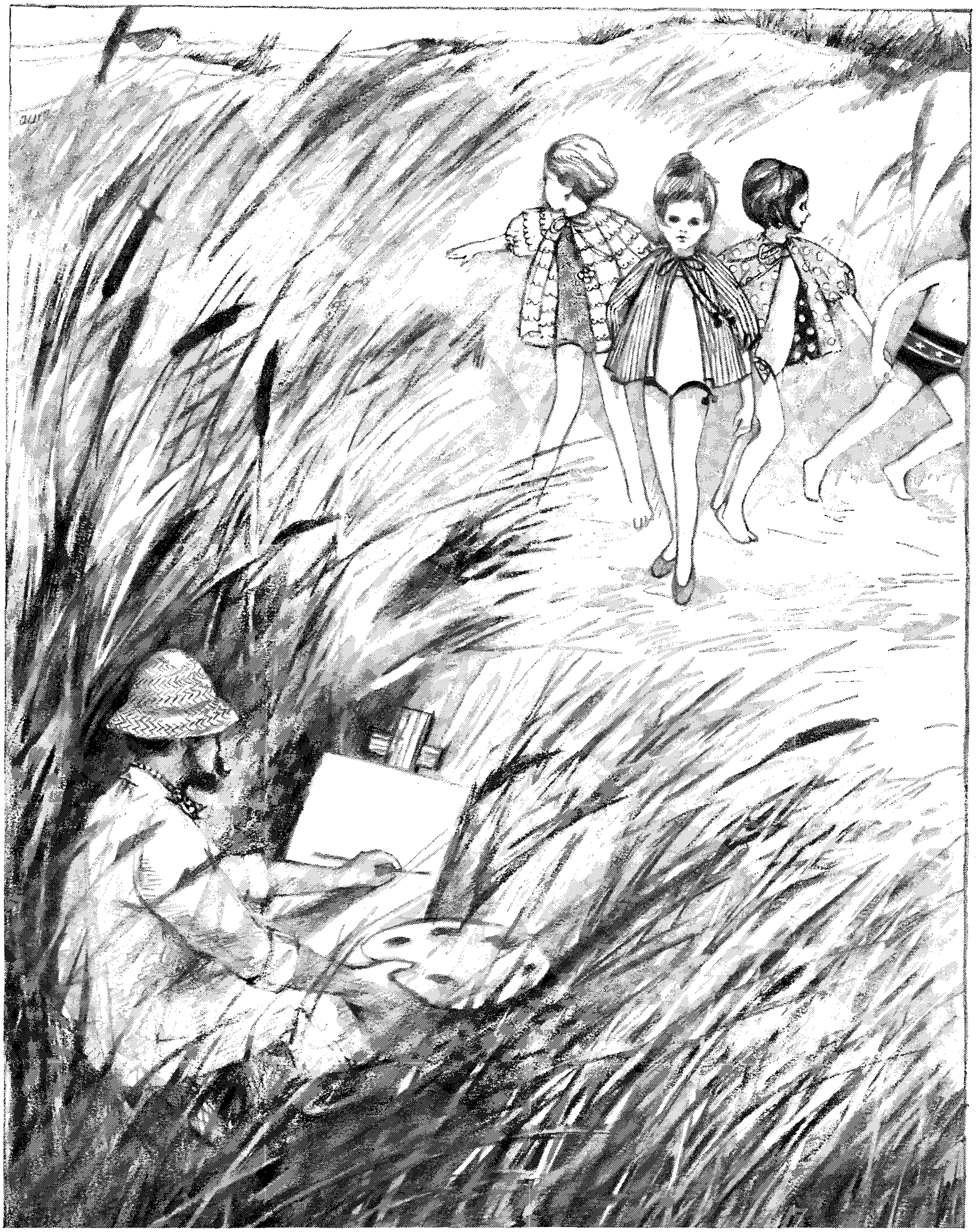

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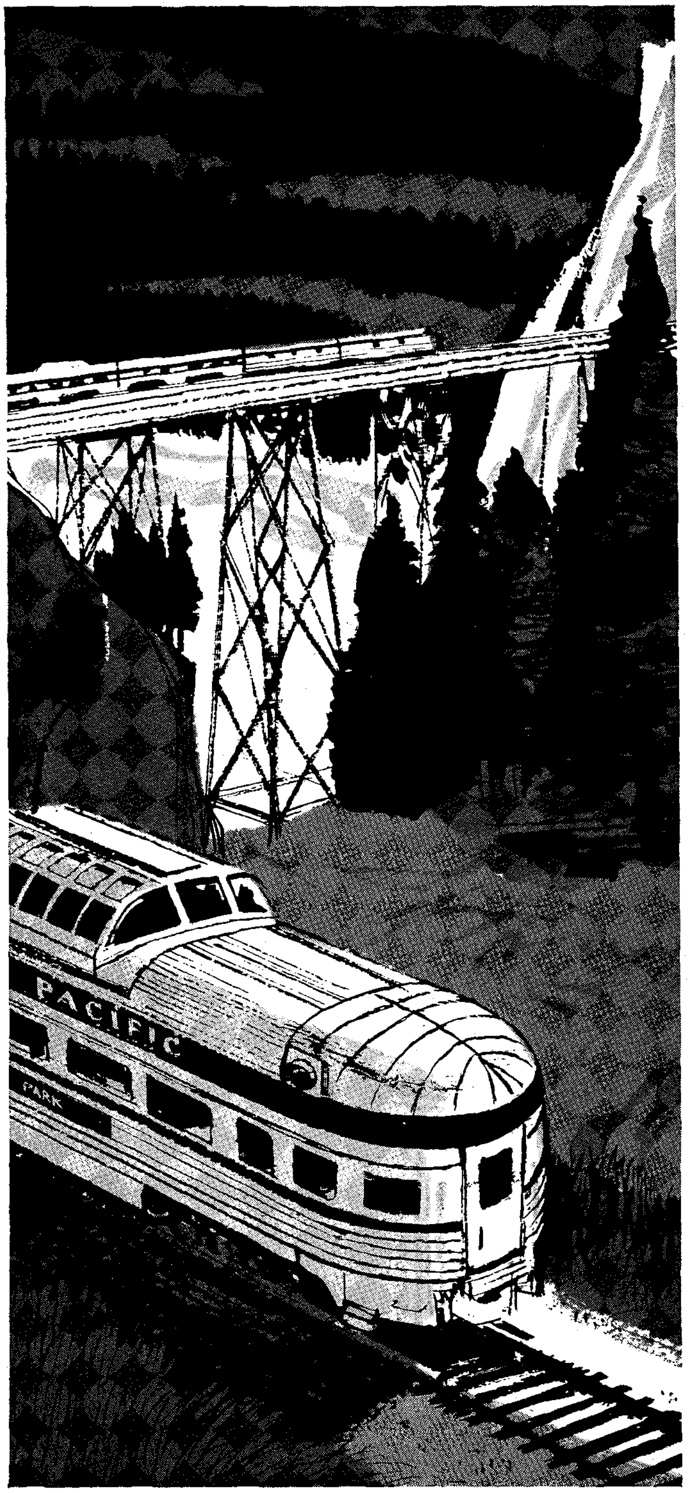
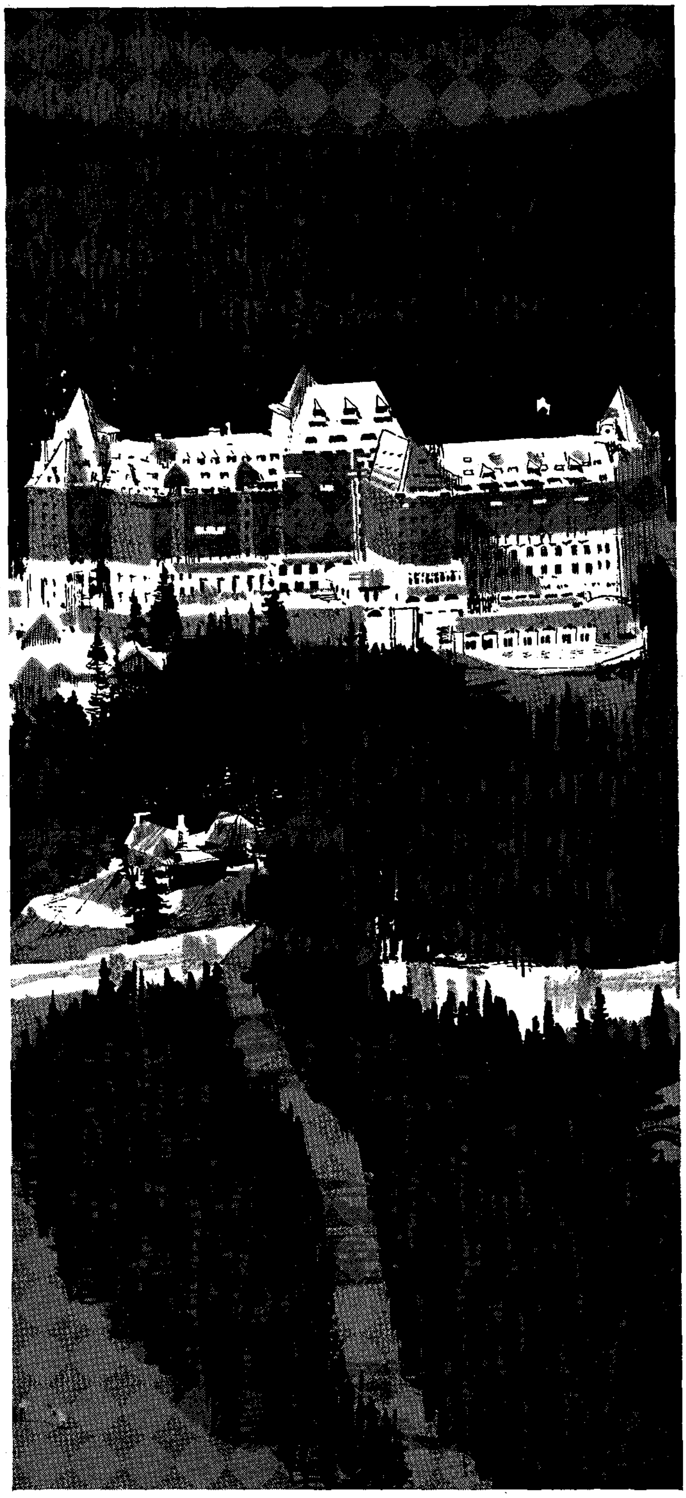
FLORENCE EISEMAN





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THE TROUBLE WITH DRINKING CHAMPAGNE ORDINARILY IS, YOU HAVE TO ORGANIZE IT LIKE BRIDGE OR TOUCH

It works out like this: you say, "Who'd like some champagne?" Usually this proposal is greeted with cries of pure pleasure, but sometimes, with a small group, you can't work up a quorum. Because someone would rather have a bullshot or whatever it is that people who don't like to drink are drinking nowadays.

Do you see what the trouble is? You have predicated your suggestion on opening a bottle (fifth) of champagne.

To protect yourself from being victimized by spoil-sports, keep a couple of half-bottles, or better still, splits (quarter bottles), in the icebox. So that when everyone else wants to drink bullshots or other graceless concoctions you won't be deprived of *your* champagne.

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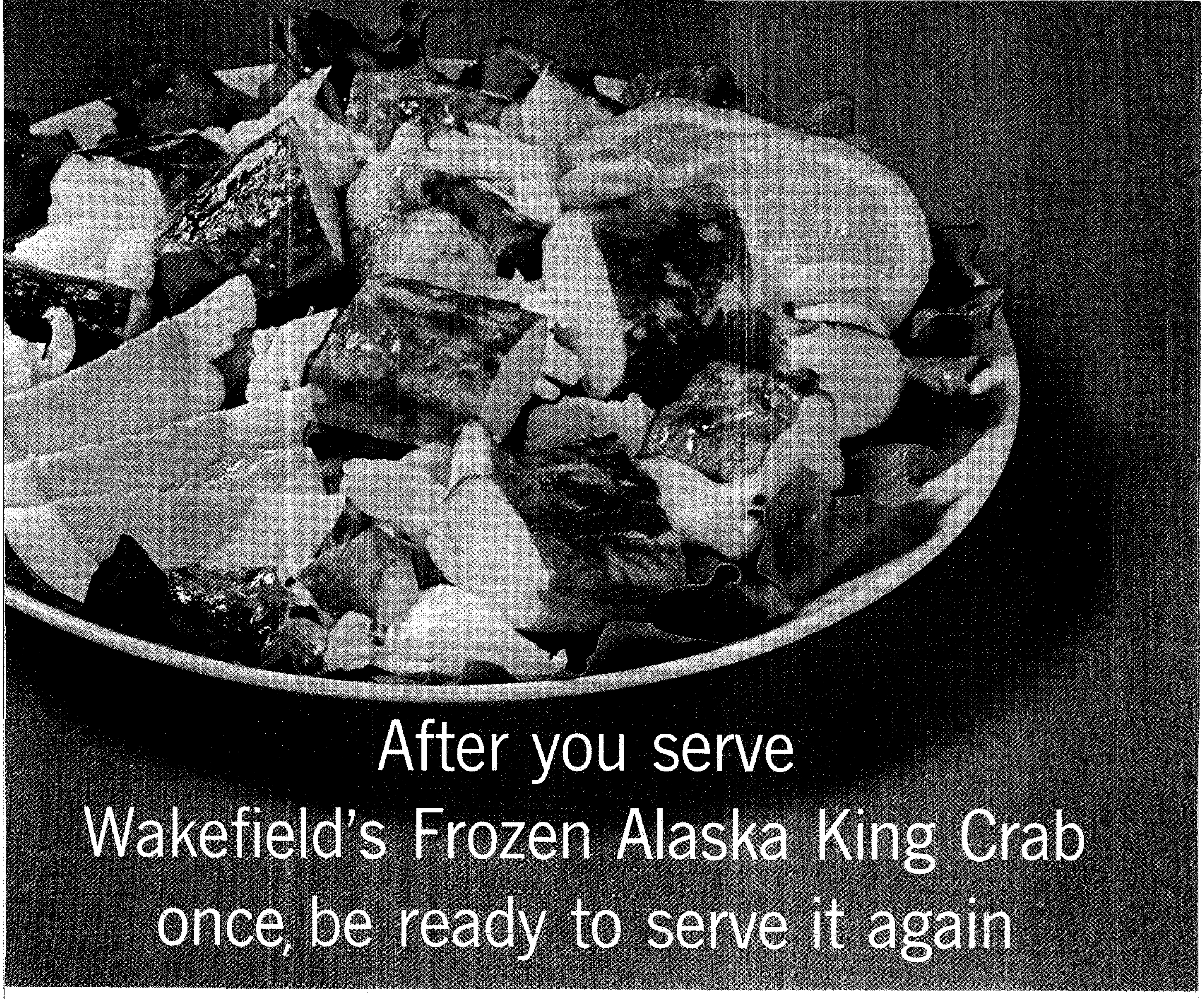
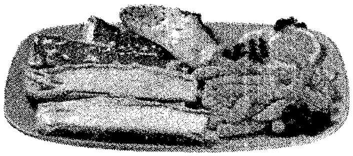
* *If you can't, write:* PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA *(or come visit the winery)*



After you serve Wakefield's Frozen Alaska King Crab once, be ready to serve it again



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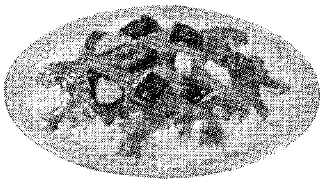

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Peck & Peck

Chatting with a Black Watch Piper at historic Edinburgh Castle in Scotland. Photographed by Richard Dormer.

Summer is a colour festival for the Peck & Peck Girl

Not just one—but triple colours to spark these summer suits with new fashion interest. *Left:* rayon/acetate in mini-plaids of gold/grey/white or coffee/grey/white, each with white cap-sleeve shell, 10 to 18. *At right:* rayon in skipper blue with sleeveless shell of white/pale blue/skipper, or beige with shell in white/sand/coffee, 8 to 16. Each, *40.00*

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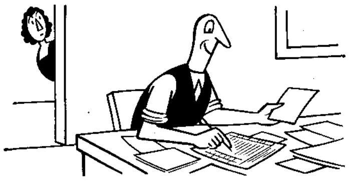
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are pleased to pass along the surprising contents of a letter we received this week from a crusty old friend of ours—a man who prefers to remain anonymous in everything but his opinions. "This is the wearisome time of year when the descent of a cloud of painfully humorous newspaper editorials and syndicated cartoons, accompanied by the thunderous groans of my friends and neighbors, attests to the intense pain we feel—universally, one gathers—upon filling out and filing our income-tax returns," he writes. "I say 'one gathers' for a good reason—because I wish to dissociate myself from this example of mass-think. At the risk of sounding like a deadbeat or a masochist, I am compelled to report that I enjoy doing my income-tax return. This is such a showy and unpopular position that I must instantly throw up a qualifying hedge. *Paying* my tax does not delight me. My feelings when I pick up my pen and write 'Internal Revenue Service' in my checkbook are entirely normal; they are the feelings of a man who is about to be bitten in the small of the back by a Doberman pinscher. I trust this will certify me as an average taxpayer, no less American than Dagwood Bumstead. No, I am talking about filling out my income-tax return—putting the thing together. This year, as usual, I did not hire a tax man, if only because I am ashamed to let an accountant see the condition of my checkbooks and my personal business files, which resemble a cigar box full of bubble-gum cards, old marbles, and other mementos collected by an eleven-year-old boy. The prospect of making sense myself out of this untidy wad of fiscal memorabilia caused me to postpone the task until almost the last possible moment, which was last Saturday morning. However, once I had sharpened my pencils, set up our card table, and dealt out upon it the appropriate stacks of data—old checkbooks and cancelled checks east; withholding statements, interest notices, and dividend statements north; last year's return and estimate form west; snowy new Form 1040s, schedules, and scratch paper before me at south; and the official I.R.S. rule book handy just to my left—I could address myself to it with a distinct sense of anticipatory well-being. Within minutes, checks, stubs, statements, and balances were flying into play. Winning and losing tricks were stacked neatly to one side, discards and revokes littered the floor, and the figures in the scoring columns mounted thrillingly. I was, in short, entirely and happily caught up in the most complex and absorbing game of solitaire yet devised by man, and I was playing for insanely high stakes. How could anyone complain about the opportunity to experience such pleasure!

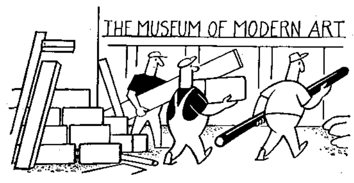


"Like the tiny handful of other games sufficiently difficult and challenging to be called adult, Tax Solitaire—or so I find, at least—showers the player with clusters of obsessive and entirely spurious emotions. Seated in my private casino, I felt, first of all, businesslike. The adding and carrying and rechecking involved in totalling, say, a redwood-tall column of payments to doctors and druggists briefly transformed me into a senior partner in Price, Waterhouse. What other lofty, unfamiliar abstractions did I taste? Why, philanthropy: How unselfish, how liberal, how cultured I had been to send twenty-five dollars last spring to the library fund of my nephew's school! Respectability: Just look at this stack of cancelled checks, each representing an obligation incurred and discharged! By now, my credit rating must ring like triple bronze. Patriotism: My check, when I write it, will hold the line in South Vietnam, put a spare tire on a moon vehicle, and buy a nice new tie for Senator Javits. Good for me!

"When at last I neared the end—that is, as I prepared to add line 19a [Tax withheld (line 2, column (a) above)] to line 19b [1963 Estimated tax payments and credits] and to compare the total with line 18 [Total tax (add lines 16 and 17)]—my hands shook with excitement at the thought that, for once, the great game might come out in the end. It didn't, of course. Bravely, I wrote in my losses on line 20 [. . . Balance Due. *Pay in full with this return*], lit a cigarette, and then, smiling like James Bond, pulled over my checkbook and made out my loser's chit with a flourish. After that I filled out my declaration of estimated tax for 1964, thus laying out the cards for next year's game, and went off to tell my wife all about the long day's adventures—not forgetting, of course, to pause and murmur my gallant thanks to the dealer, Mr. Mortimer Caplin."

Modern Art

A SHIFTING display of modern art, by anonymous artists, is on view these days in front of the Museum of Modern Art, whose interior is closed for renovations. The show as a whole is marked by the slashing style, inflated scale, and promiscuous receptiveness to accident characteristic of Abstract Expressionism, but the ironic precision of pop art and even some neo-naturalistic undertones are present as well. The show has been mounted in a deliberately jumbled manner, so that some of the most provocative works are virtually


THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

eclipsed, and the complete lack of titles will probably addle museum-goers accustomed to such helpful labels as "Painting No. 4" and "Form No. 5." The narrow board catwalk the directors have provided permits a steady flow of traffic but does not permit much lingering.

Entering the exhibit from the east side, we were first impressed by a generously scaled arrangement, unpainted and stabilized by no binding agent other than its own weight, of hollow cement blocks in two sizes. The eye, roaming the stately surfaces of this elegantly patterned mass, is enchanted by the subtle variations in texture and occasionally startled by some witty variant of form—a pair of blocks laid diagonally, or even (in one instance) a block impudently stood on end. While the proportions of the pile approximate twice those of a sleeping woman, the organic reference is not pressed; rather, the material itself is permitted to speak, and speak it does—of a mineral universe where a kind of silicate transcendentalism replaces the pious fatuities of Madison Avenue and the Marine Corps Band. We hope the unnamed creator of this lovely piece does not too quickly desert his recalcitrant medium for the more facile pleasures of balsa wood or daubed burlap.

High above this sculpture hangs a truly impressive canvas (if that is the word) of metal and glass, the glass panes decorated with long strips forming the letter "X." The "X" motif is repeated the length and breadth of the work, and while the canvas is not the sort of thing a collector of Degas pastels would care to hang in his living room, it convincingly carries its metaphor, which we took to be that contemporary existence is all façade. Moving on, we encountered a more intimate work, playful in spirit, though lethal in wit. Of welded metal, it may best be described as a deep trough mounted on four thin legs (suggesting a spavined horse?), the whole drenched in hot tar and issuing (whinnying?) clouds of steam. While one must admire the ingenuity of this Happening transposed into a mock-equine statue, the danger to passersby can only be deplored.

On the other side of the narrow gallery is a long polytych of wood panels painted a creamy gray and stencilled in white with the repeated slogan "POST NO BILLS." We assume that the same artist is responsible for the smaller work in red cloth, lettered, again in white, "DANGER." The difficulty with incorporating legible words into such abstractions is that the literary content overpowers, as it were, the necessarily diffuse and delicate pictorial content. We responded much more warmly to the ductlike forms of extruded aluminum loosely mounted in a scaffold of unpainted but skillfully splintered wood, and to the stairlike arrangements of granite slabs, reminiscent of the earlier Lipchitz. Finally, we would like to single out for praise the very modest construction of yellow-painted metal, orange glass, and black wire; its effect, of potential luminosity, stood out like a signal in the mass of grandiose and dark dreaming surrounding it. In sum, the exhibited works compensate in energy for what they lack in finish.

•

OBSERVED on the floor of the Trafalgar Automatic Laundry, on Third Avenue, the other day: A dark-brown bag on which was stencilled "Return to the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland."

Mike and Max

MIKE NICHOLS, a fresh-faced man of thirty-two who has earned acclaim as an accomplice of Elaine May in satiric skits and as the director of "Barefoot in the Park," invited us the other day to join him on a safari to Hanover, New Jersey, to see an *actual* horse—an Arabian stallion that he owns and that is eating him out of house and home. "I've organized a limousine," he told us over the phone, and shortly thereafter, when we had settled down in its luxurious stern, he started talking about his horse. "I bought him at Crabbet Park Stud Farm, in Sussex," he said. "He is typically Arabian—the concave face, the widely flaring nostrils, the tail that rides naturally high, and the endurance of a pack pony. Needless to say, over a distance he can, in the familiar phrase, run a hole in the wind."

To keep Mr. Nichols from getting too lyrical about his Arabian, we asked him what he calls the beast.

"Max," he said. "But his name is actually Maheyl, which might be translated as 'Take it easy,' 'A location,' or 'Take a position.' That's why I call him Max."

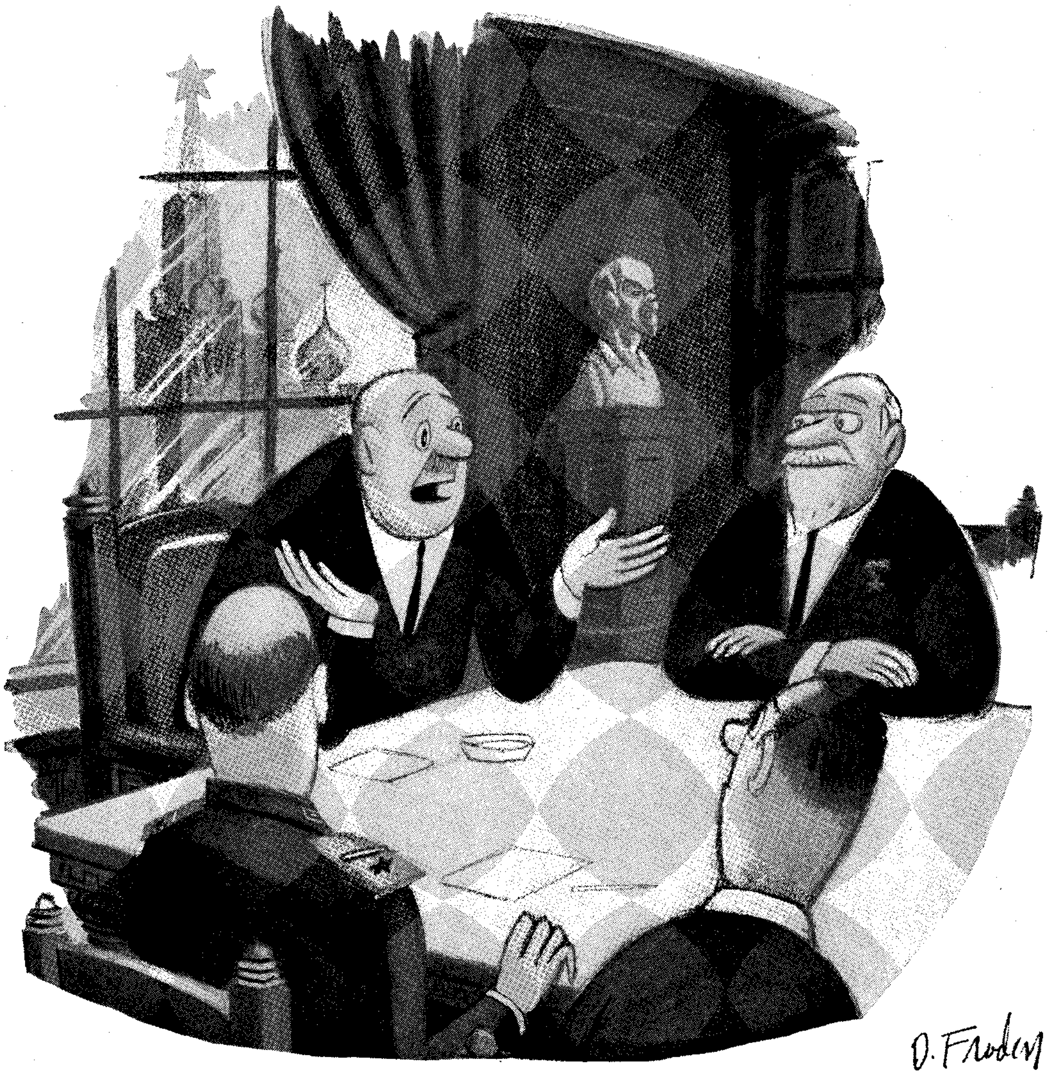
This seemed sensible enough to us, and Mr. Nichols went on to say that, having expended a small fortune on Max, he further indulged his hippophilia recently by purchasing a yearling filly in Charlottesville, Virginia, a hotbed of Arabian stock. The name of the Nichols filly is Nizafa, or, more correctly, Nazif, which in the old tongue means "clean." Surveying the bleak New Jersey approaches to Hanover, Mr. Nichols told us that he hoped, if all went well, to breed Max and his filly (he's thinking about nicknaming her Miss Clean) and thereby make a lot of money.

Mr. Nichols rolled an avaricious eye, and asked, "Do you know anything about Crabbet, where I bought Max?"

We said we didn't.

"So of course you know nothing about Lady Wentworth," he said. "Come, let us gossip together." Out of concealment beside him he brought a large tome entitled "The Authentic Arabian Horse and his Descendants." "I use this to refresh my memory," he explained. "Its author, Lady Wentworth, is the daughter of Lady Anne Blunt, who was the granddaughter of Byron. Lady Blunt and her husband, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, a poet and adventurer, travelled all over Arabia and became fascinated by the horses there, among other things. I guess Lady Blunt was bound to go for the horses. Listen to this." Mr. Nichols opened Lady Wentworth's volume and read us one of Lady Blunt's childhood recollections: " 'My play as a child was always pretending to be a horse, preferably galloping with success to elude pursuit.' " Turning a few pages, Mr. Nichols went on, "Crabbet Park was dreamed up by Lady Blunt's husband and a Mr. Weatherby, and backed by her and her brother. Later on, there was a hell of a lot of family squabbling, and here's what Lady Wentworth has to say about her daddy: 'A man of brilliant genius, he was intolerant of law and discipline, impetuous and inconsistent, for while eloquently preaching the equality of nations he ruled all around him with the absolutism of a Turkish Sultan. Hitler and Mussolini were amateurs compared to him! His tyranny and spirit of discord eventually alienated him from his family, from most of his friends, and from several countries.' Isn't that a pretty tribute? Anyhow, no matter how the family feuded, the horses at Crabbet remained first-rate, and the place is now being operated by Cecil Covey, the former stud manager, to whom Lady Wentworth left the place when she died—sometime in the fifties, I believe. I'm certainly full of the lore of old Crabbet, but, after all, my Maxie came from there. You know, most people think of Arabians as gray horses, but they come in all kinds of shades, from bay to white. Max is a chestnut with white stockings on his hind legs. Like all Arabians, he is very high-spirited."

The limousine at this point turned in to the driveway of the Hanover Farms Stables, where we were greeted



"How should I know? Am I supposed to be some kind of Kremlinologist?"

• •

by a small, wiry man named Sullivan Davis, an expert at training horses. "I gave him a breeze this morning, Mike," said Mr. Davis. "He's looking real fine." He led us into a stable and up to a spacious box stall, which was occupied by Mr. Nichols' Arabian. When we got our first view of Max, he was curled up like a puppy in a welter of hay.

"What about those high spirits?" we asked Mr. Nichols.

"He's conserving his energy," Mr. Nichols said defensively.

"For what?" we inquired.

"You've got me there," said Mr. Nichols.

Mr. Davis finally coaxed Max to stir, and when he stood up, he proved to be a fine figure of a horse, a little over fifteen hands, with a white blaze and blond mane and tail.

Max yawned, and presently Mr. Davis led him to a ring adjoining the stable. Once outdoors, Max set about trying to get some nourishment from a few blades of grass. "I don't see how he can be hungry," said Mr. Davis. "He's been eating high on the hog." While we stood at a gate watching, Mr. Davis instructed a groom to take a long whip and encourage Max to be a little more lively. At the crack of the whip, Max took off, and he certainly was a lovely sight, with his neck arched, his tail streaming in the wind, and his legs moving in perfect rhythm. After he'd run around the ring a couple of times, he came over to the gate and breathed on us heavily.

Mr. Nichols patted Max affectionately, and while Max was sighing with pleasure, we were joined by a small girl in pigtails. "I want to give him some dog yummies," she said.

"Honey, if he gets one more vitamin, he'll explode," said Mr. Nichols.

Max took off around the ring again, and we went back to the limousine.

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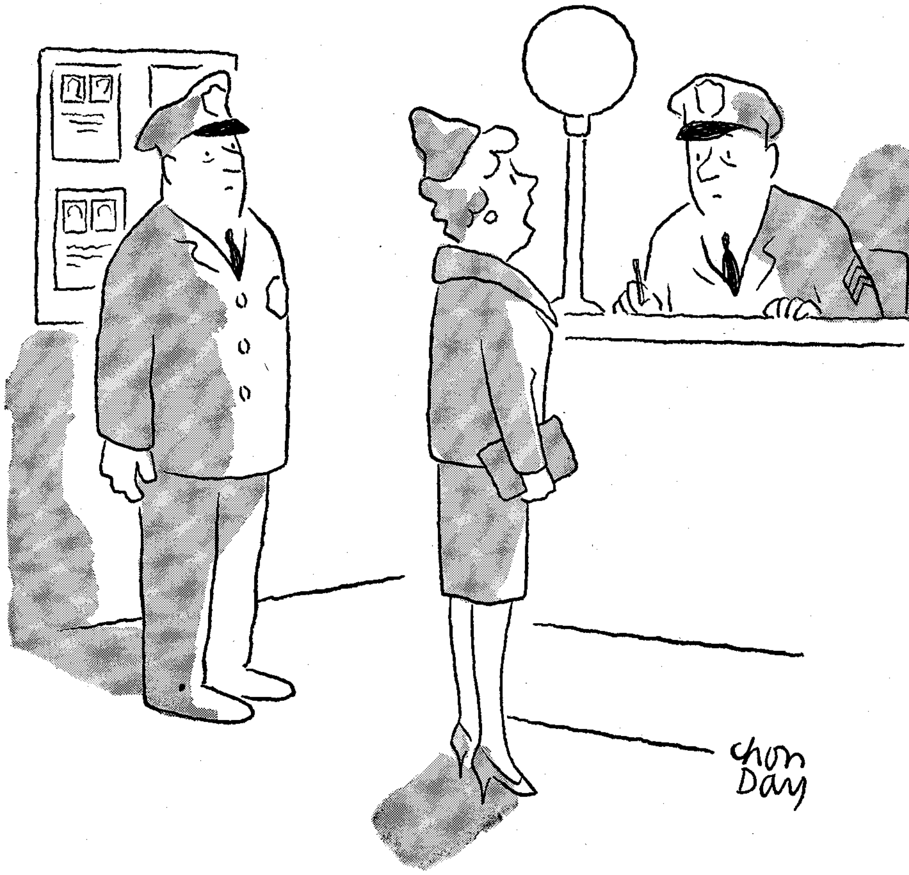
THE Nuttie Goodie Tea Room, in Springfield, Massachusetts, serves a club sandwich called the Mercy Hospital Special.

Meeting

LAST week, the New York branch of the Student Nonviolent Coördinating Committee held a meeting in the basement auditorium of the Community Church, at 40 East Thirty-fifth Street, where we were on hand to hear some field workers from the Mississippi branch speak about various plans they have for improving the State of Mississippi and benefiting its people, of whom there are 2,178,141, forty-two per cent of them Negro. When we arrived, about a hundred chairs in the auditorium were occupied, by people—some Negro, some white—of late-high-school or college age. The chairman of the meeting, a short, innocent-looking young man named Jim Monsonis, who is a director of the New York branch, sat leaning one arm on a wooden table up front. An even younger man, tall and handsome, and wearing dungarees, a tweed jacket with suède patches on the elbows, and a blue-and-green checked flannel shirt open at the collar, stood before the audience, making a speech. He kept taking small, restless steps toward the audience as he spoke, as though he were impatient to rejoin it. A downy-cheeked fellow next to us, who had a terrible cold, informed us that the speaker was John O'Neal and that he had just started speaking.

"The primary reason some of us want to organize this Summer Stock Repertory Theatre Company in Mississippi is that some of us want to be in the theatre," O'Neal said. He waited about a second, laughed with the audience, and went on, "But, beyond that, most of us being young and realistically looking at things in Mississippi, it's not going to be quite so quick to change the whole thing as some of us like to think it will be, you know, and so we have to begin to think in terms of challenging, directly and seriously and intentionally and all, the political power structure of the South—actually, for Negroes in Mississippi to be involved in politics. It's going to take time. But we can't afford to wait for the millennium, so, starting with what we've got now, I'm supposed to tell you a little bit about our theatre project." He



"Hold on a minute! I'm reporting him missing. I said nothing about wanting him found."

• •

took a deep breath and a couple of small steps toward the audience, and continued, "With the theatre, we hope to be able to stimulate the kind of—if you'll pardon me for using abstract language—stimulate the development of critical and reflective thought, you know. So that people can think and see their own experience portrayed for them in a way that is honest, and hasn't been done before in the South. The whole of the South is built in such a way that it's very hard for a Negro to look at, and see, anything but a distorted view of himself. We think we'll be able to influence this by establishing a theatre that would travel extensively in Mississippi and have a home base in Jackson." O'Neal took another breath and, this time, stepped a little bit to one side. "We're anxious to involve as much as possible the indigenous talent and skills and people and materials in the State of Mississippi," he said. "We'll play in churches, we'll play in the fields, we'll play in the streets. Also, we'll ask for a great deal of help from non-local people, you know, in terms of technical assistance and teaching. And guest performers, guest directors, and"—again he paused just long enough—"guest money." After the laugh, he said, "Oh, right now the theatre has about twelve sponsors. They include Harry Belafonte, Sidney Poitier, Ossie Davis, James Baldwin, Odetta, and some others. And we're working on more, on the premise that [pause] the more you get [pause], the more you *get*." There was another laugh. "The accent must always be on honesty. We'll run five shows, two of them all summer long—'Purlie Victorious,' by Ossie Davis, and 'Do You Want to Be Free?,' by Langston Hughes. These plays were selected because they were the only plays we knew of that came close to the kind of thing we wanted. Not because they're the best. Because I haven't written *my* play yet." More laughter. "We projected a thirty-thousand-dollar budget for the project," O'Neal said, beginning to move toward the audience again. "And we got three hundred dollars from S.N.C.C. four months ago, so we're in pretty good shape."

This evoked another laugh, after which a woman in the audience asked, "How do we make out a check for the theatre project?"

O'Neal said, "To the Free Southern Theatre, Tougaloo Drama Department, Tougaloo College, Tougaloo, Mississippi." He added, "I've got one last thing to say. That this is the most significant theatrical effort in the last hundred and fifty years . . ." and, dropping his line behind him, amid laughter and applause, he finally made it back to the audience.

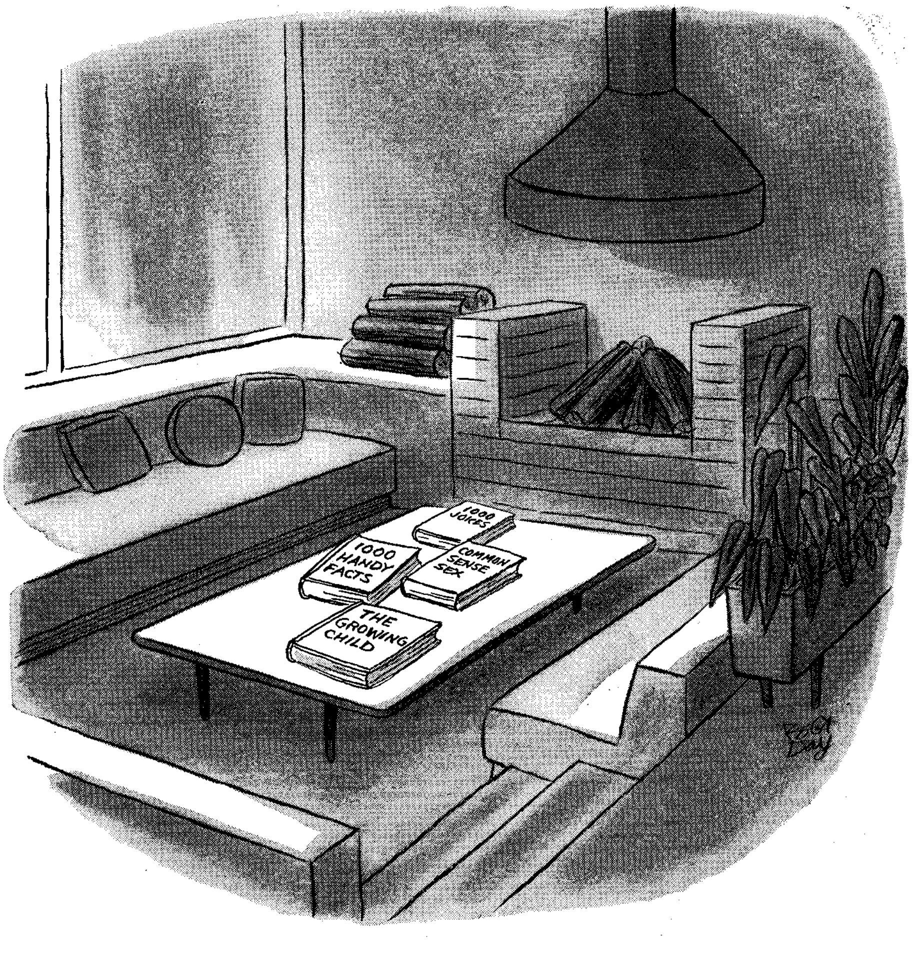
Jim Monsonis arose. "Thank you, John," he said. "S.N.C.C. is growing like a child—it's kind of growing and expanding in all directions. We just passed our fourth birthday. Tonight we'll talk about our vision of trying to carry through what is nothing less than a revolution in the South—a revolution far beyond the simple political meaning of the term. We thought we'd spend the meeting trying to get an idea of what is happening in the state and what the plans for this summer are. We think some pretty exciting things might happen this summer. All the civil-rights organizations in Mississippi are working together." He paused for a few words with the speakers lined up to talk about Mississippi, and then introduced a wiry young man with a small mustache, who, like O'Neal, seemed to be in his early twenties and was wearing dungarees. His name was Charles Cobb, and he spoke in a low, slow, matter-of-fact voice. "All through John's talk goes this thread of implied change—political change, social change, or whatever the change may be," Cobb said. "That's what S.N.C.C. kids are identified with, although nobody is quite sure what they're changing. I think, personally, things *are* changing. What's happening on one level, you're getting this moderation. There are now some areas in the state where you *don't* get hit over the head, you *don't* get killed. Locally, there are some areas where you can dribble in a few more Negroes to get registered to vote, and, looking to the future, hope to get a Negro elected—maybe as a constable—in a community that is sixty or seventy per cent Negro. But we're concerned about the kind of Negro white people look to for patronage. I've seen some horrible examples of the kind of Negroes we *don't* want the white people to be looking to for patronage. This is all leading up to what we want to do with the Freedom Schools we're going to start this summer. Which I will get to in a minute." Cobb hitched up his dungarees and consulted some notes in the palm of one hand. "We have kids going to high school now, particularly in the tenth, eleventh grade, who, I think, actually have to be persuaded to stay in the state if we're going to get this change. We have to—for lack of a better phrase—orient them in a certain direction. There are things they don't know that they *need* to know. There are values that could develop in them but won't develop, because the State of Mississippi won't let them develop. The more formal educational skills and knowledge they need to have are things that the State of Mississippi has said over and over again for the last hundred years that it will not allow its quote niggers unquote to have. So we've got to jump in at this point and fill the gap. So, first of all, we expect about a thousand people, volunteers, to come down to Mississippi this summer from some of the best colleges and universities in the country—Yale, Harvard, et cetera—to help us with this program to orient the Mississippi kids to social, political, and economic change, right now and in the future." Cobb said all this in an extremely low-keyed manner. In front of us, one of the elders in the audience—an intense man in his late thirties, who was wearing oversized horn-rimmed glasses—turned around and gave us a strong now-we're-talking look. "As part of the Freedom Schools program," Cobb went on, in the same tone, "we're going to try and equip the students with knowledge enabling them to pass the high-school-equivalency test. And orient them to go to college. Even if a kid goes to a state school for only one year, it will be worth it. Secondly, we want to give the kids certain mechanical skills. There are things you have to know, you know. Like how to print up a leaflet, like how to run a mimeograph machine, what to say on a leaflet, what to say at a mass meeting, or how to handle yourself with a policeman. Thirdly, just a general broadening of experience for these kids. It's difficult to imagine kids in a bind. Many of you know about folk music, classical music, the ballet, the arts—these kids haven't had any of *that*." The elder statesman in front of us leaned forward. "Fourthly—this is more difficult to explain—just thinking," Cobb went on. "Guess you'd put it in a section to what you don't get in your high-school textbooks, whether you go to school in the North or go to school in the South. The freeing-of-the-mind kind of thing. How to—and here I think I'll borrow from John—how to think critically, to be able to analyze, to get past all the hazy little things that fog your vision. After three weeks or six weeks in the Freedom Schools, at least some of the kids will have some vision of what can be done in their state." He paused, and then said, "I think maybe I'll end here, and you can ask questions if you want to."

After a few minutes of questions and answers, another young man in dungarees got up and said, "My name is Ivanhoe Donaldson, and I work for S.N.C.C. in Jackson, Mississippi. When you look at Mississippi, you have to realize the state is isolated; it's shovelled off by itself in a little corner of the country. People always say, 'It's good to be *from* Mississippi.' The state is in a process of retrogression, or something. I haven't found anything there that's in the twentieth century. Everything in the state is in an era that I haven't found yet in history. You can't place it." Donaldson sounded puzzled. He had a light voice, modulated, like the previous speaker's, to an unimpassioned key, and he went on to explain quietly that a major part of the summer program would be a campaign to register voters and get Negroes to participate in politics generally in the eighty-two counties of the State of Mississippi. "Last November, college students came down from Stanford and Yale, and, with their help, in a three-day weekend we were able to turn out some eighty-two thousand votes, in our own Freedom Election, in rural communities," Donaldson went on. "The willingness of the students to come to Mississippi led to the development of this program for this summer. Men like Senator Eastland and Senator Stennis will not be removed from office until there's a statewide program to get the people moving. Senator Eastland is one of the most powerful men in Congress. He's chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. And New Yorkers have a definite responsibility, because Mississippi is part of the United States, and Mississippi congressmen and senators are playing a more powerful role in Congress than Keating or Javits."

A girl with a ponytail hairdo raised her hand and asked where the headquarters for the Mississippi summer program were.

"The office we work out of is called the Council of Federated Organizations, at 1017 Lynch Street, Jackson, Mississippi," Donaldson said. "And the telephone number is 352-9605. To show you how little we operate on, it's a pay phone. We make very few calls going out, but we take a lot coming in. Our needs are immeasurable. We can use pencils, ball-point pens, typewriters, mimeograph machines, paper. And transportation is one of the difficult problems. It's impossible to get around without a car. So if you know of anybody with an old car sitting around in a garage, maybe they will want to give it to us."

The next, and last, speaker from Mississippi also wore dungarees and a sports shirt, and he had the quietest, calmest voice of all. His name was Bob Moses, and he was a former philosophy major at Hamilton College and a



AY MOTORS
USED CA
VERY CLEAN

"We sold the Edsel! We sold the Edsel!"

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former mathematics teacher at the Horace Mann School. "I'd like to pick up two things," he said. "We have a program that is designed to challenge the regular Democratic delegation to the Democratic National Convention this summer. It's geared in four parts: One, what we call Freedom Days—picketing county courthouses and registration centers. At Hattiesburg, we've had a group of ministers, mostly Presbyterians, picketing every day, nine to five, for almost three months. It's the first time in the history of Mississippi you've been able to sustain an integrated picket line for over fifteen minutes. For us, it's a breakthrough. It's a protection for the people who come to register. What happens there will pretty much set the pattern of registration. Everyone who gets registered can vote in the Presidential election, because there's no more poll tax to be paid. Two, we're going to try to register three or four hundred thousand Negroes, using our own forms, our own registrars, to parallel the registration procedure in the state to show what you can get if you want to register Negroes in the State of Mississippi. Three, with the Freedom Registrations we're going to hold another Freedom Election in the Congressional districts and at county and precinct levels, and we will hold meetings at all levels to select delegates to the Democratic Convention. Some of the candidates in the mock election will in fact file as candidates in the Democratic Primary, on June 2nd. Four, we'll make a real effort on the floor of the Democratic Convention to challenge the people that Mississippi will send as a delegation to the Convention in Atlantic City. The timetable on this will dovetail with the people coming down to Mississippi for the summer. We'll have two sets of Freedom Schools—in July and August. Then we hope we'll all pack up and move to Atlantic City."

Around us, everybody stirred. "The other thing," Moses went on, his voice dropping, if possible, to an even less emotional pitch. "Some of the news of the violence in Mississippi still doesn't get out. Last three months, five people have been killed in the southwest corner of Mississippi, at least three people have been whipped, and there have been a hundred and seventy-five cross burnings in southwest Mississippi and adjoining counties of Louisiana since the March on Washington. So one thing that needs to happen and that possibly might begin to happen this summer is that Mississippi might be opened to the country." He paused, and then added, "I think maybe I'll leave it at that."

The elder in front of us raised his hand and asked how much it would cost for a volunteer to go down to Mississippi this summer. "People ought to have a hundred and fifty dollars at least to support themselves for the whole summer," Moses replied. "S.N.C.C. people are paid salaries of ten dollars a week. That's nine dollars and sixty-four cents with income tax withheld. We figure fifteen dollars a week for room and board and expenses for the ten-week summer. Right now, most of our money goes to pay bills. I've got some with me." Everybody laughed as he went through his dungaree hip pockets and then said, "I have some gas bills, some rent bills. In our basic expenses, our money goes for paper, transportation, food, and rent. In that order." He gave a little nod and sat down.

Monsonis stood up and said, "We've got an office, as you know, at 156 Fifth Avenue, with a couple of staff people and a lot of volunteers, and we'd like you to come down and help if you're interested. A lot of our work here centers around fund-raising. On April 23rd, Dick Gregory will be in town for us, at Carnegie Hall, and we hope to raise some money. S.N.C.C. is broke at this time. Over the last couple of weeks, nobody got salaries—not even the ten dollars a week. We need some money. It's very important." He opened his hands, palms out, and smiled. "Well, on the back table you'll find all kinds of literature about S.N.C.C. and, in back of that, coffee. Thank you. The meeting is adjourned."

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DIALOGUE overheard near Rockefeller Center, on an unseasonably chilly day, between a matron waiting for the light to change and a rookie policeman:

Matron: "You look absolutely frozen."

Rookie Policeman: "Do I? Gee, if I catch cold, my mother will have a fit!"

STAND BACK FOR WALFORD W. OGLETHORPE, JR.!

(A Late Trial Balloon for Still Another Republican Hopeful)

LAST week, while hard-running G.O.P. White House aspirant Harold Stassen campaigned vigorously through southern Utah, highly placed Republican insiders were privately conceding that a compellingly logical choice for the Party's nomination was Governor Walford W. Oglethorpe, Jr., the lanky, likable, forty-three-year-old former pig-iron executive. Virtually unknown in the national arena until last Friday evening, when he made a surprise guest appearance on "Twilight Zone," Oglethorpe has rapidly been picking up delegate strength, and late reports from Bismarck, for instance, indicate that North Dakota's fourteen Convention votes have now definitely swung to the dark-horse Episcopalian.

A liberal conservative, with a brilliant middle-of-the-road record, Oglethorpe is known to be an outspoken foe of Communism and drunken driving. The wealthy Middle Western pragmatist, say veteran political observers, is left of Goldwater and right of Rockefeller, and thus in an excellent position to walk off with all the marbles in San Francisco next July, especially since the recent high-flying Dirksen boomlet seems to have nosedived abruptly.

While Oglethorpe has repeatedly denied that he is a Presidential candidate, stating time and time again that there are absolutely no circumstances under which he would accept the G.O.P. nomination, he has, on the other hand, not yet entirely slammed the door on the possibility of a draft. "I am not now a candidate," says Oglethorpe unequivocally, "nor will I be a candidate at any time in the future. However, I would feel it my solemn duty to put aside selfish personal considerations if my country chose to call upon me."

In the smoke-filled Republican National Committee rooms of Washington's swank Mayflower Hotel, in certain recesses of General Eisenhower's mind, and, indeed, everywhere in the United States today, one question is being asked: "What kind of man is Walford W. Oglethorpe, Jr.?"

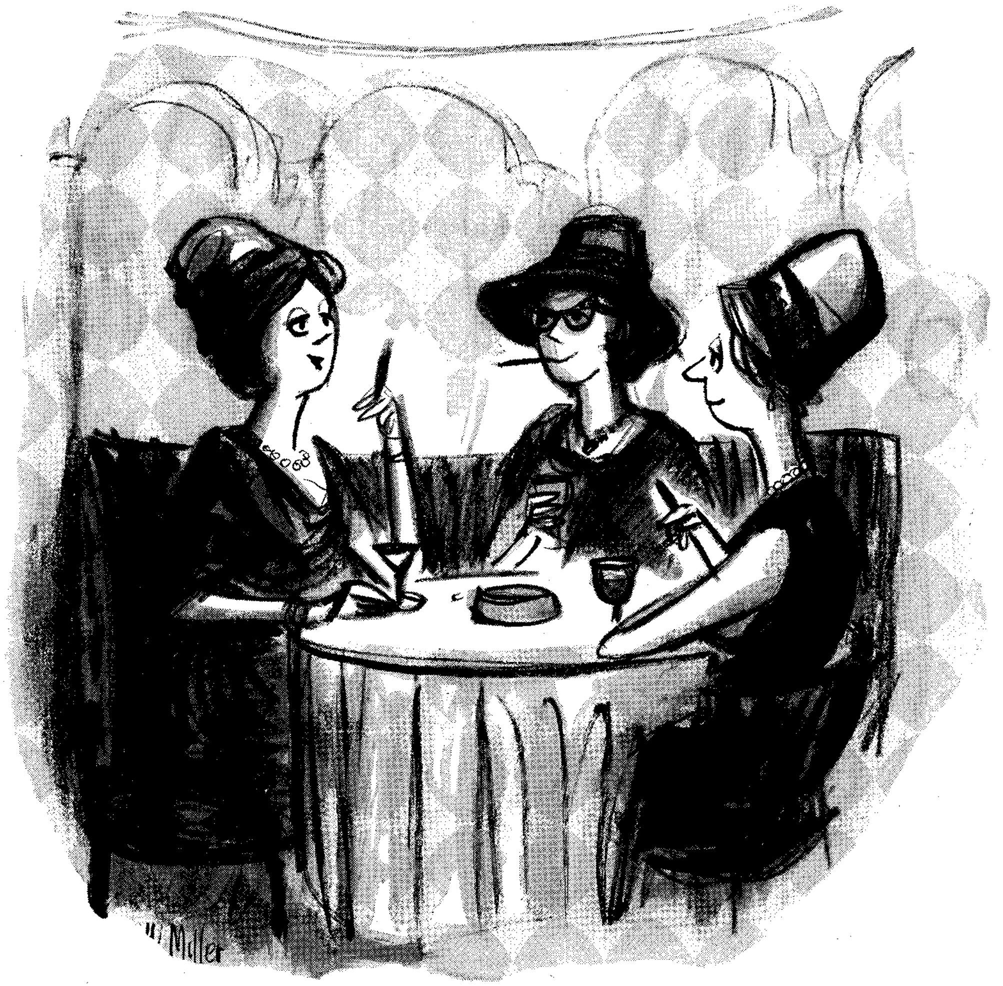
GREETING visitors on the front steps of his family's hundred-year-old Georgian mansion, the blue-eyed ex-college pole vaulter impresses one immediately with his patrician good looks and engaging smile as he thrusts out his right hand to say, with characteristic friendliness, "Hi, I'm Walfie Oglethorpe. Nice to see you, fella." Tossing a casual left arm over his visitor's shoulder, the lantern-jawed multimillionaire then leads his caller into a private inner office, where, settling cheerfully into an outsized swivel chair and propping cordovan-shod feet on a gleaming Italian Renaissance desk, he asks, with a good-natured grin, "What can I do you for?"

It is this disarmingly informal manner that has, in the brief five months he has held public office, so swiftly endeared Oglethorpe to those around him. Moreover, hard-bitten young *Time* and *Newsweek* reporters have been continually astonished by the straightforward, uncomplicated way in which the balding golf enthusiast speaks his mind. "Americans of all races and creeds must be given equal opportunity in our nation," said the clean-shaven Governor forthrightly not long ago, when asked to comment on the civil-rights question. "However, this is not a problem that can be solved overnight. We must move forward both energetically and with the utmost moderation."

What has struck Republican potentates most about Oglethorpe, however, is his amazing vote-getting knack. A lifelong businessman, with little experience in politics, he was given virtually no chance at all last year in his race against Kermit Quesnell, the long-time incumbent Democratic governor. Oglethorpe campaigned relentlessly, however, and ultimately carried the state by nearly two hundred and twenty-five thousand votes. When all the returns were in, Quesnell and his cronies at once cried foul, whining that the handsome G.O.P. aristocrat had "bought" the election. Not so, replied Oglethorpe spokesmen, amiably admitting, at the same time, that an election-eve maneuver masterminded by the loose-limbed Shriner himself may have tipped the scales in his favor.

On the night before the election, an Oglethorpe-hired DC-3 cargo plane, cruising at three thousand feet, dumped several tons of loose trading stamps on each of the state's seven major urban centers. Attached to the specially printed stamps were notices stating that if Oglethorpe was elected the stamps would be redeemable for "valuable gifts worth $10 or more" on the Thursday evening following the election at any one of the seven hundred Oglethorpe campaign centers across the state. Sour-grapes Democrats quickly claimed that "The Charity Drop," as the popular right-handed ectomorph himself termed it, had unfairly influenced on-the-fence voters. Justifiably indignant at this charge, an angry Oglethorpe, determined to remove even the slightest shadow of scandal from the circumstances of his election, forthrightly announced that he had decided not to honor the stamps after all.

On taking over the reins of government, Oglethorpe vowed to clean up the mess in the Hawktail State, and at once directed his attention to the problems of rising unemployment, labor unrest, and rumored stories of corruption in public-works projects. Thus, rolling up his sleeves, Walfie Oglethorpe went to work. Within three months, however, the state's unemployment rate had zoomed to 23.4 per cent, three major industrial centers were tied up by crippling disc-jockey strikes, and the entire western half of the state was under four feet of water. Naturally, none of this was Oglethorpe's fault, for the straight-backed rookie state executive had been saddled with a legacy of twenty years of weary Democratic rule. Nor could anyone blame him for the unfortunate collapse of the fifty-million-dollar Kinawatchie High Dam, although Quesnell and his henchmen tried to do just that, slyly pointing out that the three-year-old dam had been built by the "Big O" Construction Company, a bustling, imaginative concern in which the Governor holds a controlling interest. "I will not stoop to comment on the irresponsible ravings of left-wing malcontents," said Oglethorpe courageously, quickly quashing a proposed budget-damaging investigation of the disaster, adding, "I am particularly disturbed that such charges should be levelled at a time when the homes of countless voters are adrift in the Kinawatchie



"A man is only a man, but a good cigar is a smoke."

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River. This is a time for prayer, not for cheap politicking."

BORN on August 14, 1920, in Newport, Rhode Island, where his parents then had a summer home, Walford Whitby Oglethorpe, Jr., who is a twenty-seventh-generation American of blue-blood Anglo-Saxon stock, is a graduate of Deerfield, Princeton, and the Schmerzhaft Academy of Periodontics. (As a young man, the artistically inclined Oglethorpe had yearned to be a dentist, but when his no-nonsense father threatened to disinherit him he abandoned his drills and instead went to work in the main plant at Oglethorpe Iron, starting at the bottom as a thirty-seven-cents-an-hour sludge muddler and rising to become the plant's eighty-thousand-dollar-a-year manager, all in the space of three weeks. Oglethorpe's interest in dentistry remains keen, however, and even today he still fills all of his own cavities.) On June 4, 1942, Oglethorpe eloped with his childhood sweetheart, Mary Jane Thayer, the Perth Amboy zinc-oxide heiress, and the inseparable couple now have three children—Betsy, who is seven; Ralph, who is twelve; and young Wally III, twenty, who will enter the freshman class at Rollins next fall.

Oglethorpe frequently tells a story about himself as a boy that sheds considerable light on his remarkable success in business and government. One day, when venturing outside the gates of his grandfather's four-hundred-acre country estate, Plenworth, the puny twelve-year-old Oglethorpe was fallen upon by a local bully and given a bad beating. Gritting his teeth, the determined future governor of his state marched home and, telling no one what had happened, started immediately on a program of physical conditioning, rising at six each morning to put himself through a punishing regimen of body-building exercises. Six months later, when the now muscular pre-teenager once more ventured off the estate, he was again attacked by the bully, and on this occasion was beaten up even more severely than before. At once he raced home, corralled the family chauffeur, who was a former contender for the light-heavyweight boxing crown, and together the two hunted down the bully. When they found the boy, Oglethorpe stood by while the chauffeur beat the loutish young bully to within an inch of his life. "That experience taught me a great lesson. One must learn to delegate authority—let the expert do the expert's job," said Oglethorpe the other day, recalling the incident from his childhood with a nostalgic chuckle.

All in all, delegating authority right and left, the earnest, Monopoly-playing Republican newcomer has built up an impressively solid record, revealing himself to be an extremely able administrator, a cool, levelheaded thinker, and an indefatigable worker. (He often puts in more than twenty hours a day at his desk, and, indeed, sometimes has to be shaken awake in his chair by loyal aides.) Moreover, in street-corner chats with his constituents he has displayed an almost Rooseveltian common touch, easily swapping anecdotes with out-of-work coal miners, destitute farmers, and other deadbeats whom, naturally enough, he does not have an opportunity to meet on the golf course. "The great thing about Walfie Oglethorpe," remarked one of his aides the other day, "is that the guy has a terrific sense of noblesse oblige."

Summing up the extraordinary appeal of the clean-eared *Sports Illustrated* subscriber to top Republican influentials, seasoned G.O.P. hands have pointed out that he is: (1) the governor of a key industrial state, (2) a proven vote-getter with an almost unblemished administrative record, and (3) a youthful and dynamic candidate whom no one, from the Ku Klux Klan to the A.D.A., from Murray Kempton to William F. Buckley, Jr., finds the least bit offensive. "And, best of all," adds one veteran Washington observer, "practically no one's ever heard of him."

—THOMAS MEEHAN

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THE CONSTANT LOVER

I have continued to seek her
In the most unlikely places—
Even in the arms of women!

Most men, as they grow older,
Are able to generalize,
But I can't—not even about women.

For it's only her I love.
The shape of two brown eyebrows
Demands all my fidelity.

So I write poems,
And so my life passes,
But she is changeless

And seems more beautiful as time passes.

—LOUIS SIMPSON

EVERYTHING NEAT AND TIDY

The County Psychiatric Clinic, situated a discreet three miles beyond the town boundary, was made up of two distinct groups of buildings, as contrasting as two figures in a parable. There was the old block, originally the Mental Hospital, a granite fortress with lean, high windows and black iron doors, where the "permanently unwell" now crooned or sobbed or fluttered away their remaining days. One hundred and fifty yards away, at the end of a dividing patch that was neither field nor lawn, there was the new block, the pride of the County Health Authority—a collection of pastel-colored chalets with large glass doors and windows, where "temporarily disturbed" people made model airplanes or lampshades or raffia mats with eager, brittle concentration. It was to the new block that Johnny Barr drove Mrs. MacMenamin, his mother-in-law, in his taxi every Tuesday and Thursday morning during the whole of the month of March.

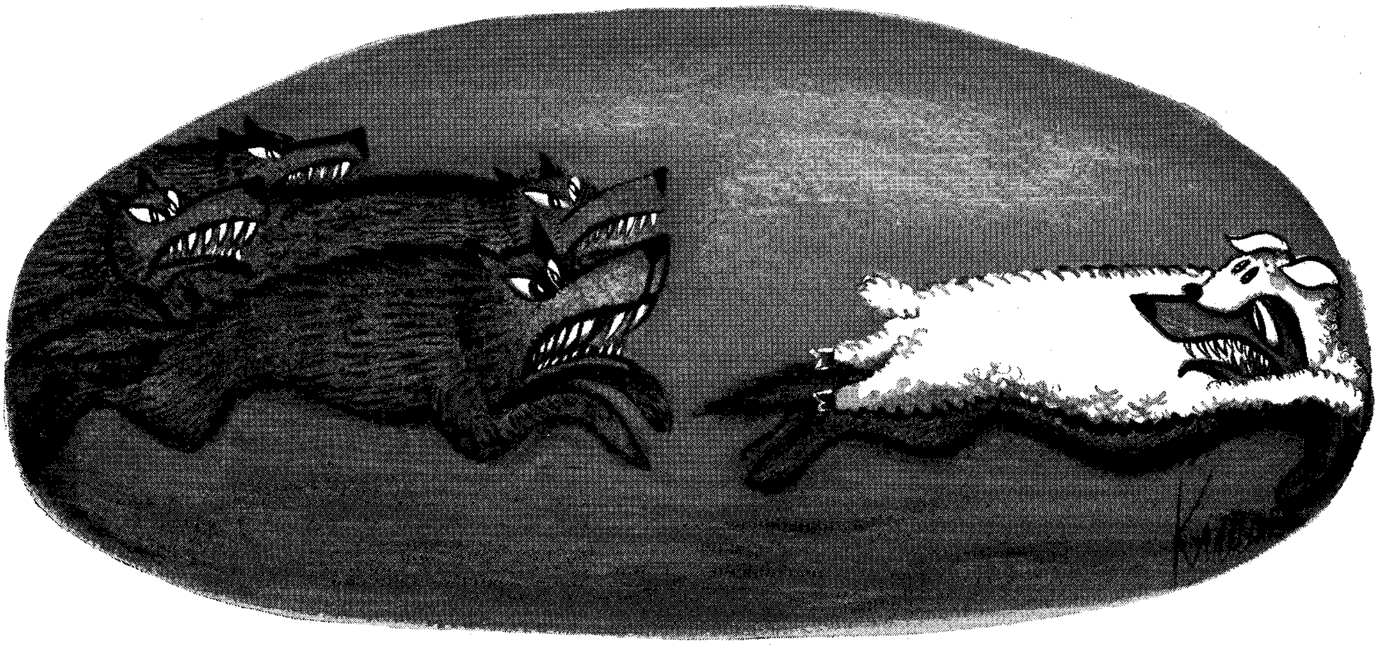
At the time of Mr. Mac's death, and, indeed, for three weeks afterward, Mrs. Mac had been wonderful. The anguish and indignity that his sudden death had let loose—the invasion by the bailiffs, the indecent haste with which the bank sold the house and the farm off to the first bidder, the shooting of the two obese, useless Labradors (who wanted two gun-shy gun dogs?), getting Sarah, the old housekeeper, accepted in the Old People's Home run by the Nazareth nuns, and only after much pleading—all this she had borne so quietly and so courageously that Johnny realized he had never known her before. Previously, he had thought of her as a vague, diffident, impractical woman. Now he admired her. So that when her son, Henry, who was a doctor, ignored her requests to go and live with him in his flat in Dublin, Johnny promptly offered her the spare room in his neat terrace house with his wife, Mary, and himself. She accepted, and he was glad to have her. It never occurred to him that this would strike her as the final, crushing indignity.

For three weeks, she behaved as if nothing in her life had changed. She read in her bedroom, or did a little light housework, or sometimes just sat in the tiny, precise parlor and gazed out placidly at the children playing in the street after school. Then, one Sunday after supper, when Johnny and Mary were worrying over the problem of whether they should go ahead and buy a second taxi, their favorite Sunday-night topic, Mrs. MacMenamin began to cry quietly. Johnny was the first to notice her tears.

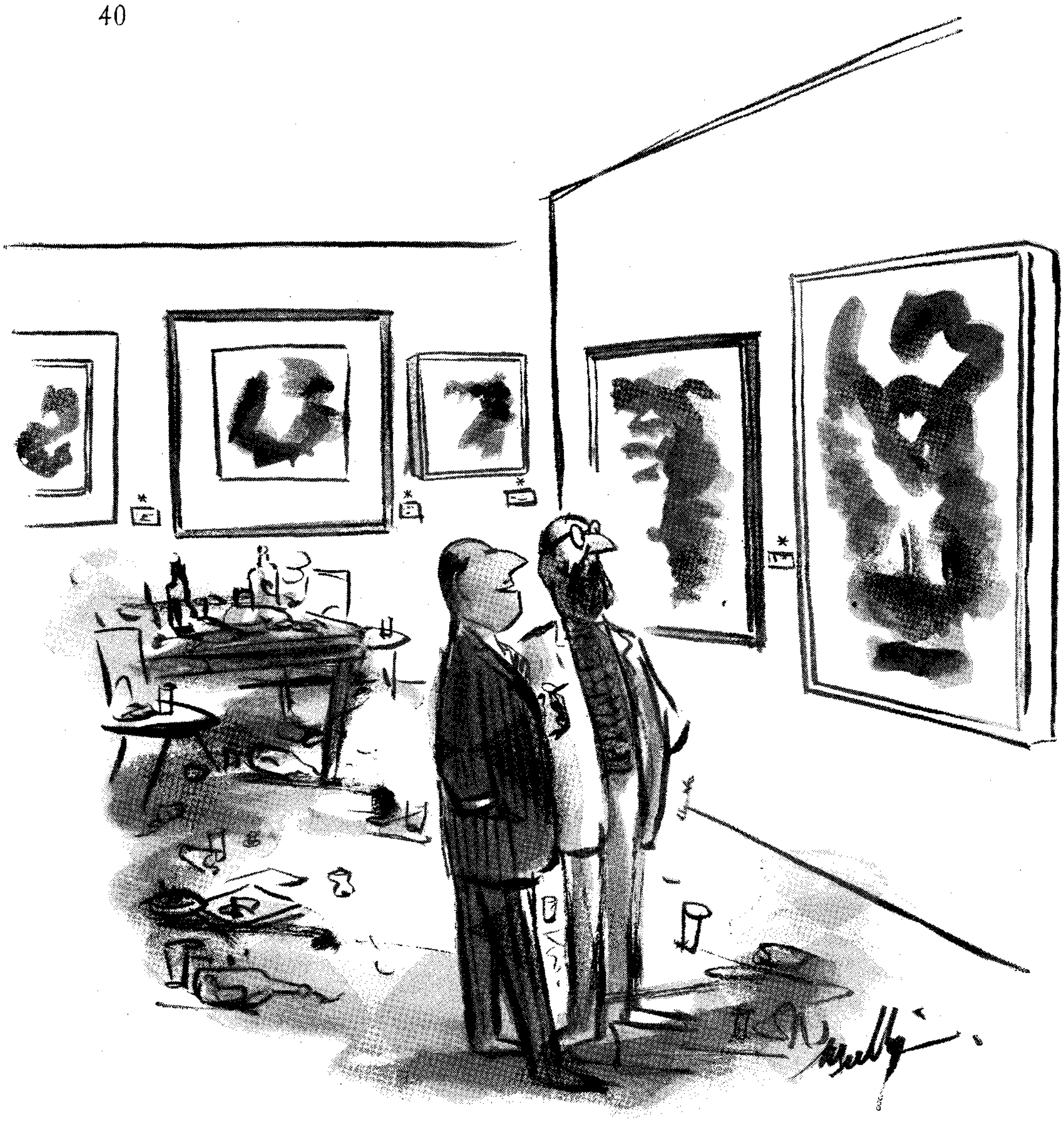
"It's O.K., Mrs. Mac," he said. He winked at her. "Even if a second cab leaves us short for a while, we won't put you out to work!"

Before he had finished speaking, she began to moan. Her moaning grew into a wail, and the wail thinned and rose to a shriek, and when they held her, Johnny by the right arm and Mary by the left, she flung back her head and screamed and screamed at the ceiling. The paroxysm lasted less than a minute. When her struggling was strongest and her distraught cries broke against the walls of the confining room, she suddenly went limp. They carried her long, awkward body upstairs and laid her on the bed, and tiptoed down again and talked in whispers. Later, the doctor called and said, "Reaction . . . nerves . . . temporary . . ." and arranged for an appointment for her at the County Psychiatric Clinic. The clinic advised electric-shock treatments—two times a week, nine treatments in all—and Johnny took on the job of driving her there and back, because there was no one else to do it, and because ever since that Sunday night, seeing her so helpless and so pale and so exposed on top of the bedclothes, his admiration for her had turned into affection.

Johnny came to enjoy those trips to the clinic. Occasionally he calculated that they were costing him a lot of money (in wear and tear on the car, not to talk of lost fares), but it was pleasant to get away from the smelly taxi rank and out into the keen spring air of the country. While he waited for Mrs. Mac, he walked around the grounds, admiring the trim paths and the careful gardens and the tidy shrubs and thinking how lucky he was—a wife who loved and respected him (and who had now become so thrifty that her watchfulness sometimes annoyed him), a compact, comfortable home, a business that was expanding. Every morning, too, he stood and gazed for a short time across the patch of land that was neither field nor lawn, and then, for some reason, his thoughts invariably went back to the time before he was married, when he went out to the MacMenamins' farm every Sunday



"Fellows, it's me!"



"See! I told you hard liquor has it all over sherry."

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afternoon to take Mary for a drive. But most of the waiting time he spent strolling around the chalets, which, to all outward appearances, might have been a collection of summer holiday houses.

After four or five visits, Johnny was convinced that the electric-shock treatments were a failure. The only effect they had on Mrs. Mac—and he did not mention this to Mary, because it lasted for only about twenty minutes after the old woman came out of the sky-blue chalet—was to make her arrogant and overbearing, even more imperious than Lady Hartnell of Killard, whom he drove to the bank once a month. Mrs. Mac would march up to the taxi and climb into the back seat and say, "Off you go, John!" as if he were her private chauffeur. Of course, the treatments temporarily impaired her memory—the doctor had told him to expect that—and as he drove her home he protected himself against her bumptiousness by encouraging her confusions. It was harmless enough fun, Johnny asking her how things were on the farm these days and she replying that Mr. Mac had just bought a huge combine harvester, or the latest milking machine, or a very expensive pedigreed bull. Or Johnny would wonder out loud how the spring sowing was going, and she would list off such a series of crops as the biggest farm in the whole of Ireland could never have produced. The grander she got with him, the more he chuckled to himself. But by the time he drew up at the door, her affectations all vanished and her memory came back, and she was a silent, timid, tearful, aging woman again. He helped her out of his taxi and guided her tenderly into the house and handed her over to his wife as gently as if she were a baby, because then, seeing her so reduced, and remembering her as she had once been, he regretted his baiting and resolved never to mention the farm again.

The MacMenamins never had the wealth or the position of Lady Hartnell of Killard. But they might have, had Mr. Mac not drunk so heavily, had Mrs. Mac been more practical, had they kept Henry on the farm (and it was one of the best farms in County Tyrone) instead of making a doctor of him, had the rich land been worked and not let to neighbors. They lived imprudently, carelessly, without thought for the future. When he recalled those Sunday afternoons, Johnny remembered the feeling of annoyance that had pricked him every time he saw electric lights burning all over the house in broad daylight, the apples rotting in barrels in the pantry, the wrought-iron gates hanging from one hinge, or the buckets rusting in the water troughs. Every time he went there, he wanted to throw off his coat and fix fences, paint doors, and gather up fallen branches for firewood. So much waste. Such great indifference. He would knock at the door; no one would answer, and he would go into the high, panelled hall. Mr. Mac would be in a deep sleep before a dead fire in the drawing room, or puzzling futilely over pages of figures and accounts. Mrs. Mac would be upstairs, reading in one of the bedrooms, or crocheting in the breakfast room. Sarah, the old housekeeper, would be dozing in the kitchen, although the table would be piled high with the lunch dishes. Even Mary, who knew to expect him, was seldom waiting for him. He would find her in the fields, wandering around in search of hens' nests, or down in one of the byres, playing with a litter of young pups. The whole setup confused and annoyed him, and yet fascinated him. When he was with them, he was conscious only of impatience. What a business he would have made of that place! How he could have run it! Yet when he went home to his own house in the town—before he married, he lived in three rooms as natty and precise as a doll's house, above the bakery where his father was night watchman—he forgot the chaos and the decay and remembered only the tranquillity of their lives. He would look at his mother, birdlike, shrivelled, sharp with the lifelong battle against poverty, and think of Mrs. Mac, who had floated serenely above hardship. He would watch his father roll cigarettes (by making his own, he saved threepence a packet) and remember the carpet at Mr. Mac's feet ruined by cigar burns. The contrast between the life he had been reared to and the life he now tasted made him dissatisfied with both. It would have taken so little, he knew, to win him over to the MacMenamins. If Mr. Mac had said even once to him, "You're early today," or "We thought you were never coming," or if Mrs. Mac had asked him even once what his job was or what his ambitions were, then there would have been no conflict. But they gave him as little of their attention as they gave to one another, or to the land, or to the fat, wheezing Labradors, who wandered unheeded upstairs and downstairs. And still, those Sunday-afternoon visits were the highlight of his week. It was not for Mary alone that he spread his trousers under the mattress every Saturday night so that they would have a sharp crease, and bathed himself in the iron tub in the miniature scullery, and polished his shoes until they glistened. It was primarily for her, of course; but it was also for Mrs. Mac, and even for Mr. Mac, and, in some vague way that he could not understand himself, out of deference to the ramshackle farm itself.

IN the last week of Mrs. Mac's course of treatments, Mary came across the notice of Sarah's death in the Home. Johnny agreed that the news must be kept from Mrs. Mac. If she was making progress—and there was little evidence that she was—this would set her back. Yet when she came out of the clinic later that morning and said to him, "Hurry up! I have shopping to do! Don't sit there leering at me!," he knew he was going to tell her.

He waited until they had passed through the gates. Then he said, "How do you feel today, Mrs. Mac?"

"Quite well, thank you, John." She looked very alert that day, much better than after any of the previous treatments.

"One more visit and you're finished up, Mrs. Mac."

"I know."

"What will you do with yourself then?"

"I haven't decided yet. Travel, maybe. Go to London for a few weeks. D'you know, I haven't been in London since Henry qualified." Her eyes became troubled. "But travel is so expensive, isn't it?" she went on. "It takes so much money, doesn't it?"

"As well as that, you couldn't very well leave the farm at this time of year," he prompted.

"Yes," she said, but so dreamily that he knew she was agreeing with her own private thoughts.

"This is your busiest time on the land, isn't it, Mrs. Mac? This is the time all you farmers work a sixteen-hour day, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said in the same vague way. "Quite right . . . yes . . ."

He watched her in the mirror to see the brows furrow in concentration and the lips fumble with one another, as they always did on these trips home. But not today. There was going to be no harmless fun today. An uneasiness stirred in him. "I suppose you heard about Sarah, Mrs. Mac?"

"Sarah? Who's Sarah?"

"Sarah, the old housekeeper. You remember Sarah, don't you? Always giving backchat to you!"

"I . . . yes, I think I remember her."

"I knew you would."

He paused, conscious of cruelty. But before he could muster charity he heard himself saying, "She died last night."

"Sarah? My housekeeper?"

"Funeral tomorrow after last Mass."

"Sarah?" she whispered.

"Dead," he said.

"Ooh, God!" She did not cry, but she moaned. She gripped her elbows and rocked herself backward and forward and groaned in a high monotone that terrified him. He thought of stopping the taxi, of getting her a drink of brandy, of rushing her to a doctor, but then decided instead to get her home as quickly as possible.

By the time they reached the house, she had quietened. He put his arm around her and supported her into the hallway, where Mary met them.

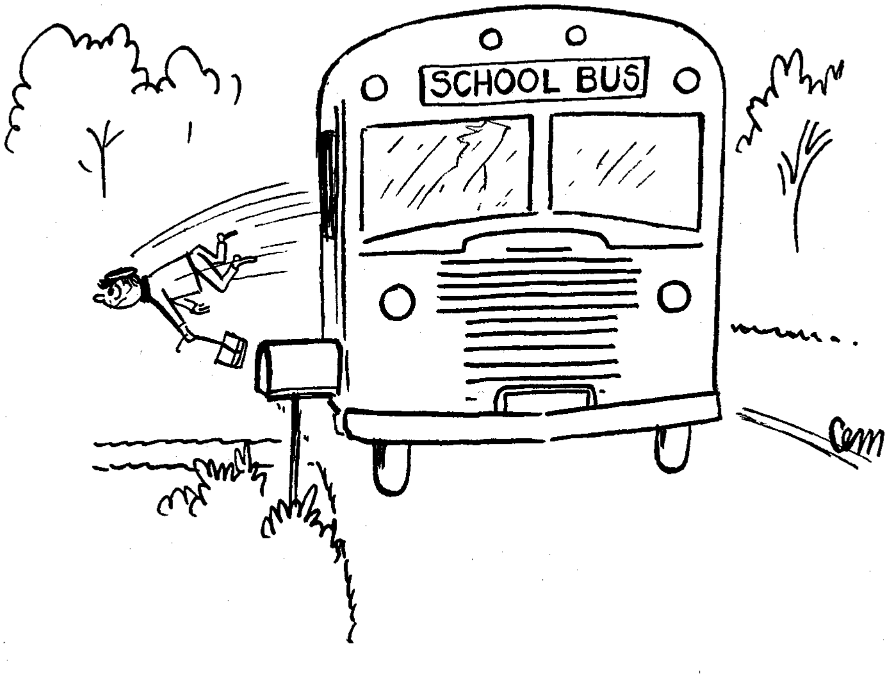
"Quick!" he snapped. "Get her bed ready!"

Mary stared stupidly at them.

"For God's sake, move!" he roared, because he was afraid that Mrs. Mac would collapse in his arms. "Move! Move! Move!"

He lifted her off the ground—she was as light as a child—and carried her upstairs as tenderly and as lovingly as if she were a baby. Afterward, when she was asleep and he was having a meal, Mary kissed him on the forehead and said, "Thank you, Johnny. You've been better to her than any son could have been." He did not answer, because he was angry with himself, because he felt guilty, and because he was frightened. There had been a moment in the taxi, after Mrs. Mac did not respond to his first prompting about the farm, when a strange loneliness had touched him; what frightened him was that that loneliness, that isolation, might touch him again, might even enter into him.

THE following Thursday was Mrs. Mac's last visit. It was a glorious spring morning that was both urgent and still. The sun was high, and the air was clean and clear, and the grounds had never looked fresher or more attractive. He walked round the paths and looked at the flowers he had seen push into life, and strolled between the neat, trimmed shrubs. It was a morning for alertness, a morning when a man can look back over the past and take pride in his achievements, and look forward to the future and plan confidently for it. But somehow Johnny was con-



scious only of wistfulness. There was growth and vitality around him and beneath him, but his senses were muted with a vague nostalgia. He left the new block and gazed across the patch that was neither field nor lawn. And then, for the first time, he understood the clinic's special attraction for him; it could have been a part of the farm. This discovery, and the start of recognition that accompanied it, gave him a moment's pleasure, a delight that vanished as soon as it was felt. It gave way to a quick, flooding panic. To hell with the farm, he thought, angrily marching back to the new block. To hell with it! To hell with it!

Mrs. Mac found him in the waiting room, reading magazines. He jumped to his feet when he saw her.

"All set?" he said.

"At long last. Let's get home quickly, Johnny. I never want to see this place again." And she giggled nervously, because she thought that a nurse who was passing might have heard her.

They got into the taxi. For the first time, she sat beside him in the front. He waited for "Off you go, John!," but it did not come. As they passed through the gates, he took a quick look back at the grounds and the two groups of buildings. They looked chaste and festive in the sunlight.

Mrs. Mac smiled happily at the road ahead. "Someday, Johnny, I'll have to repay you for all these trips. You have been more than kind to me."

"There's only one way you can repay me, Mrs. Mac," he said, laughing unnaturally.

"What way is that?"

"Leave me the farm when you die."

"There's no one deserves it more," she said.

Johnny remained silent, frowning to himself. Mrs. Mac seemed much better today; she was almost complacent. For some reason he did not understand, each improvement in her health seemed to add to a growing melancholy inside himself. Now he tried to take heart from the ambiguity of her last reply. So she really thought she still owned the farm, did she?

"Is this—is this Wednesday, Johnny?" Mrs. Mac said.

"Thursday," he said.

"Then I'm a day late."

"Late for what, Mrs. Mac?"

"For the funeral—Sarah's funeral."

"Sarah was buried a week ago, Mrs. Mac. You're not a day late—you're eight days late!"

"Eight days? How—where—where did the time go?"

"How should I know?" he snapped. Then, persuasively, he added, "I was at the funeral."

"Oh, you were? That's good. I'm glad we were represented."

"No one there but myself. The only mourner."

"Poor Sarah," she said, dismissing her with a sigh. "May God have mercy on her."

"Remember how she used to sleep in front of the fire, Mrs. Mac? Remember? She would pile up the dishes and pull up a comfortable chair and spread herself out and—"

"She was so stupid," said Mrs. Mac briskly. "At least half a dozen times I taught her how to make pastry. But she never could learn. She really was a peasant, Sarah."

"Pastry?" he said, pouncing on the scrap of new information.

"And so lazy! Heavens, how I stood her for so long! But let's think of pleasant things, shall we? D'you know, Johnny, it'll be summer before we know it." She smiled serenely out at the countryside. "I wonder what Mary'll have for lunch today," she said interestedly.

"May I see the gun, please?"

MARY was waiting for them at the door, dancing with excitement; Henry was coming from Dublin that evening to take Mrs. Mac back with him. There had been a letter in the midday delivery, and on its heels a telegram with the same news. He had forgotten he had written! So typical of Henry!

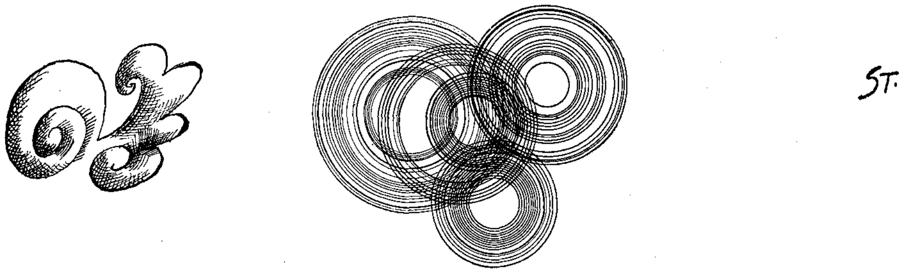
Mrs. Mac took the news as calmly as if she had expected it. "Henry was always a good boy," she said to Mary. "But I love your Johnny every bit as dearly now. He has been as good to me as any son." She went upstairs to pack.

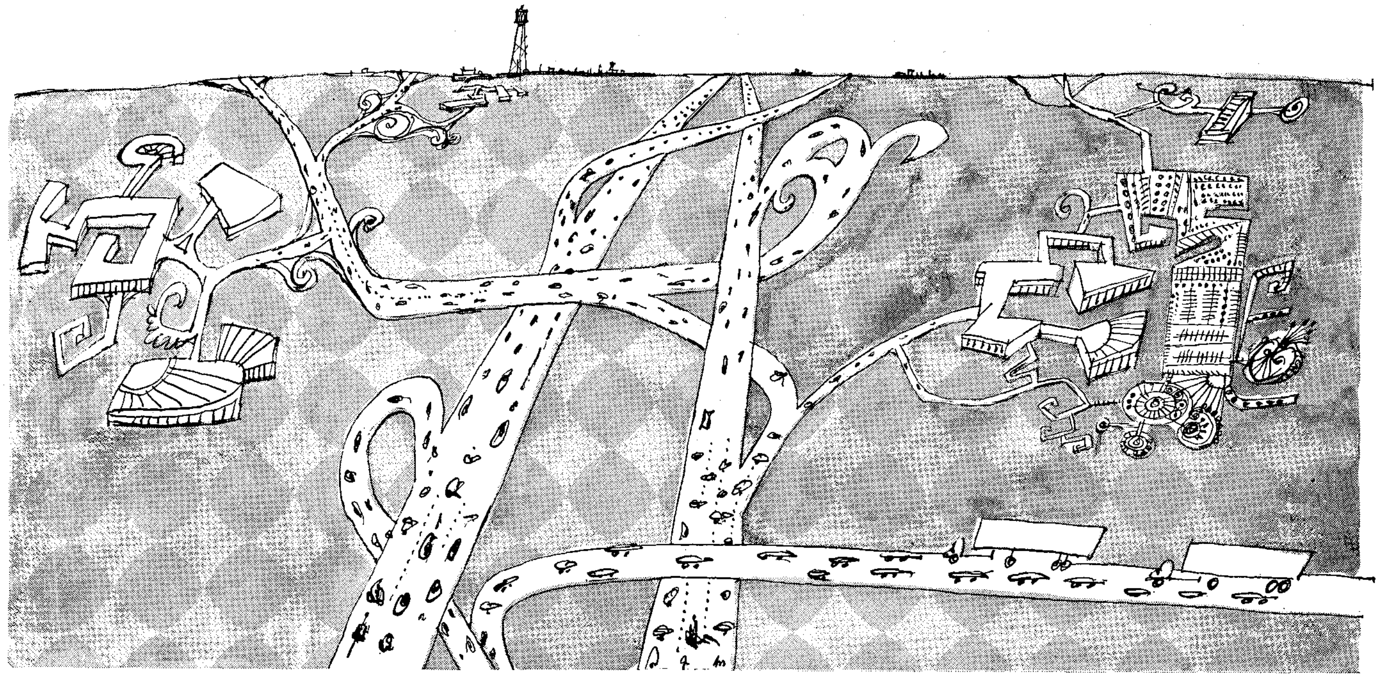
Johnny pretended that he had a run to do. He dashed out of his house, sprang into his taxi, and drove recklessly toward the center of the town. He steered wildly, in full stampede, and through the windscreen he saw only the farm as he had known it in all its autumn decay and beauty. Mrs. Mac had escaped. She was at peace, no longer frightened by the past and the morass of memory, but her release had deprived him forever of the farm and the Sunday afternoons and all the tidy, attainable ambitions of his single days. Chilled by this sudden personal disaster, he drove faster and faster, as if he could escape the moment when he would take up the lonely burden of recollections that the dead had fled from and the living had forgotten.

—BRIAN FRIEL

PROFILES

CENTER OF A NEW WORLD—I

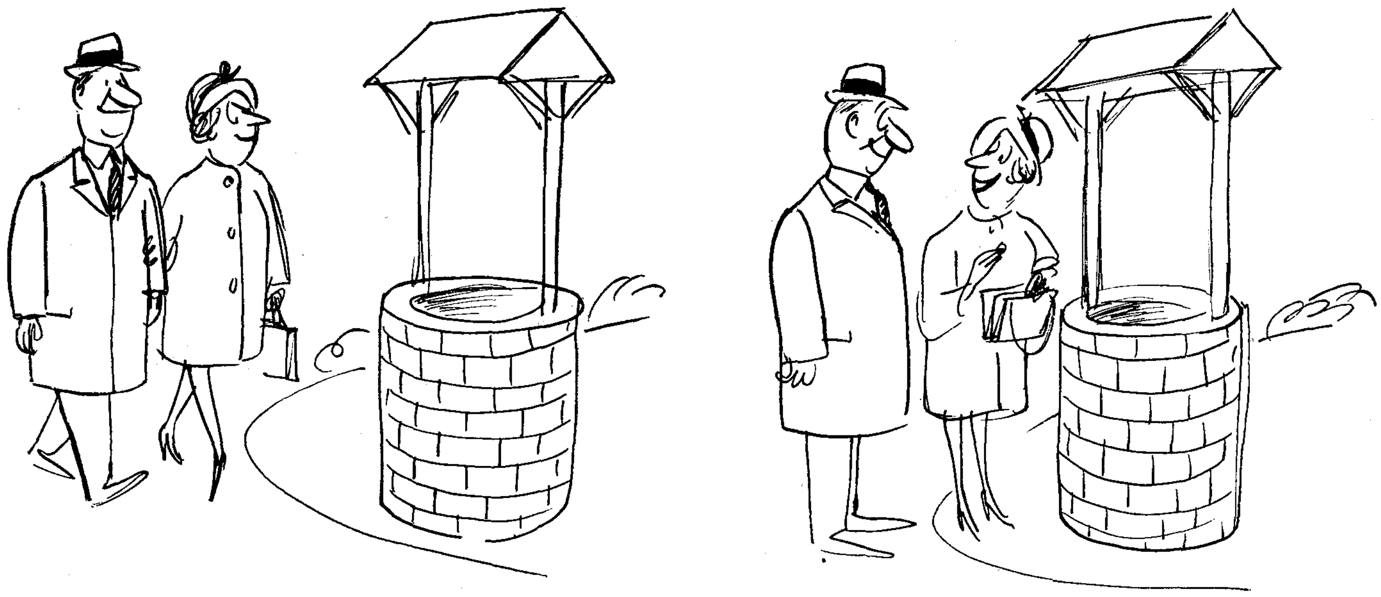




SOME months ago, when I went back to Cambridge to live after a fourteen-year absence, I found the place greatly changed. New defense plants had shot up in the town itself and in its environs, attracted largely by the presence at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology of scientists working on problems closely related to the national security. There were more Indians, Africans, and other non-indigenous types in town than there had been in 1949, and I was told that the Cambridge professors, for their part, were spending more time in foreign lands, for they had broadened the scope of their interests and were exerting more influence on the world as a whole. As the weeks passed, I learned that the social sciences as well as the sciences were booming, owing to a combination of new money and new technology that had given them a new hold on life and a new approach to it. Before long, I concluded that I had found a renaissance in Cambridge.

Like any renaissance, the one in Cambridge has its patrons, but these are patrons very different from the Medici; they are the faceless United States government and the great impersonal foundations, on whose funds all the changes I have been so struck by are dependent. Again, like any renaissance, the one in Cambridge is deeply concerned with widening the boundaries of knowledge through exploration, which in the present context means research, as opposed to teaching—and group research preeminently. Its savants, being engaged on complex projects that cut across the old academic disciplines, usually work in teams. These teams sometimes operate in defense plants—designing warning nets or missiles, say—and sometimes in new institutions called "centers," which have sprouted from the universities themselves. Either way, the savants lead an existence in which they are only loosely tied to the institutions that formally employ them. Nearly always, a team is administered by a new type of leader—the academic entrepreneur, who is a man of affairs as well as learning, who knows how to raise money and put an organization together, and who is able to get results in the outside world. Because their aim is to perfect new weapons or to solve our foreign problems or to doctor our social ills, the teams do their work in a mood of urgency, and as a result their renaissance is pushing knowledge ahead furiously. Some parts of the academic life are much altered by this, but not all. For instance, the position of arts and letters in Cambridge and its world is almost exactly what it was.

I should explain what I mean by Cambridge and its world. Only the center of that world lies in Cambridge proper; namely, the grounds of Harvard and M.I.T., lying a mile apart on the north bank of the Charles River, which flows eastward into Boston Harbor. Then, just north of Cambridge, there is

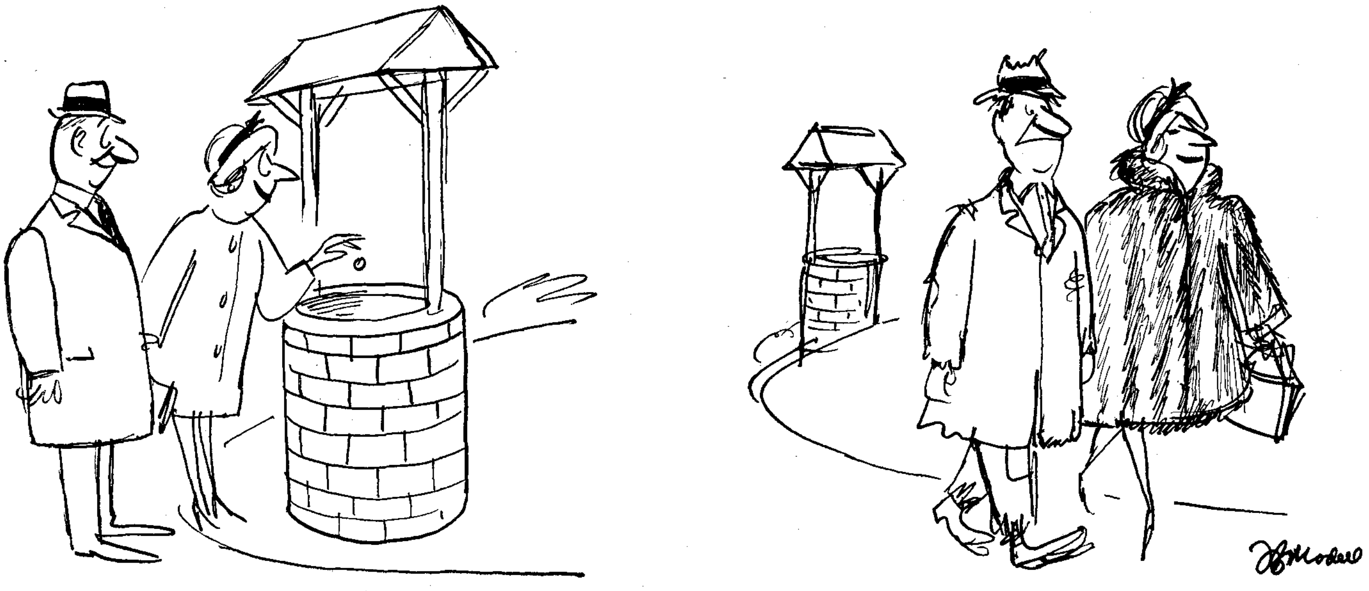


Tufts University, and a few miles west there is Brandeis University. Fourteen years ago, I remember, when I used to walk out that way sometimes on a Sunday, Brandeis consisted of little more than a grotesque old turreted castle on a hill. Now the castle has been joined by a great many rectangular buildings made of brick, glass, and concrete, which appear rather jammed together on their rise of ground but are chic and modern-looking—very much a part of the new era. Just west of Brandeis lies Route 128, which is also very much a part of the new era.

Route 128 hardly existed during my former sojourn in Cambridge, which occupied the school year 1948-49. That year has nothing to do with this report, except to serve as a baseline for it. In 1948-49, the Korean War had not been thought of (at least by us Americans), nor had Sputnik or the Russian nuclear threat or various other alarms that have since been spurring us on. Peace was viewed as the normal condition, and civilian production, dammed up since Pearl Harbor, was ready to burst forth. In time, all this came to have a bearing on the development of Route 128, but at first the route was no more than a simple expression of highway theory; it was a "ring road," designed to keep long-distance traffic out of Boston. It describes a semicircle around the heart of the city, at a radius of some ten to fifteen miles, with its two ends resting on or near the shores of Massachusetts Bay. (To make a full circle around Boston, a road would have to be amphibious.) Thanks to Route 128, a motorist can travel from the Maine border, say, to the Connecticut border, or from New Hampshire to Cape Cod, without losing time or adding to the congestion of the city. The plan for the road was much criticized at the start. Just after the war, Massachusetts was in a slump, taxes were high, and the textile mills were fleeing southward, so Route 128, inevitably, was damned as an extravagance of the politicians. Yet it was built, and it has been humming ever since.

Around the time the road was finished, something had begun happening to Boston that was also happening to other American cities—business firms of certain types were leaving the core for the outskirts. One reason was that these firms had waited two decades to build new plants and could now do so. Another was that downtown traffic was getting to be too much for both their trucks and their employees to cope with. And a third was that objects within the plants were coming more and more to be moved horizontally, by fork lifts and similar vehicles, rather than vertically, by elevators. This change created a demand for wide-spreading structures to replace high-rising ones, and hence for considerable ground space. According to experts in the Boston office of Cabot, Cabot & Forbes, the real-estate firm that has masterminded the exodus to the outskirts, these three pressures were felt most heavily at the outset by companies that operated warehouses, such as the New England distributors of goods produced on a national scale. In 1948, Cabot, Cabot & Forbes lured several such firms, including the local branches of General Electric, Squibb, and Parke, Davis, to the "suburbs." Actually, the move made by these first companies was a timid one—to East Cambridge, just across the Charles from downtown Boston. Three or four years later, though, Cabot, Cabot & Forbes settled a few firms in *West* Cambridge, halfway to Route 128, and soon it was putting others on Route 128 itself. Light manufacturing companies and mere business offices had now joined the parade, and Cabot, Cabot & Forbes had begun settling them in industrial parks. Such parks, which constitute another new feature of our century, are business areas laid out in open country and governed much like residential tracts, the tenants agreeing to build on only so much of their land, to plant the rest attractively, and otherwise to observe the amenities. In the early fifties, Cabot, Cabot & Forbes and a few other real-estate firms were busy establishing such parks along Route 128 and erecting in them anomalous oblong one-story buildings of a type that could be rented, as a multiple unit or separately, to a mixed bag of clients. And thus they prepared the way for the so-called r.-and-d. firms—the initials stand for "research and development"—and did it so successfully that before long such firms were arriving almost daily along the route.

The Cambridge scientific community had been active industrially in the Second World War, developing radar and other such devices. Then had come a lull—though the electronics business stayed alive, in consequence of the demand for television sets and deep freezes. Finally, toward the end of the fifties, there was the space-and-missile boom, and that precipitated activity on an unprecedented scale. Under the guidance of scientists and engineers from the local universities, small plants in the Cambridge area began to specialize in making "sophisticated" items—a specialty that proved invaluable in the manufacture of electronic components for space vehicles. A number of so-called wonder firms have "spun off" from M.I.T.—the items they produce having been designed either in the Institute's



laboratories or in lofts in the Cambridge industrial warrens nearby. Many a shoestring firm, starting out in these warrens with little capital other than M.I.T. brains, has shown sufficient promise to pick up financing—perhaps old Boston money from State Street—and move to better surroundings, and since the late fifties such surroundings have meant, primarily, Route 128, where the firm will have an adaptable new building, direct access to highways, lots of parking space, and a pleasant landscape for its scientists to contemplate. Also, it will gain prestige. The arrival of an electronics firm on Route 128—so one hears in Cambridge—produces much the same result as the transfer of a department store to Fifth Avenue; its sales and its stock value at once go up.

TODAY, Route 128 is simply "the Road" to its habitués, and "the Space Highway" or "the Golden Semicircle" to the business press. It is a modern superhighway, with many lanes, no stop lights, frequent overpasses, where it is crossed by radial roads fanning out from Boston, and a country landscape on either side, which the passing motorist may vaguely perceive to be broken here and there by long, low, characterless buildings that flaunt unenlightening names like Itek, Tracerlab Keleket, Tech Weld, Sylvania, and Raytheon.

Last fall, when I began exploring the Cambridge renaissance, I toured the Road with two expert guides, R. John Griefen and Daniel Wheeler, who are both officers of Cabot, Cabot & Forbes. (Their firm, they told me, has helped in the relocation of more than half of the r.-and-d. companies now on Route 128.) Late one morning, Griefen and Wheeler picked me up near Harvard Square in a station wagon, and soon we were threading our way through the suburbs of West Cambridge. "The land is all built up through here," said Griefen, who was driving. "That's one reason the industrial parks on 128 are so successful—they've been established in the region of open country that's nearest to Boston. There's no room in here for building, but there's lots of it out there." We were making our way through an urban sprawl of drab rows of two-family houses, punctuated by stretches of gas stations and shops. "The real selling point of 128 is its landscape," Griefen said. "A research-and-development firm must be able to attract and hold scientists and engineers—perhaps lure them from other firms. It can't do this with money alone, for in the end most firms will pay about the same for men of equal ability. So it does it by offering nice surroundings. A scientist likes a quiet office with a blackboard, and a tree outside the window, and it is better still if the tree has a squirrel in it. Route 128 supplies that kind of thing."

We reached the Road in fifteen or twenty minutes, dropping down to it by a cloverleaf from the radial we had been on. Having merged with the Route 128 traffic, we spun along between slightly rolling expanses of grass interspersed with oak thickets—a kind of landscape one often sees near Boston. "We'll stop for a minute at Clevite," said Griefen. "Our firm designed the Clevite plant a few years ago, and got a prize for it. Clevite is a Cleveland company—it makes transistors. A few years ago, the Clevite people decided to expand into a better research-and-development area, but they didn't know just where to go. They polled some twenty-two hundred scientists throughout the country, asking their preference, and the scientists declared about equally for Cambridge and the San Francisco Bay region. So Clevite built two new plants—one in each."

The Clevite plant—a two-story building with planes of metal-framed windows interrupted by planes of masonry, its stone warm in color—stood back from the road amid vegetation that would have graced a fine suburban villa. The landscaping, my guides told me, had been done by a well-known master of the art, Professor Hideo Sasaki, of Harvard. In the rear of the building, where we parked, there was a luxurious lawn dotted with exotic-looking birches, evergreens, and other trees, along with various shrubs, the whole producing something of the same impression as a Japanese garden. To me, it all looked as if it had been there long before 1960—the date when the building was completed—and I remarked on this to Griefen. "Yes, it does look that way," he said. "And the reason it looks that way is that they didn't mind paying for it—for putting in full-grown trees, for instance, and using special fertilizers. They were determined to make the plant attractive." We penetrated the Clevite plant no farther than the lobby, which was separated from the garden only by an expanse of plate glass. The outdoors was brought vividly indoors—an effect enhanced by the fact that the lobby was half surrounded by a shallow interior moat, whose swirling surface, I was told, was being agitated by an underwater fan.

We soon returned to the station wagon and drove on to look at some new research laboratories of the Sylvania Electronic Systems, where devices like satellite antennas are designed. They lay even farther back from the highway than the Clevite plant, and behind a knoll. We did not get out of the station wagon at all this time but simply made a slow loop around the employees' parking space, which, in standard Route 128 fashion, was paved with asphalt. The laboratories were housed in another of the Road's wide, low, essentially rectangular buildings of brick, glass, and metal. The land had been a swamp and a pig farm until recently, I learned, and the old swamp trees—elms and others of medium size—were still there. Between them, however, an urbane-looking lawn had been planted, and well established. This, too, must have been expensive, I figured—keeping the old trees while grading, preparing, seeding, and cultivating the land around them—but it seemed that, as before, the cost had been justified by the need for what Griefen called "a campus-type environment."

As we drove back toward Route 128, Dan Wheeler began telling me something of the Road's geographical advantages. "Other American cities have circumferential highways, but Boston is unique in that this one was built in advance of the main radials that cross it," he said. "In other cities, the radials came first, and industry grew up primarily along *them*. The fact that our industries have built on the circumferential road itself means that they can tap labor from all the surrounding suburbs. Labor pools have been left in the region by firms that have moved out. The town of Waltham has many precision workers left by the Waltham Watch Company, and Route 128 runs through the Waltham town limits—we are inside them now. Lawrence and Lowell, where there are also many workers, are a short drive to the northwest, on good radials. Skilled workers usually have cars these days, so the plants on the Road can draw on them easily."

It was half past twelve by now, so instead of going farther along Route 128, we crossed it to have lunch at a Charterhouse Motel, built and owned by Cabot, Cabot & Forbes. We were very much in C. C. & F. territory now, for at this point there were industrial parks that had been developed by the firm on either side of the highway, and as we made our way to the entrance of the motel, I could see six or eight of the usual long, inscrutable brick buildings in each. We found the dining room crowded, but we were seated at once, for Griefen had reserved a table by phone that morning. "You always have to make reservations for lunch here on weekdays," he said. "The dining room was designed only to accommodate guests staying in the motel, but it has turned out to be a favorite lunch spot for people working along the Road."

ESTUARY

As the image of the sun
after the blinding moment
lasts on the closed lids violet
an instant, and color comes
across the tight eye's darkness
though the source of light has gone,

so when I take the low lane
between the fields of barley,
with the slither of a sea
wind sucking the sun-cracked husks,
to gaze at the sunken hulks
of ships as they flake at noon

in the lapped inlet, I can
recall that, with the tiderace
of boyhood just begun, once
I ran down the jetty steps,
stubbing up pebbles, and stopped
to stare at a bark broken

in three across the open
mud flat, each part with a mast
still and splintering spars, fast
in banks of sand. And though I
remember the terror my
eyes saw treading the decks on

that bright morning with the wind
light now—the wind that had smashed
that great ship fallen, awash
like driftwood, ribbed in fitful
patches of water—yet still
I would wish to be alone

with the loneliness of then:
and free to make my horrors
walk the boards beyond the shore
at the bidding of my will
only, with the power, as well
as to make, to efface them

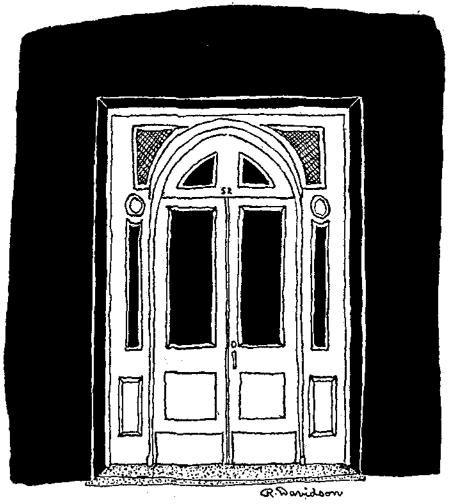
by turning to see the men
with bright-bandanna faces
gladdening the noonday as
they picked the purple winkles
like scatterings of damsons
with salt dried like bloom on them.

—Ted Walker

• •

When we had ordered our meal, my hosts told me more about labor on Route 128. An R.C.A. factory in the area, Griefen observed, needed a labor force of a quite special sort and had had little trouble assembling one. "It makes fifty per cent of the memory cores for the whole computing industry," he said. "The assemblages, which are very light, are flown from here to all parts of the world. The cores cost as much as ten thousand dollars apiece, and are able to store what it would take a man twenty years to memorize. They're assembled by a large force of women working under expert guidance. The women need only a week or two of training, but they must have manual dexterity to start with. And that, luckily, is a characteristic of both watch workers and textile workers."

I had heard that a couple of Boston insurance offices had moved out to Route 128, and since insurance companies need lots of clerical help, I inquired how these pioneers had fared in this regard. Not badly, said Wheeler. One company that had established itself within the Waltham limits had taken steps to acquire an adequate supply of girl workers from the Waltham secondary schools, he told me. "It even financed secretarial courses in the schools to train workers," he went on. "But these efforts proved unnecessary, at least for the time being, because nearly all its Boston girls followed it out here. They found they could afford cars if they made pool arrangements, and now they are enjoying the freedom that owning cars has given them. The supply of girls who will come out is not inexhaustible, of course. In fact, it's showing signs of depletion right now. But the companies have managed so far, and soon girls from the suburban high schools will be taking over more and more of the jobs. The girls out here will have a future with 128."



Back in the car after lunch, we drove

INTERNAL REVENUE
INCOME TAX FORMS
STEVENSON

"I'm sorry, sir, but the Internal Revenue Service does not accept payment in kind."

slowly through interior streets of the two industrial parks flanking that section of the highway. The eastern park contained research-and-development plants, in the main, while the western one ran more to warehouses, including Canada Dry and Crucible Steel among its tenants. The architectural distinctions were far from sharp, though. "Unless we are doing a job for a particular client, any building we put up is designed to be multipurpose—warehouse, factory, laboratory, or office," Griefen told me. "The rent varies with the use. Each tenant has different needs when it comes to the interior; we put in partitions and plumbing to suit him, and stand ready to tear them out and put in something else for the next man." These arrangements for interchangeability, I gathered, explain the anomalous look of much of the architecture on Route 128; the one-story oblong shells are mere containers of so much floor space.

Construction and maintenance of the Cabot, Cabot & Forbes industrial parks follow certain rules. Buildings are set back a certain distance from the parks' interior streets, my guides explained, and parking is not allowed on the streets themselves, or in front of the buildings—only behind them. Construction must be of brick "or better," so it won't weather unattractively. And no goods or equipment may be left around outdoors. What these rules achieved became increasingly clear to me when we left the parks and got rolling again along Route 128. Here and there, we passed buildings not sponsored by C. C. & F. that were made of inferior materials—painted concrete block, say—and whose surface was already getting streaky. There were likely to be crates lying around such buildings or an unsightly jumble of cars in front of them, giving them the look of fragments of an old-fashioned industrial slum. On the whole, though, the construction along Route 128 was in the C. C. & F. manner—neat, comely, enigmatic, and rather dull.

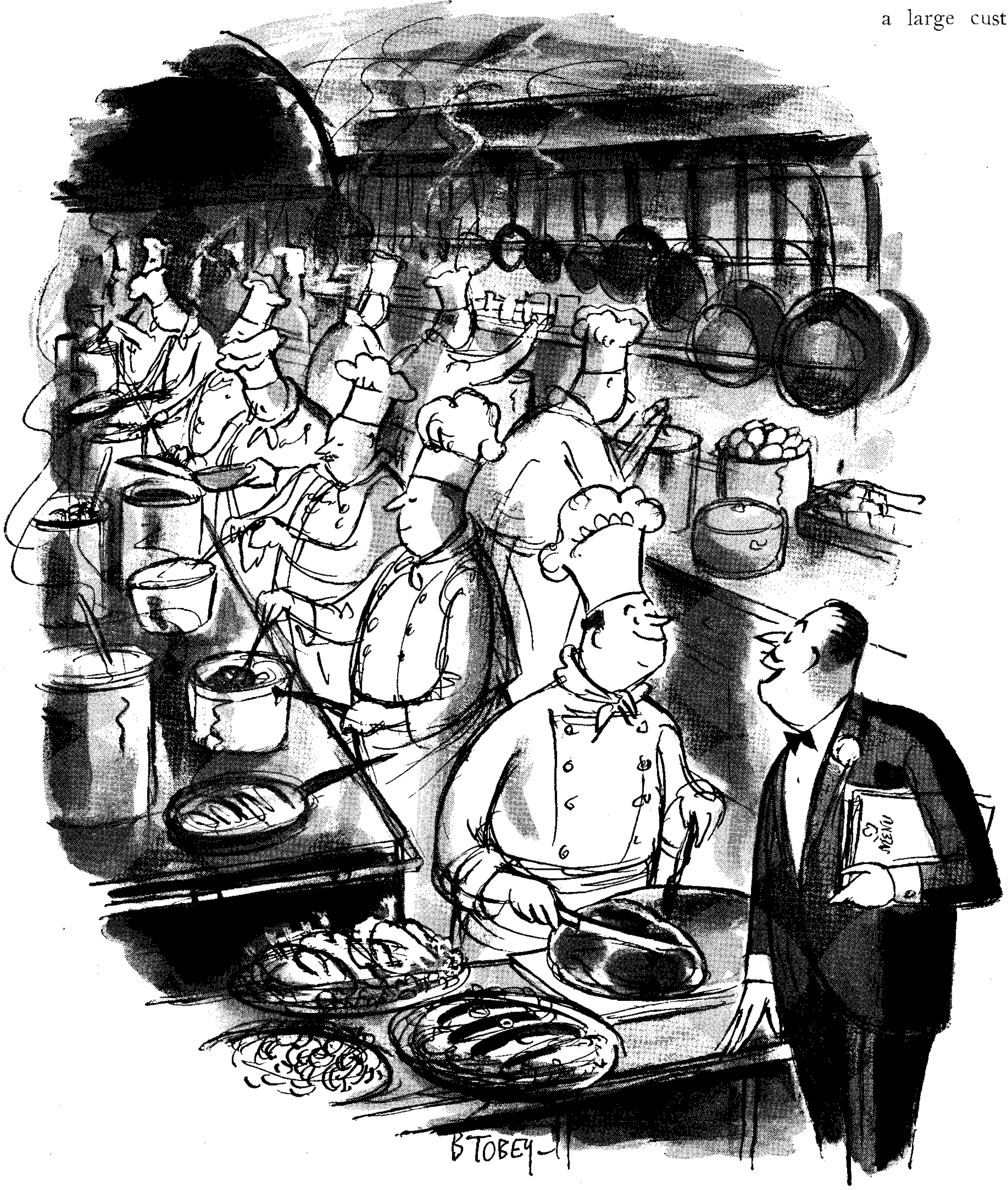
Town zoning laws exert another influence on the appearance of Route 128, I learned. The Road passes through twenty towns, which might as well be twenty countries as far as any homogeneity in zoning is concerned. The town of Burlington, for example, puts few restrictions on industry, Wheeler told me, whereas the town of Lexington allows almost no industry but is reasonably receptive to pure-research laboratories. Some towns let plants occupy half their land, others only a third or a quarter. The C. C. & F. people are always battling the local rules on behalf of their clients. Waltham's sector of Route 128, for instance, is zoned against livestock, partly owing to the fact that noisome pig farms once existed there. Recently, Wirthmore Feeds, Inc., sought to move into the sector and, as part of its work in r. and d., needed to keep three thousand baby chicks on hand. Waltham was not easily persuaded that chicks wouldn't be fully as noisome as pigs, but C. C. & F. eventually got them to make the experiment. Now the chicks share with researchers and executives a handsome air-conditioned two-story building of glass, metal, and pale brick, from which not a hint of their presence is to be detected.

We were driving past a succession of trim factories, all with big parking areas occupied by row after row of cars. "Many of our buildings were put up originally as warehouses and then turned into labs or factories," Griefen remarked. "This has called for a drastic enlargement of parking space—something that isn't always easy to arrange—because labs and factories employ more people. Some r.-and-d. companies now allow a whole car's space for each employee. And a while ago Sylvania, a tenant of ours, ran a check and found one *more* car in its parking space than there were people in its building. The explanation turned out to be that a man who had to fly off to another city at short notice had decided to leave his car in the lot and get his wife to drive him from the plant to the airport. Well, that kind of thing is typical. We no longer put sidewalks in our industrial parks, because there's no demand for them. At lunchtime the people in our Needham park drive, not walk, to the Howard Johnson's in the same park."

Wheeler surprised me by characterizing Boston as a motor-oriented city, like Los Angeles. It was the last thing I would have called it, but he made his point convincingly. "Boston has never had high-rise apartments in the core, and it has few first-class restaurants there," he said. "That's because most people who can afford such things live out in the suburbs and get around by car. The Boston suburbs have always had good facilities, and that fact has been an asset to Route 128. More restaurants, beauty parlors, and shopping centers are needed along the Road, and they will come, but meanwhile people can find those things in the nearby towns."

Wheeler went on to tell me that Massachusetts Route 2, or the Concord Turnpike, which connects Boston and the west, is the chief highway intersecting Route 128; approaching Boston, it crosses the Road from the north-northwest and follows the Charles past Harvard and M.I.T. "Scientists and engineers are the main thing on 128, and access to Cambridge is what they need most," Wheeler said. "They like to run in there and confer with other scientists on points that come up. Some of them live in Cambridge, of course, and commute out here. Or they may teach in Cambridge—at M.I.T., maybe—and come out on part-time consulting jobs. In any event, Route 2 makes a good alley for them. Besides, out beyond 128 to the west Route 2 passes through towns like Concord and Lexington, and quite a few scientists live there. They're quiet, leafy places with good public schools—an important matter to scientists with young children. Scientists also favor living there because of the local history. This preference on the part of individual scientists leads many scientific firms to set up in the Lexington sector of 128 when the zoning laws will let them. It gives them a good address. What is true of Cambridge is also true of Lexington and Concord—their prestige is a big factor in the development here."

We were on the northernmost stretch of Route 128 now, and we turned off to take a look at an installation that differed from the others I'd seen—a large custom-built job, with none of the neutral interchangeability of the smaller plants in the parks. This was the Avco Research and Advanced Development plant, which C. C. & F. built in 1958. Avco, which specializes in the creation of materials for, among other things, the nose cones of intercontinental ballistic missiles, has one of the biggest research establishments in New England; its plant, which cost eighteen million dollars to build, employs about thirty-five hundred workers. The building, of a tomato-bisque color with silvery trim, was a two-story one and was very spread out, being made up of joined pavilions on fashionable horizontal lines, with several interior courts out of which tall pines rose. Like the elms around the laboratory of the Sylvania Electronic Systems, these pines had been on the land to start with, and the building had been planned around them, so as to provide pleasant views for the inner offices. "The plant cost twenty-two dollars a square foot," said Griefen. "It would be closer to twenty-five at current prices. That's a high



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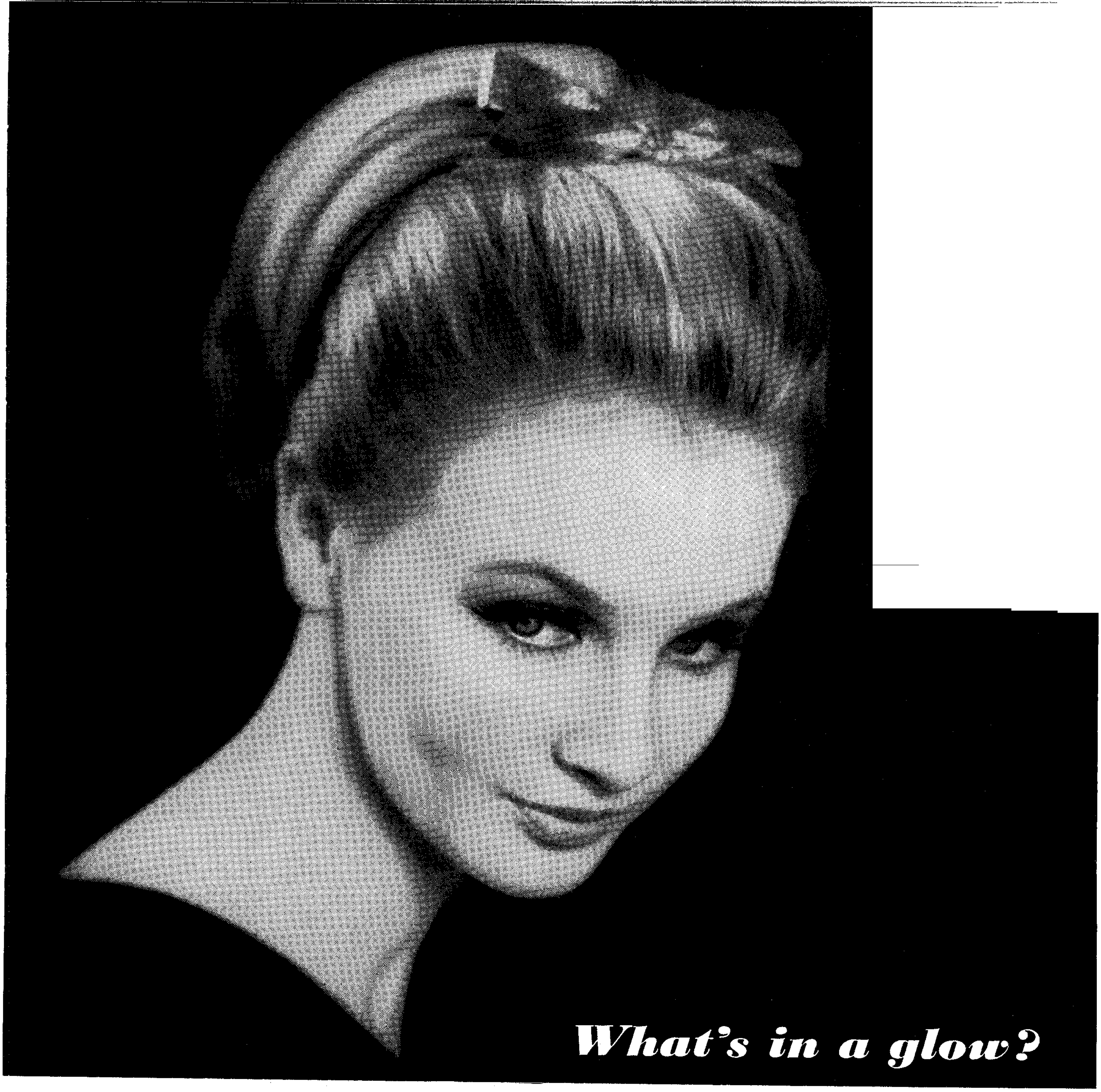
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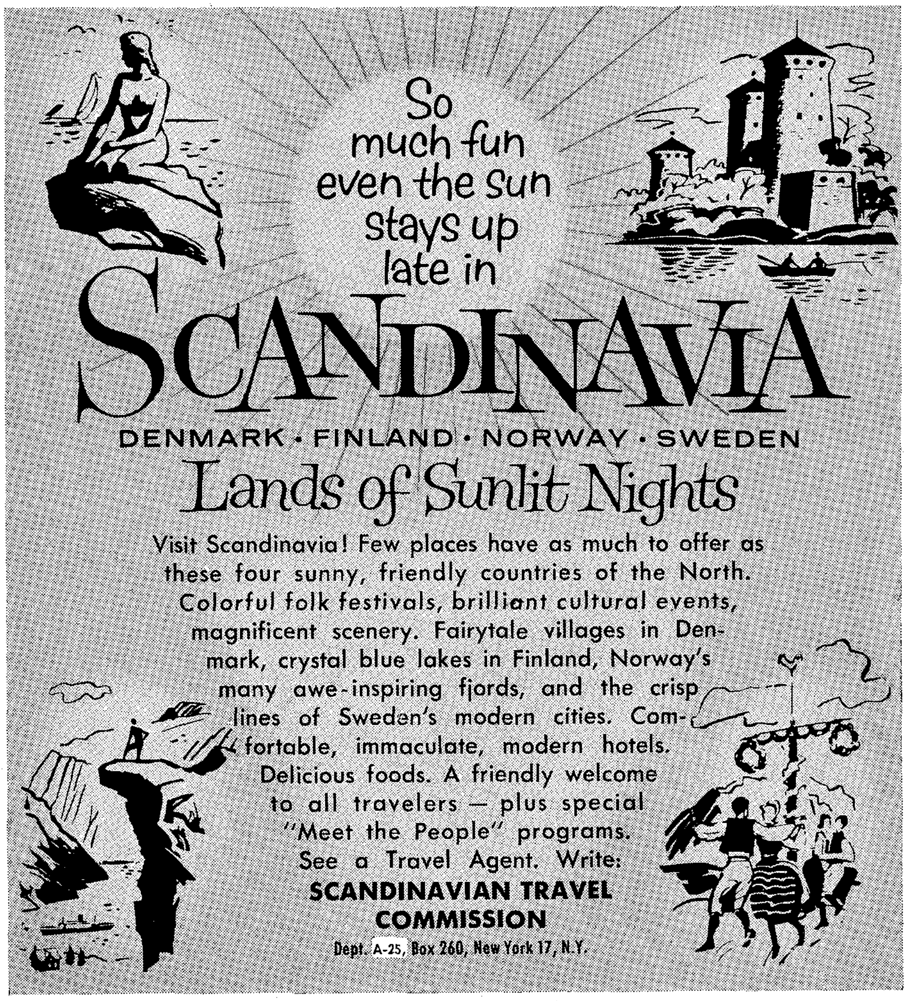

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figure, justifiable solely by Avco's need to recruit scientists and give them the proper surroundings for thinking."

After leaving Avco, we drove by two more big, custom-made plants, each with thousands of employees. One of them belonged to R.C.A., and the other to a firm called Mitre, a nonprofit company that had spun off from M.I.T. and was working on things like missile-warning systems. Such nonprofit companies—others now operating in the United States include the RAND and Aerospace Corporations—have become a leading feature of the space-and-missile boom, for they provide a means of getting big defense jobs done without giving questionably fat plums to private firms. The way Mitre happened to get started, I have learned, was this: In the late nineteen-fifties, at the government's request, M.I.T. had developed an air-defense warning system in its own Lincoln Laboratory, a vast research establishment near the present Mitre plant. (The Lincoln Lab, which was built in 1954, has itself done much to attract research firms to Route 128, and has also influenced other aspects of the Cambridge renaissance.) After a while, the Institute found that it had, in effect, got involved in big-business operations—the employment of labor, the purchase of components, and so on—that were not consonant with its academic function. The enterprise was therefore passed along to Mitre, an independent concern that was set up in 1958. Spinoff or no spinoff, Mitre's scientists still keep in touch with those at the Lincoln Lab and with those at the Air Force laboratories at Hanscom Field, in the neighborhood. In fact, in the lingo of Route 128, Mitre and the Air Force "collocate" with each other; that is, some of the Air Force laboratory staff work in the Mitre laboratories, and vice versa. One hears around Cambridge that Mitre is a good example of how complex the Route 128 type of industry can become when it gets into larger undertakings, and also of the misunderstandings that creep in. Mitre has been criticized by the business community for competing with private firms for both contracts and scientific personnel, and competing unfairly, because it needs to make no profit. And M.I.T., which is actually one of the warmest friends that business has, has been embarrassed by the criticism. (The first three letters of "Mitre" are widely supposed to stand for "M.I.T.," but the Institute is loath to admit this now.)

Leaving Mitre, we passed scores of defense plants along Route 128, and I have since learned that there are hun-

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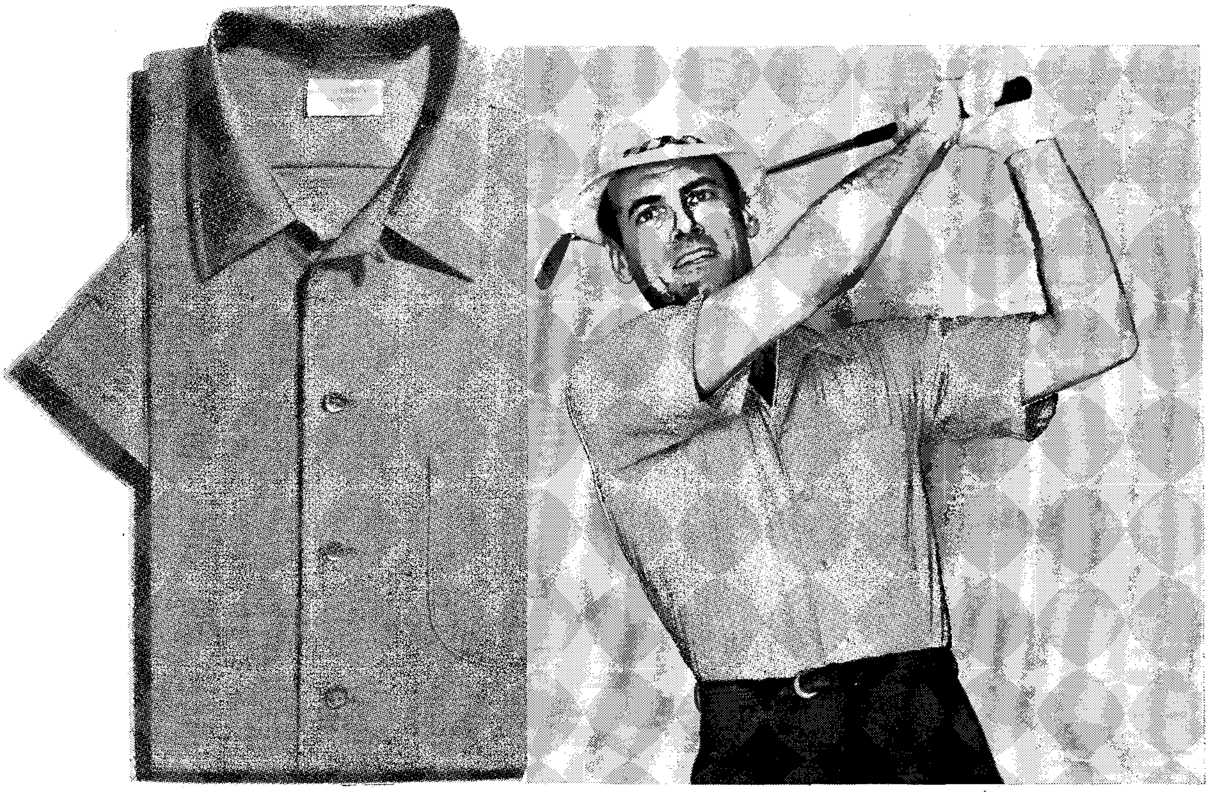

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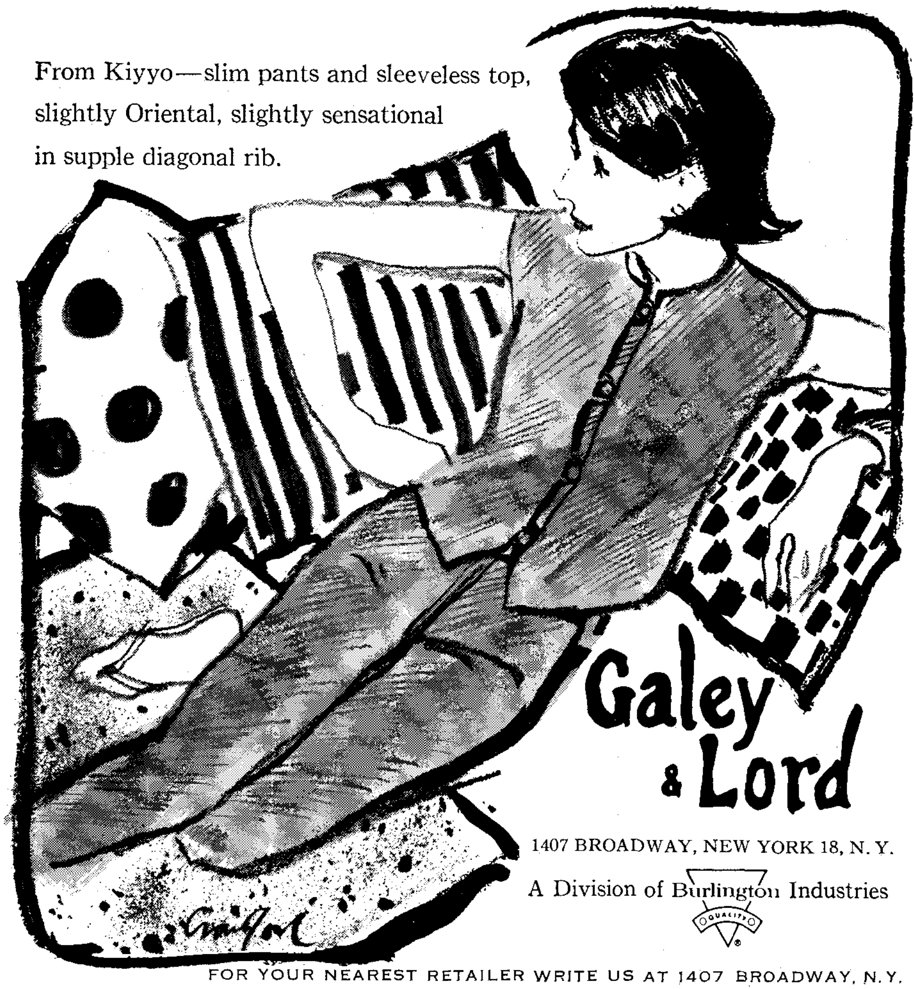
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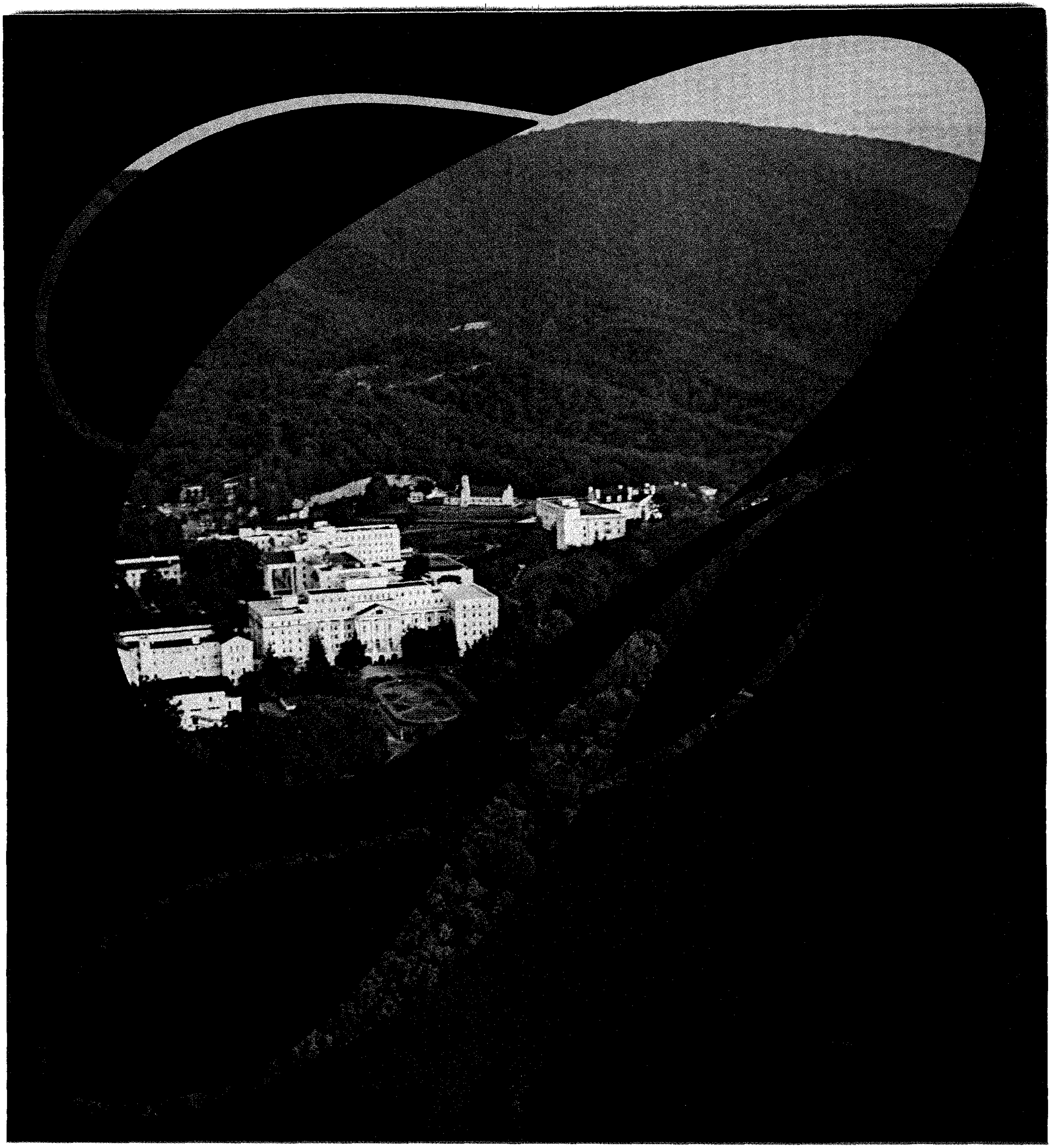
dreds in the area, if one counts the shoestring firms in Cambridge lofts. The chief product turned out along the Road is electronic equipment, but many other things are made there, too. Itek, for instance (the name stands for "information technology"), makes advanced photo-optical systems. Tracerlab Keleket manufactures X-ray equipment and radioactive chemicals. Tech Weld designs and makes equipment for processing and transporting liquids. As for the electronics firms, they range in size from Raytheon, which is one of the nation's largest and, along with General Electric, the biggest employer in Massachusetts, down to tiny establishments that follow the New England tradition by making one or two small and special items virtually by hand. A typical product of the Road, a Route 128 man says, is payload for satellites—a commodity worth perhaps three thousand dollars a pound. Another man who works on Route 128 said recently, "I think of the typical 128 firm as a place where a boxcar full of raw materials rolls up on Monday and a jewel case containing the finished product is carried out on Friday."

NOT long after my tour of Route 128, I met an Avco man in Cambridge—a young man, slight of build, who nonetheless had an authoritative air about him—and asked him how his firm had come to build its tomato-bisque hermitage there. (Avco—the name is a derivative of the Aviation Corporation—dates back to the Lindbergh era, but its Research and Advanced Development Division is a child of the missile age.) "We did it more or less at the insistence of Arthur Kantrowitz, one of the leading scientists then working for us," he answered. "We had a good plant in Connecticut, but we wanted to expand, and Kantrowitz held out for our coming to this area. Why? Because he knew we needed scientists, and he believed that coming here was the only way to get them."

The Avco man said that all this happened in the mid-fifties, during the period of alarm over a possible missile gap, when Avco had just landed two big government contracts. "When we got those contracts," he went on, "we had to find a new permanent location, and Kantrowitz, as I said, had no doubt about where it should be. The proximity of other scientists here, the prospect of close relations with Harvard and M.I.T.—all that appealed to him greatly. He came here with a small research group ahead of the others, and settled in Everett, just northeast of Cambridge. The rest



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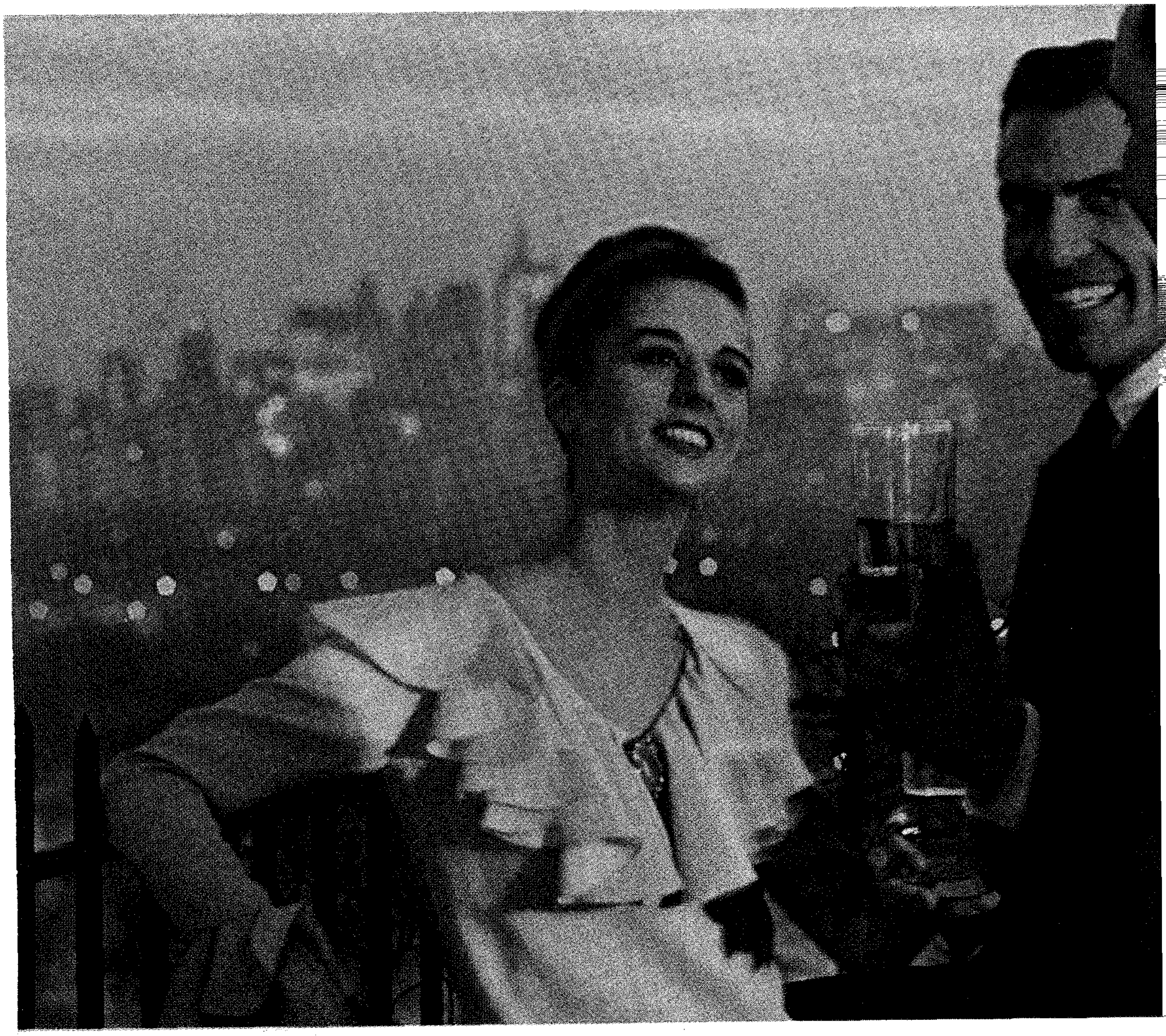

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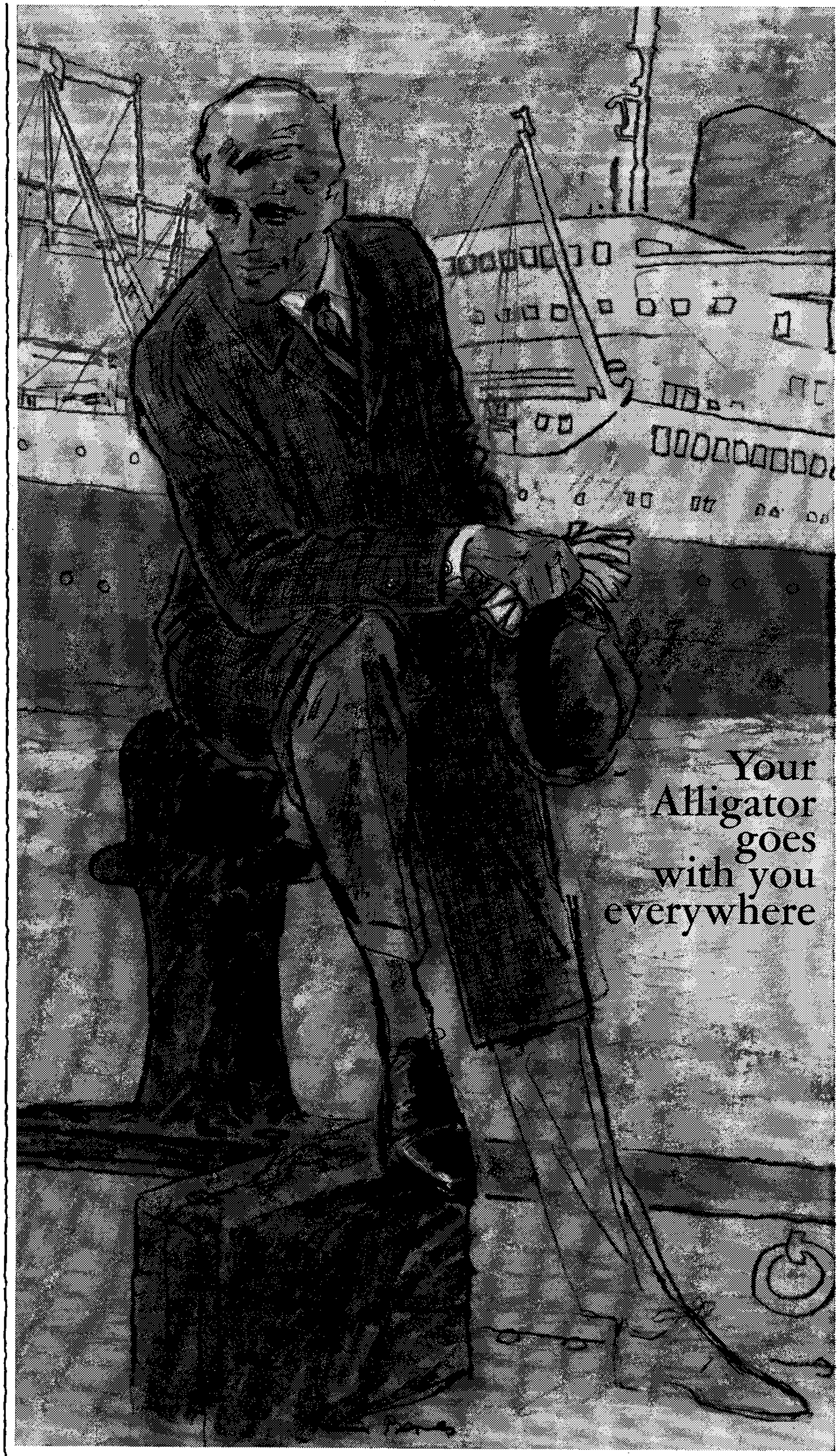
of our organization—the bulk of it—soon followed, and moved temporarily into a big old factory in Lawrence. Do you know those nineteenth-century Lawrence factories? If there is such a thing in America as 'dark Satanic mills,' this was one of them. None of us liked it at first, but after a few weeks it began to grow on us strangely. Before long, it seemed just right, and if we had been guided by our own preference we might have stayed there. Kantrowitz wouldn't hear of it, though. He said that what the scientists we hoped to recruit might think of the place after a few weeks was beside the point. Their first impression was what would count, and at the moment of decision the appearance of the factory would turn them dead against us. So we stuck to our idea of building a new plant."

The Avco man paused reflectively for a minute, and then went on, "In some ways, it would have made better sense to move closer in to Cambridge. We would have had more immediate contact with M.I.T., for instance. But no—what we had to have was a university atmosphere, with peace and quiet and greenery. So we got Cabot, Cabot & Forbes to build our plant where it is. Kantrowitz, incidentally, has had little enjoyment from the place; he stayed on in Everett with the research group. Anyway, the plant has turned out well. Of the thirty-five hundred people we employ there, about eleven hundred have college degrees, and many of these are topflight scientists and engineers. They all like the Cambridge area; for one thing, they can put down roots here in the knowledge that there are other research jobs to be had in case we should be cut back. The plant itself appeals to them, too. It has prestige, thanks to its design and its situation, and that's good for morale. The Air Force is also impressed by it, and by its being in the Cambridge area. It's a good thing all around."

"Just why is it so desperately necessary to attract scientists?" I asked.

"Because that's the way to get better government contracts," the Avco man said. "Of course, you can't rule out politics in the awarding of contracts—that naturally plays its part—but technical reasons always figure in it, too. Therefore, a firm must work hard to excel technically in producing a particular component—say, the nose cone of a missile—and, with that as a starter, go after a contract for a whole complex weapon. A total system, as we call it. Suppose the government wants a new kind of reëntry vehicle. There may



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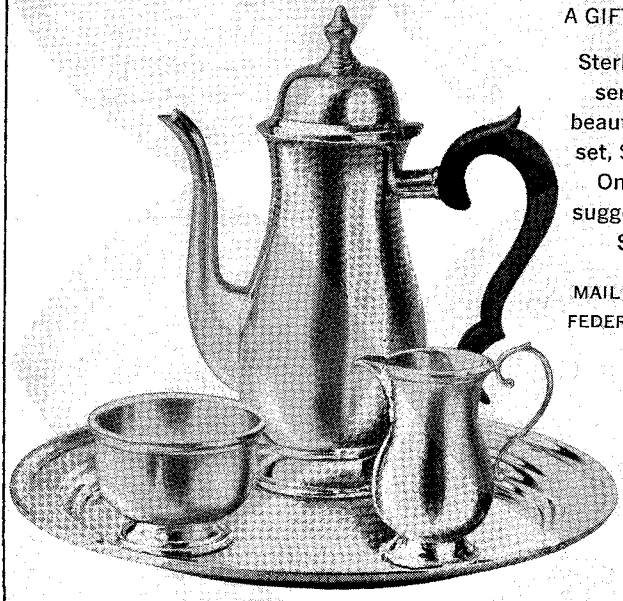

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be three, four, or five companies qualified to bid on it, each planning to make parts of the system itself and subcontract the rest. Say that three of the firms submit bids and show capabilities that are roughly equal. The government will have trouble in deciding, so your firm may win if you are clearly superior in some important detail. You can see that it is worthwhile to have a big team of scientists and engineers working on a specialty. In fact, that's reason enough for coming to this area—to attract scientists, and perhaps underwrite some M.I.T. research that will help a firm achieve a decisive excellence that will distinguish it from the others."

Avco had done its nose-cone work—its own particular strong point—in the mid-fifties, my informant went on, when its scientists had really come to grips with the problem of reëntry. "It's not just a question of temperature, although that is important," he said. "The pressure at reëntry is so great that all kinds of things happen. Gases in the atmosphere change their molecular composition. So do the metals in the vehicle itself. Our scientists studied many of these effects, and then experimented with how to handle them, and they are still doing that. We have developed new *kinds* of scientists, even—aerothermodynamicists and aerothermochemists, to name two. Our Everett laboratories, under Kantrowitz, do basic research in the behavior of gases when affected by new conditions, and then our laboratories out on 128 develop new materials and new shapes for the cones accordingly. We've developed a way of hurling gases at terrific speeds against small stationary models. Keeping the models stationary, rather than hurling them through the gases, is important because they can be much better instrumented that way, and the effects on them better studied. We keep improving these techniques, of course. And problems are always turning up that no one has an answer to. Weight enters into nose-cone design, for instance, and that raises the purity-of-metals question. A pure metal is much stronger, for its weight, than an impure one. The scientist who discovered that was able to keep a whole factory busy, doing research and development on it."

Since talking with the Avco man, I have spoken with people who work for other firms along Route 128, and they all confirm what he said about the value of scientists and engineers to the companies out there. "If you buy up another brain factory here, it is the scientists, primarily, that you are buying," a Route

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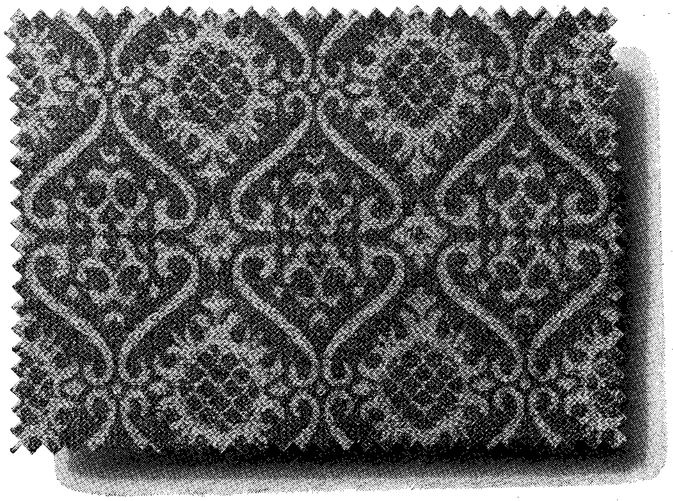

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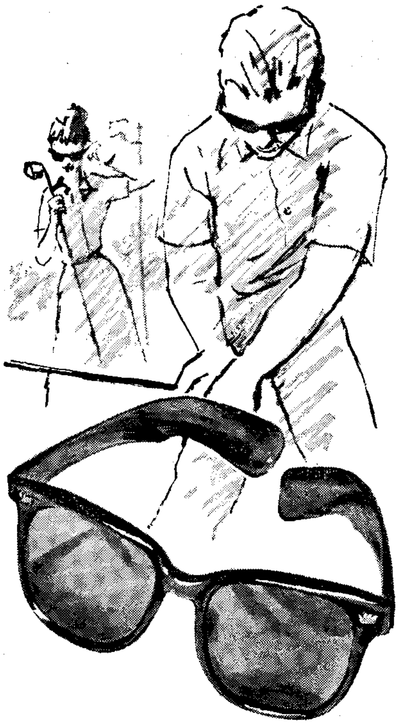

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128 executive who is a veteran of many mergers told me. "You must make sure in advance that they won't feel like leaving you." Concerning the best means of attracting scientists and engineers—or holding them, or raiding them from other firms—I have found less unanimity. Some say that what it takes is a campus atmosphere, with trees and squirrels, and others that it is the company of other scientists and the availability of lectures, professional societies, and so on—"the constant shower of ideas here," as one Cambridge scholar put it. Still others say that it is something more sordid—stock options or better pay. It is true that several Route 128 scientists have become millionaires, and the others have certainly escaped from academic poverty. A Cambridge woman who gets around a good deal recently found herself lunching at a company restaurant on Route 128. "Why, these people look just like Harvard and M.I.T. professors," she said, glancing around her. Her host replied, "That's exactly what they are, except that each of them has one child too many."

Whatever their motives for doing so, twenty-five thousand engineers are now said to have settled in Cambridge and its environs. Raytheon alone employs at least two hundred M.I.T. alumni, and they all keep in touch with their old school and get ideas from it. Raytheon also has twenty or thirty faculty members from the local universities serving as part-time consultants; it pays some of them as much as three hundred dollars a day. One of the most striking things about the concentration of scientific facilities in the Cambridge region is the interaction, or cross-fertilization, that it leads to. The scientists confer, the laboratories collocate, and the Route 128 firms make components for each other. Some time ago, what a local expert called "a critical mass" (the metaphor is from atomic fission) of such facilities was achieved in the Cambridge area. He went on to explain that when you have a critical mass the particles interact at increasing speeds with no help from outside. There is no rest from then on—just a constant speedup.

AFTER surveying the industrial fringe of the Cambridge renaissance, I turned back to its heartland—Cambridge proper. I had viewed Route 128 from the outside, as landscape, and found it a strange new setting for strange new academic ventures; now I wanted a closer view of the institutions—above all, of Harvard and M.I.T., the two different but comple-

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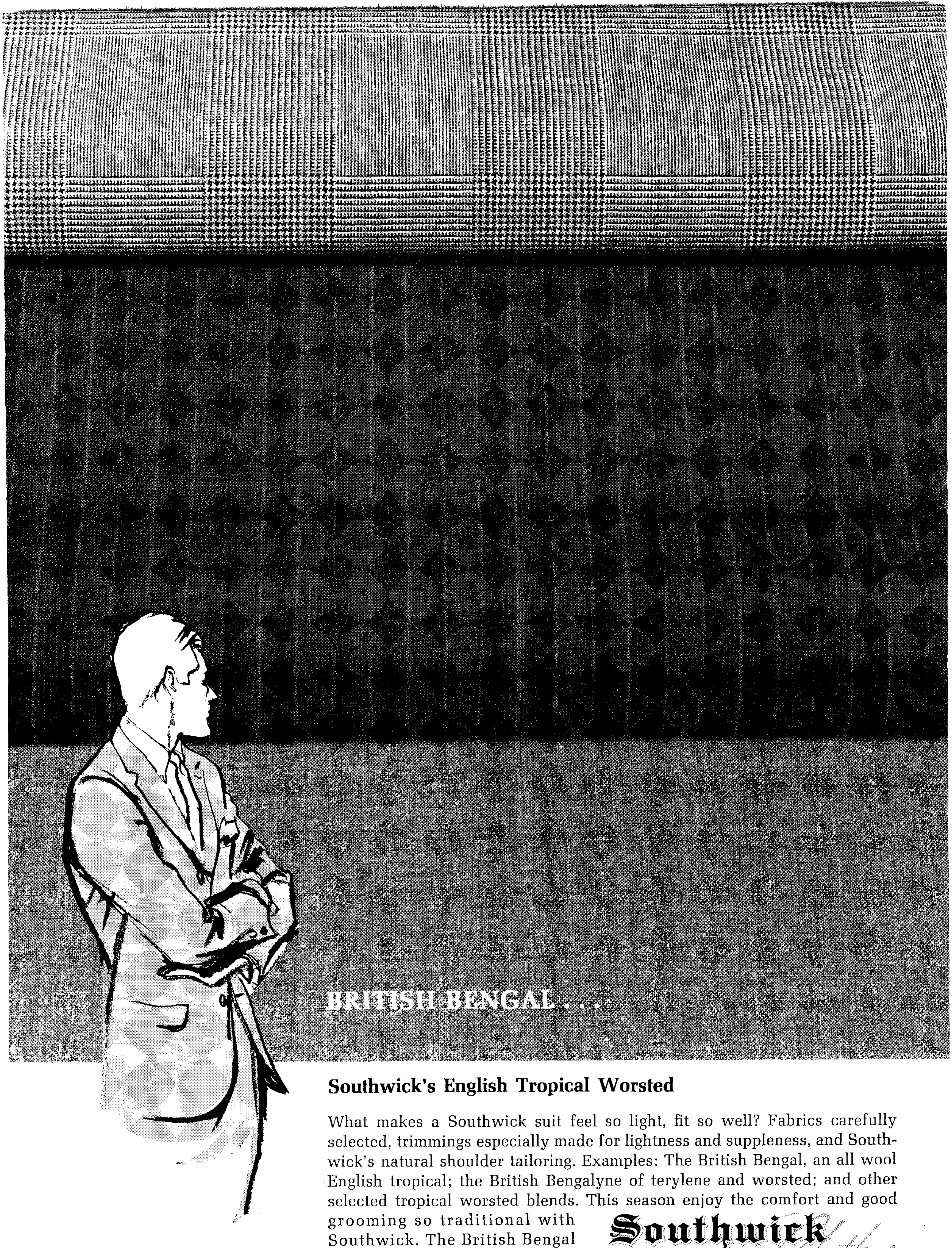

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mentary, contending but coöperative seats of learning—that have interacted to create the new world center along the Charles. I found that since I had last lived near them, Harvard and M.I.T. had gone a considerable distance toward an end that had sometimes been predicted for them—that of functioning together as the "University of Cambridge." "Our links with M.I.T. are much closer now than they were in the forties," a Harvard psychologist told me one day. "Until fairly recently, M.I.T. offered no programs in the social sciences, so we saw very little of the place, but now these departments have been established and built up, and they have good men in them. We see our opposite numbers there all the time, and often work together. Some scholars, such as Roman Jakobson, the authority on linguistics, have appointments on both faculties."

Toward the end of the last century, I learned, Harvard had tried more than once to absorb M.I.T. The Institute, founded in 1861, was small and poor then, and Harvard's president, Charles W. Eliot—who knew M.I.T. well, for he had been its first professor of analytical chemistry and metallurgy—thought he saw a way of fitting it into the great organization he was building up. Eliot's plans didn't work out, but the general idea persisted into the twentieth century. The Institute was then still in Boston proper, housed mainly in buildings dating from before the Civil War, and among the inducements Harvard held out to it was space. Land was actually bought on the south bank of the Charles—across from Harvard itself—to accommodate the hoped-for addition (Andrew Carnegie and Henry Lee Higginson, the Boston financier, were among those who put up money for it), but the merger fell through, and the land was used eventually for the Harvard Business School. M.I.T. struggled along on her old Boston site, and then, in 1916, crossed the Charles on her own and established a campus on filled land a mile down the north bank from Harvard.

Today, M.I.T. and Harvard, both enormously prosperous, have huge building programs, including structures of twenty stories or more. In a few decades, the two places may look much alike, but right now their layouts are very different, for they reflect the past histories and functions of the two schools. Harvard has been growing in the same area for more than three hundred and twenty-five years. Her older buildings are of brick, as a rule, on Colonial or

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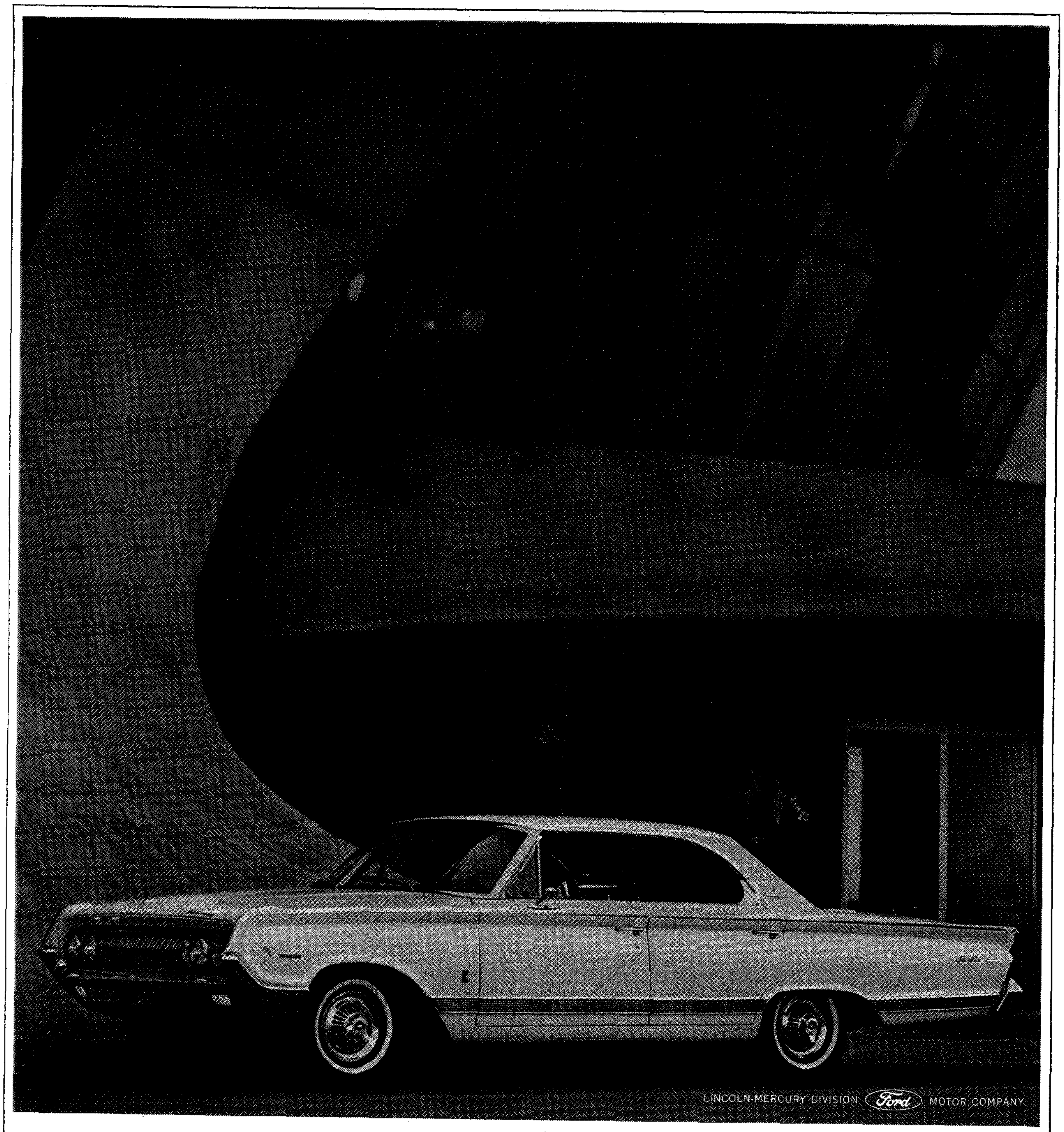

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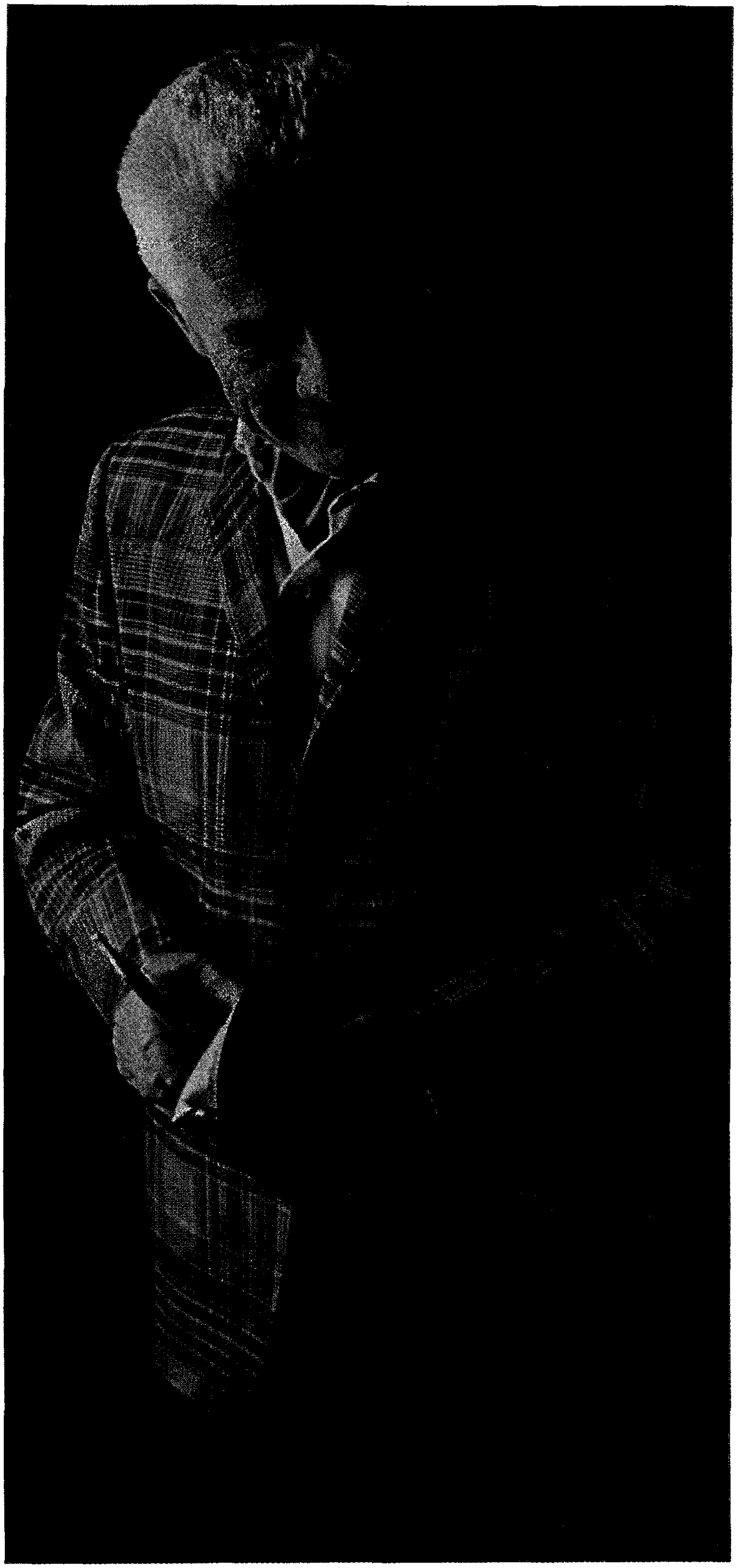

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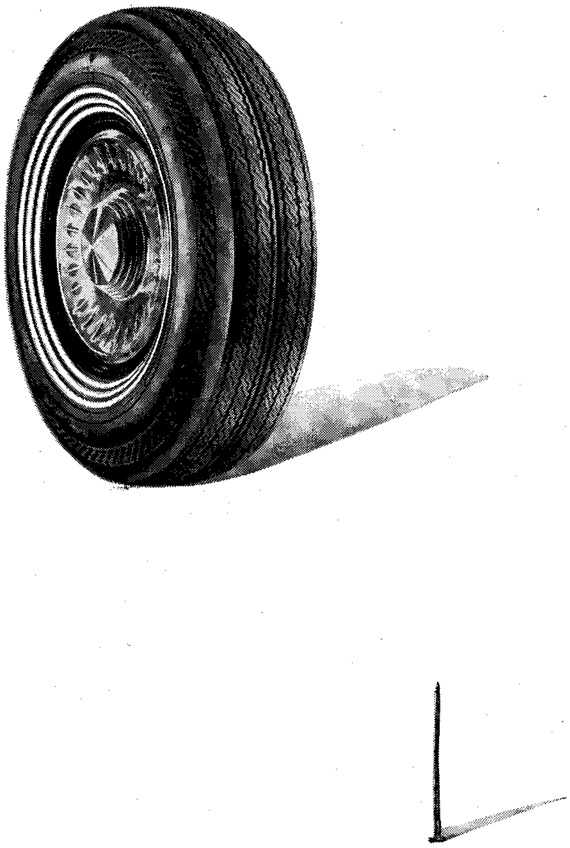
Federal lines; the newer ones are of various styles and materials, but with brick prevailing. By now, there are some two hundred Harvard buildings, spread out over something like a square mile. Their disposition can't be called a jumble, for it has strong tendencies toward alignment of one sort or another, but there is no apparent center. Parachutists dropping on Harvard with orders to find and strike at its heart would undoubtedly be baffled. Strangers of any kind, indeed, are baffled by the ground plan. There is no mapping the place; one has to learn it as one learns a forest.

By contrast, the original architecture of M.I.T. is in the neoclassical style, which lends itself to long, orderly façades. There is one central building, whose main structure and principal wings—all laid out along straight lines meeting at right angles—cover the equivalent of a city block. New buildings have been added in the almost fifty years since the Institute took over its present site, but for the most part these are precisely squared up with the main building, and if some of them are modern utilitarian glass boxes, they still express the same theme, of orderliness. Both the M.I.T. buildings and the Harvard buildings have names, but at M.I.T. it is seldom necessary, as it is at Harvard, to know the names in order to find one's way around; instead, a system of numbers—mystifying at first but soon mastered—will guide the visitor efficiently to almost any point. In winter, members of the Harvard community going from one class to another must put on galoshes and zigzag among the mellow old buildings, whereas at M.I.T. one can get to almost everything without going outdoors. The M.I.T. professors, as they hurry back and forth in the straight corridors, are in frequent contact ("We rub shoulders," one of them once told me), whereas Harvard professors, crisscross-



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ing their open spaces, seem more aloof, their orbits being more eccentric. And this quality is reflected in other ways. Recently, I have been making appointments with both Harvard and M.I.T. people, and I have found the process easier at M.I.T.—easier both to get the man's secretary on the line and to make the date itself. This is not to say that M.I.T. officials are more amiable than Harvard's but only that dealing with the institution is more like dealing with a brisk, efficient business corporation. M.I.T. *is* a business corporation, after all, with a president, a number of vice-presidents, and a chairman of the board.

Harvard's motto is "*Veritas.*" M.I.T.'s is "*Mens et Manus.*" Harvard does indeed make a tremendous point of searching for truth and teaching it, whereas M.I.T. goes all out for gaining practical ends through discovery and for sharing them with the business community. For instance, the Institute takes pride in having, in its earlier days, helped establish the oil and canning industries in the United States. Until recently, in fact, M.I.T. saw its ideal graduate not as a scholar but as an engineer with wrench in hand. This has changed, mainly through the efforts of the great physicist Karl T. Compton, who became president of the Institute in 1930, and who, in attempting to make M.I.T. more than an engineering school, initiated a lot of basic (truth-for-its-own-sake) scientific teaching and research. The emphasis on research resulted in striking achievements by M.I.T. men in the Second World War, and the war, in turn, involved the Institute in all kinds of new undertakings. Afterward, the broadening process continued under Compton's successor, James R. Killian, Jr., who was president from 1949 to 1959, and during whose regime the social sciences and humanities were given greater importance in the curriculum.

As for Harvard, at about the time Compton took over at M.I.T. it had acquired a distinguished scientist, James B. Conant, as its president. As time went on, he strengthened the science faculty, and in the late forties especially he saw to it that the university took on good men in the applied sciences—men, as a rule, who were broadly familiar with the American scientific community, having moved about a good deal in the war years and worked on various government projects, often under the leadership of M.I.T. scientists. Then, in 1949, acting on advice from a panel headed by Dr. Vannevar Bush, the

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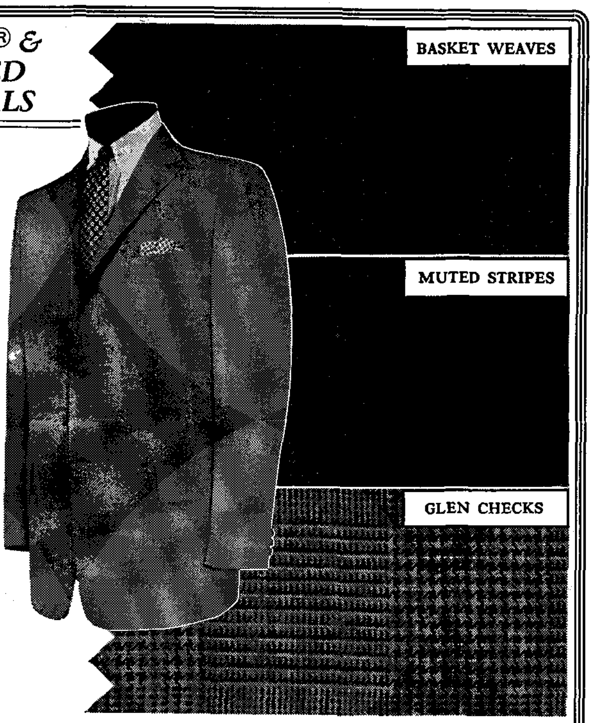

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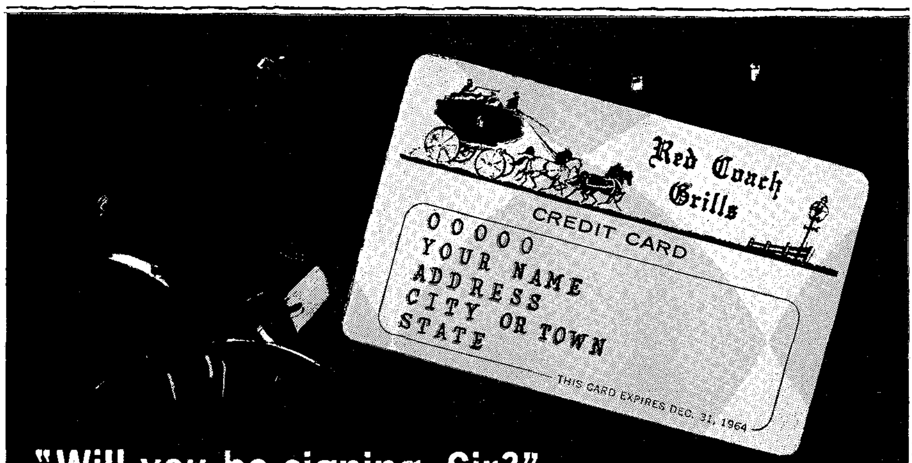

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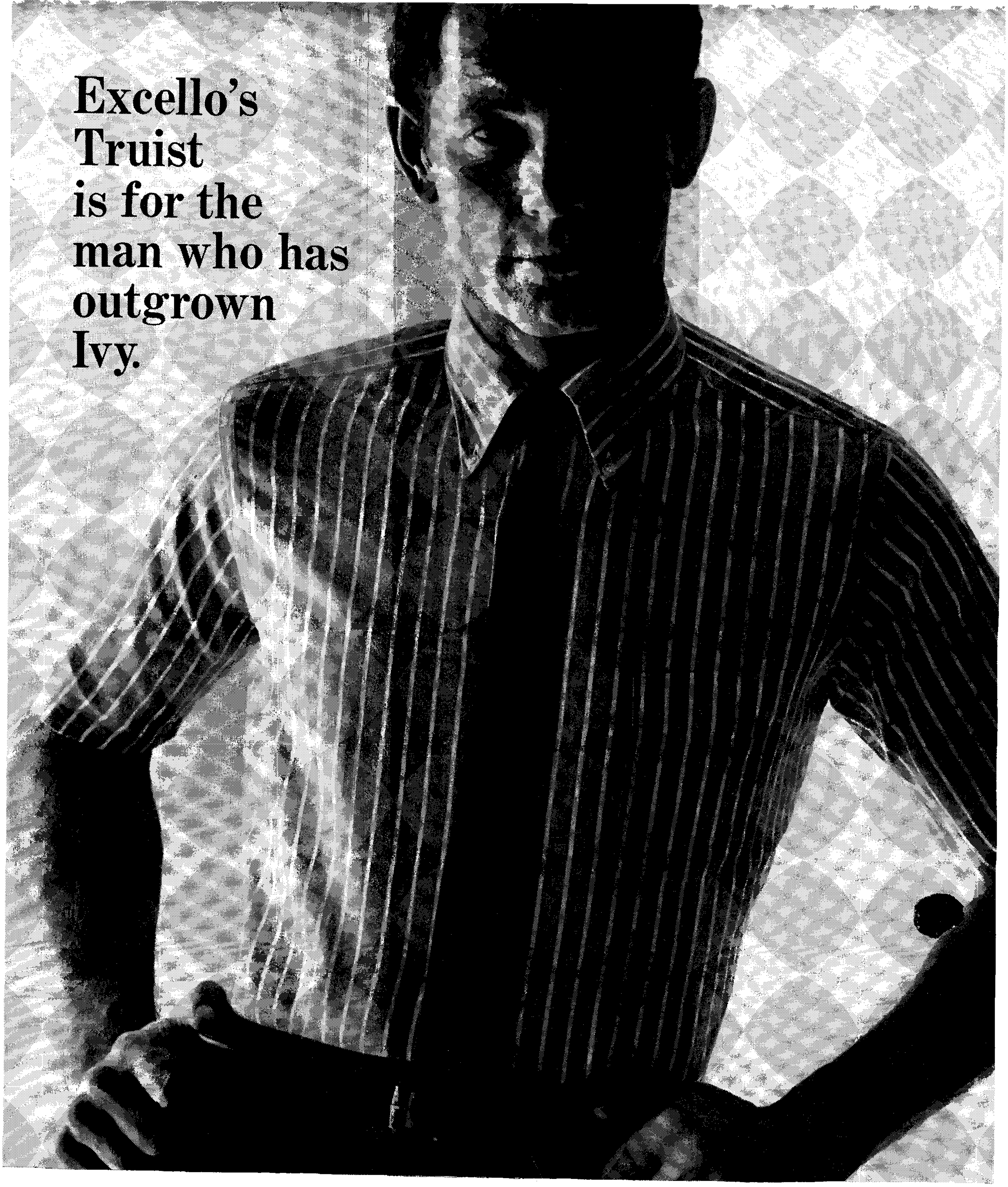
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Cambridge scientists are very often called upon to go to Washington as government advisers—a distinction that is shared about equally by Harvard and M.I.T., the record of each being, in fact, unmatched by any university elsewhere. In 1957, at the time of the Sputnik flap, President Eisenhower asked Killian, of M.I.T., to be his chief science adviser. Later on, this job was held by George Kistiakowski, a Harvard chemist, and under President Kennedy it went once more to an M.I.T. man, the electrical engineer Jerome Wiesner. I once asked a Harvard professor whether he thought the Eisenhower administration had shown a preference for M.I.T. scientists as advisers, while Kennedy had favored, or been favored by, Harvard. The professor said he felt there was little or nothing in that notion. "When Killian was advising Eisenhower, he had no great wish to bring more M.I.T. men to Washington," he said. "In recent years, M.I.T. has been swamped with public responsibility anyway, and hasn't wanted to take on any more. Nor are Harvard scientists likely to be partial to a particular administration. They're not like Harvard law professors or Harvard economists, who, indeed, may dislike working for a Republican administration. No, the scientists are pretty much neutral. Men like Kistiakowski, Edward Purcell, and Harvey Brooks have been advising the government steadily. They are down in Washington a great part of the time, and so are their colleagues at M.I.T. It is a natural part of their lives."

"Doesn't it detract from their teaching?" I asked.

"Not as much as it detracts from their research," the professor said. "They give up a lot of their research time for government work. Still, with notable exceptions, most scientists nowadays have done their important research before they reach the age of thirty-five, and the government rarely calls on them until they have passed that age. Also, the government and the universities are so involved with each other that a scientist can't think of

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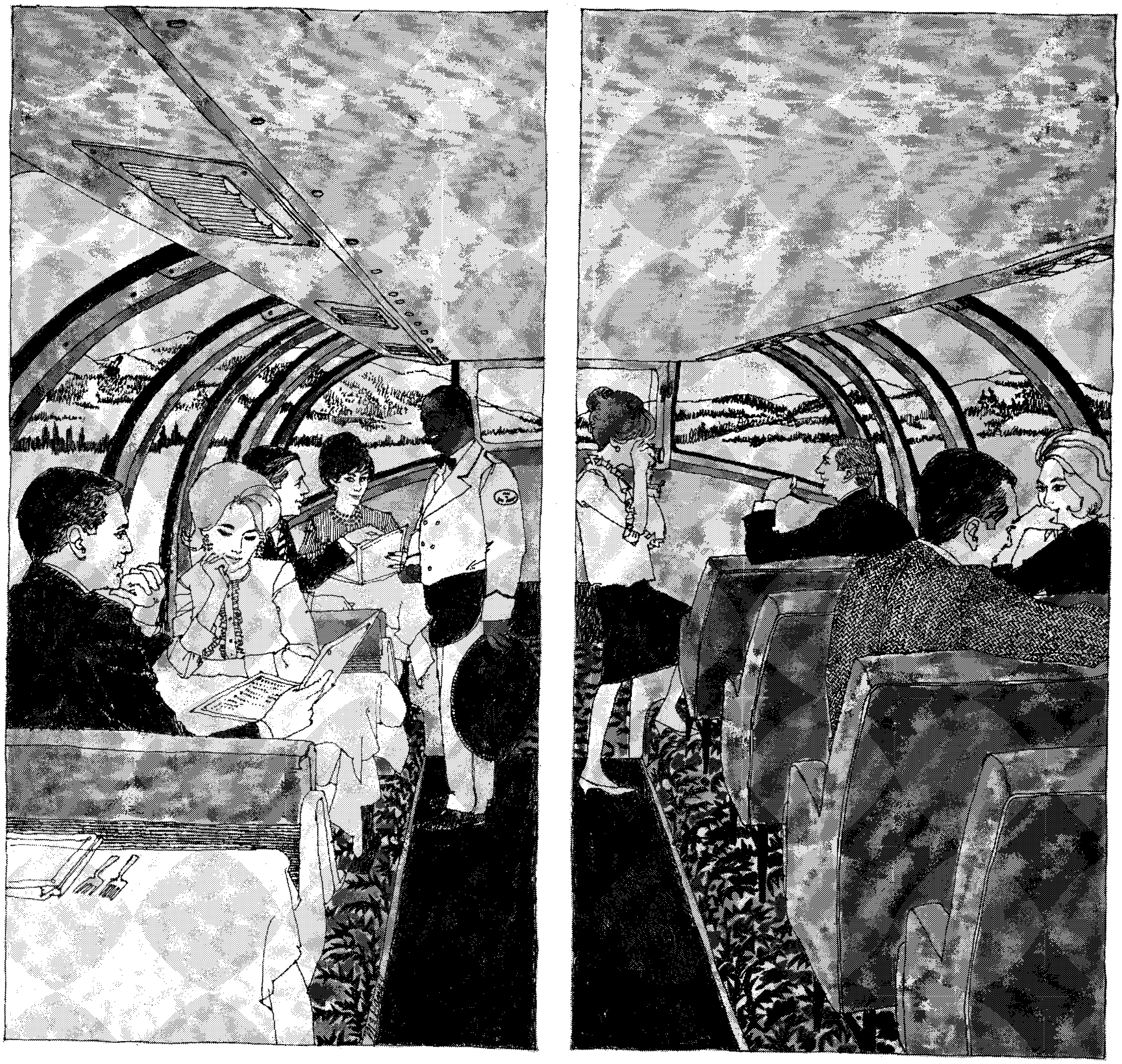

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If Harvard's scientists are as deeply involved in government work as M.I.T.'s, they are far less deeply involved in the defense industry. "Some Harvard men work for the r.-and-d. firms on Route 128, but many don't like to, because they see it as a betrayal of their commitment to pure science," an official of one such firm told me. "M.I.T., on the other hand, almost encourages its faculty to go into industry." A member of the M.I.T. administration qualified this last statement a bit. "It's not a matter of encouraging our faculty to take jobs," he said. "We have a rule that a man may spend one day a week on his personal affairs. That includes outside work, of course." Harvard's corresponding rule, as laid down by *its* administration, is that no outside work can be allowed to interfere with teaching. Actually, the difference is almost entirely one of tone. The M.I.T. rule gives its faculty more leeway, but its tradition—that of a land-grant college, with a function of serving agriculture and industry—figures, too. In Cambridge, partisans of each institution (as distinguished from the institution's responsible authorities) are apt to speak ungenerously of the other's attitude toward outside activity. Harvard's defenders will talk as if M.I.T. men spent half their time moonlighting, and M.I.T.'s will say that Harvard men are too proud to work for the community's good. Some time ago, I called on one of the real powers of the Cambridge research-and-development world—a venerable man with connections in banking, industry, and Academe—and, in the course of our conversation, I asked him what he thought of such recriminations. "You hear people talking that way at cocktail parties, but I don't listen," he replied. "They can't say that Harvard does nothing for the community—not after the work done by men like Kistiakowski, or like R. B. Woodward, who synthesized cortisone. Their discoveries built plants and still keep many people busy. As for M.I.T., the people there are interested in applied things, so of course they have to get out in the world. Those two places are like brothers. If I had two sons, I should like one to be a pure physicist and one a businessman. So I think it is good that Harvard and M.I.T. have different approaches—if they really *are* different." With the flat of his hand, the old man began marking off spaces on the edge of

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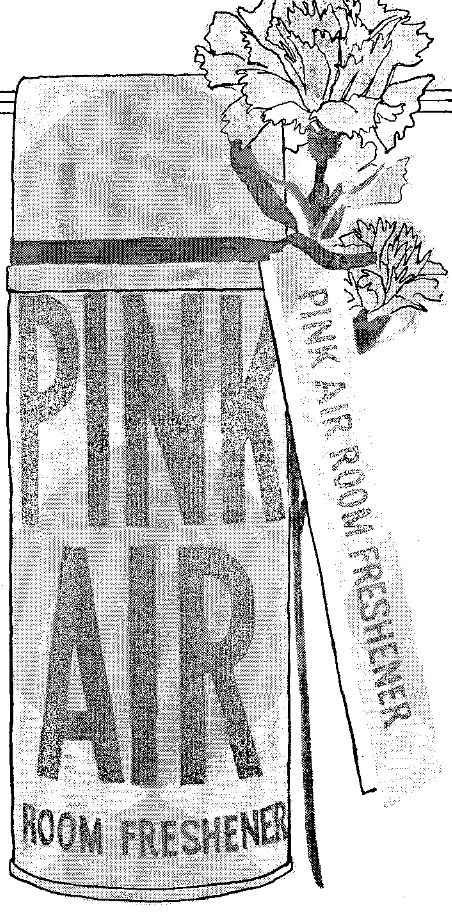

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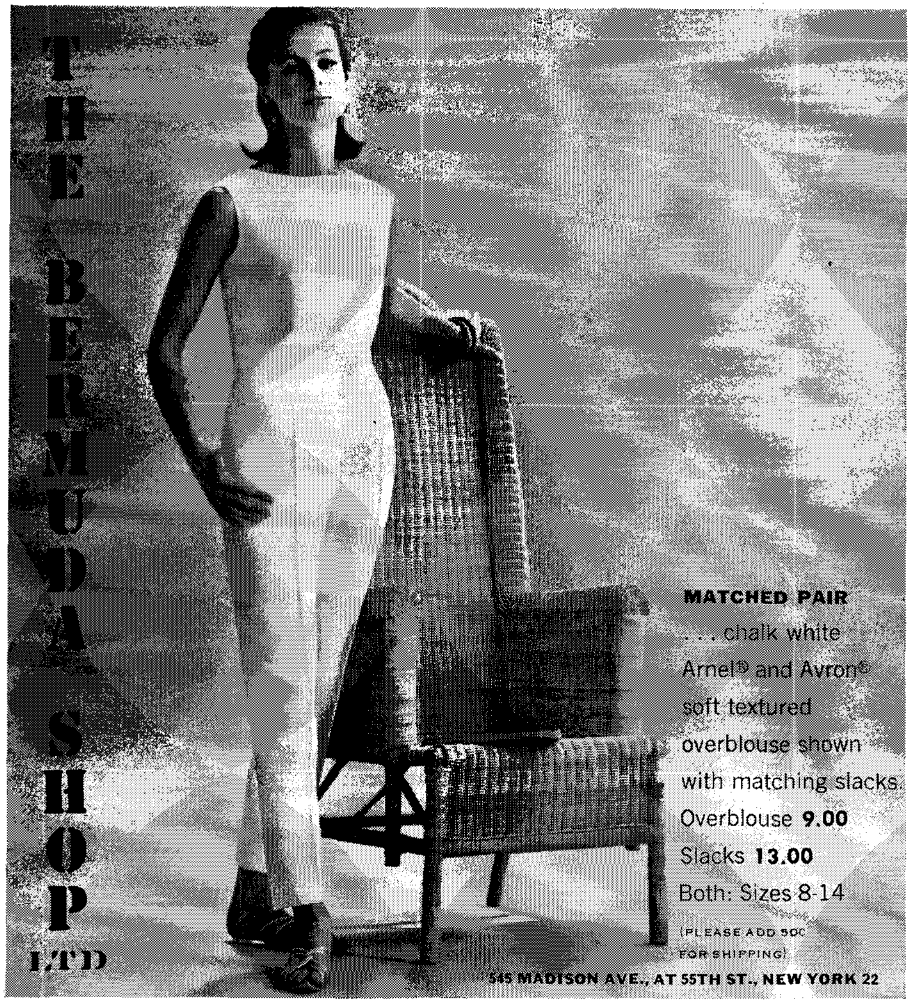

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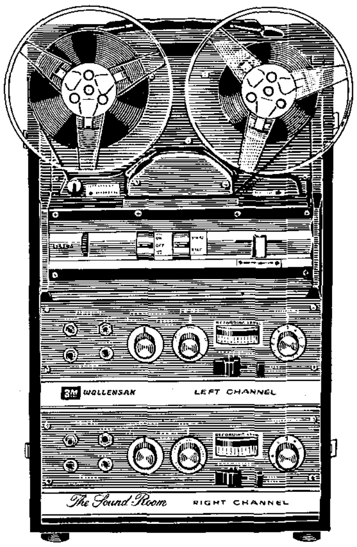

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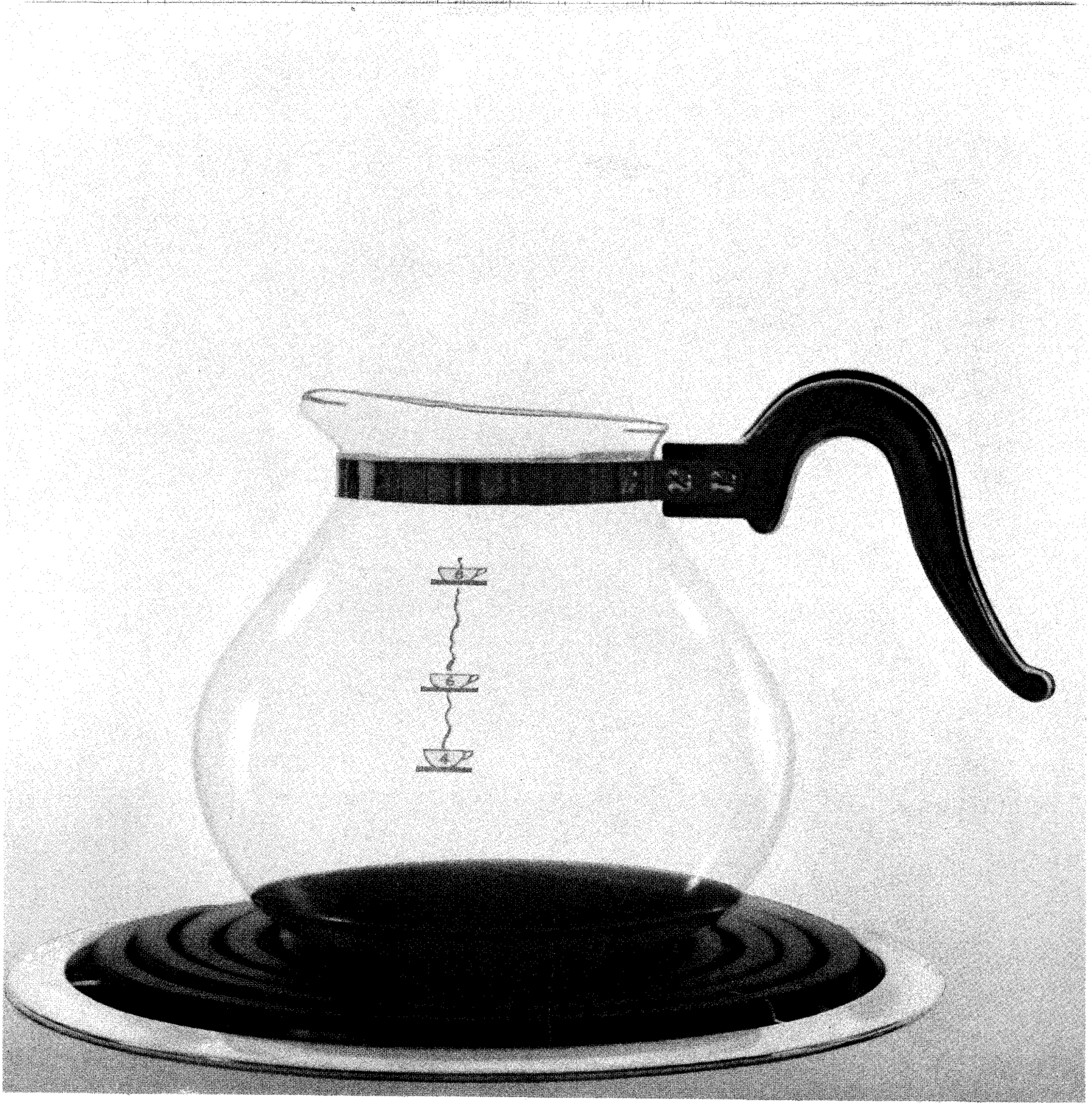
his desk. "Here you have the spectrum between pure and applied," he said. "M.I.T. is at this end, in touch with business. And Harvard is at *this* end, in touch with the clouds. I think that's good."

That the two ends of the spectrum may not be so far apart after all is suggested by the career of an industrialist like Edwin H. Land, who withdrew from Harvard as an undergraduate, before the Second World War, to pursue research that led to the development of the Polaroid Land camera. Land is now president and research director of the Polaroid Corporation, which has fine new buildings on Route 128, plus space in some of the Cambridge lofts, and he feels at home in the Cambridge milieu. He makes frequent trips to Washington as a science adviser, however, and though he has remained close to Harvard, he teaches at M.I.T.'s School for Advanced Study. In Cambridge, where he lives in a house on Brattle Street, the revered old thoroughfare winding westward from Harvard Square, he is looked on as a fair example of the new-style *entrepreneur*. "Land is what I call a technological optimist," one of his neighbors has said. "Such an optimist may think that our situation is bad now, but he also thinks that it can be saved, and saved by the use of technology—by intellectual means. He also believes that education is a continuing process. Land, for instance, has a fine educational program for his employees. Men like Land understand the close relationship that exists now between research and development. In Edison's day, someone who came up with a new invention found it harder to go from the idea to the execution. Production then was on a much bigger scale than design. Nowadays, development is a straight-through process, with the scientist following the product all the way."

FINANCIAL relations both with Washington and with private capital have become tremendously important to Cambridge in the new era, and here, too, the Harvard and M.I.T. attitudes differ. Both institutions do government scientific work on their own premises and, in return, receive backing from agencies like the National Science Foundation, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Defense Department, but while M.I.T. gets perhaps seventy-five per cent of its operating budget from the government, Harvard gets hardly more than thirty per cent. M.I.T. officials point out that no sim-



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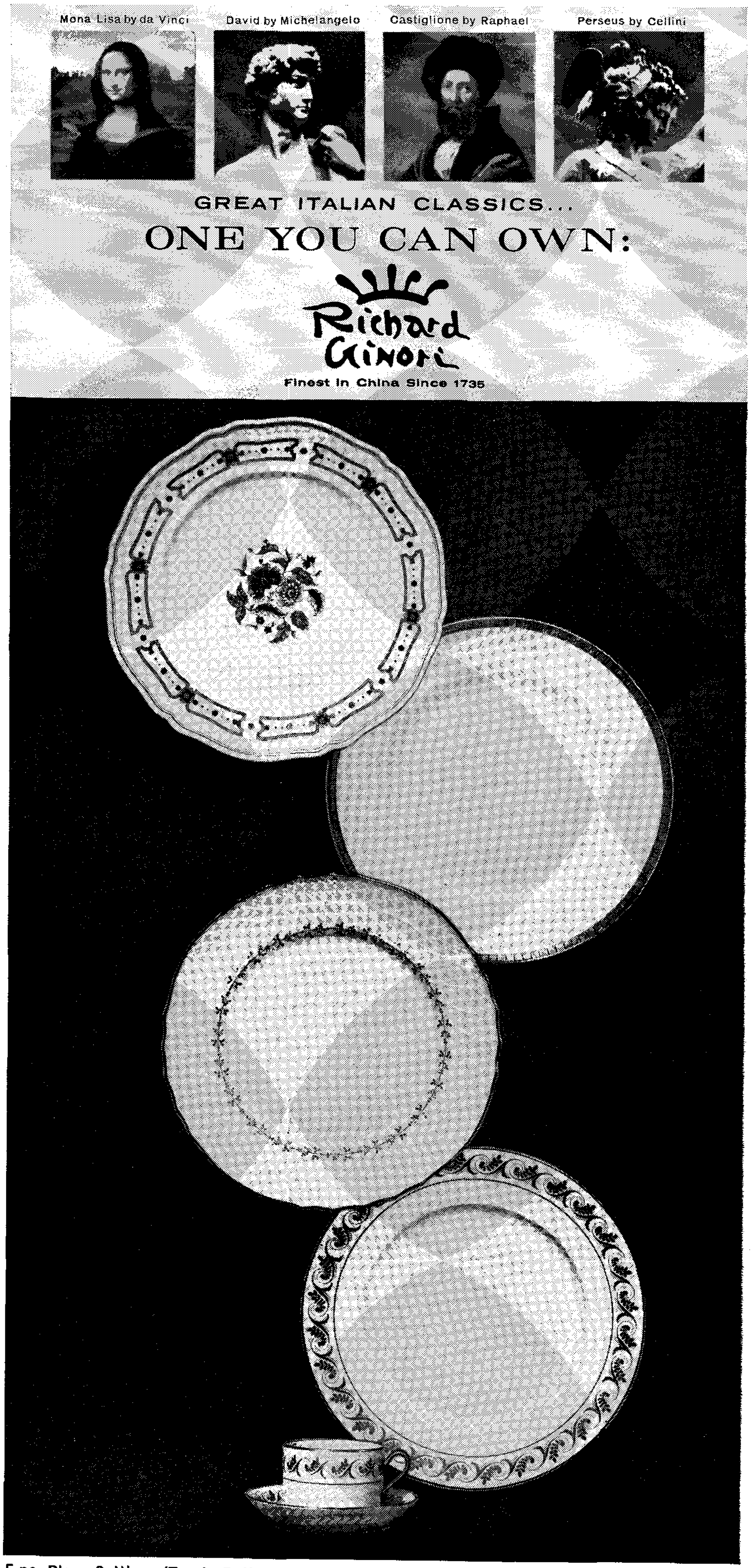
ple comparison can be drawn, however. "Harvard's over-all percentage is lower because it has so many commitments in fields like the humanities, where it gets no federal help," one M.I.T. man pointed out to me. "Actually, Harvard's Division of Engineering and Applied Physics gets about half its budget from the government, and so do the Harvard medical schools. Our humanities division here at the Institute is overshadowed by the technical departments to a far greater degree than Harvard's is, so naturally our government income looks a lot larger. And then a big share of our government money goes not to our teaching departments but to experimental plants like our Lincoln Lab and Instrumentation Lab, which are not really integral parts of the Institute; we merely administer them on behalf of the government."

Both the Lincoln Lab, which is out near Route 128, and the Instrumentation Lab, which is on the Institute's home grounds, are vital features of the research-and-development boom in Cambridge. "There are six hundred scientists and engineers in the Lincoln Lab," an M.I.T. man told me recently. "It has been the great center for the development of computers, radar, and air-defense warning systems; in fact, essential features of all the warning systems now in use by the United States—of the DEW line, SAGE, and BMEWS—were worked out at Lincoln. Such devices not only have been invaluable for national defense but also have fed industry in all kinds of ways. At our Instrumentation Lab, which also has six hundred scientists and engineers, most of the guidance systems for the Polaris, Thor, and Titan missiles have been developed. This work, too, in addition to being so important for defense, has attracted industry—chiefly electronics firms—to the region. AC Spark Plug, the electronics division of General Motors, came here because of it. So did Minneapolis-Honeywell. And the Instrumentation Lab has contributed tremendously to the growth of local firms like Raytheon."

It is generally agreed in Cambridge that Harvard would certainly not care to be in M.I.T.'s shoes in respect to involvement in government projects. Harvard dislikes interference from what it tends to think of as bureaucrats, and it is so rich that if the political wind changed, it could do without that thirty per cent that the government contributes to its income. Whether M.I.T. could get along without its seventy-five per cent is another matter; many people think that it couldn't, even if it



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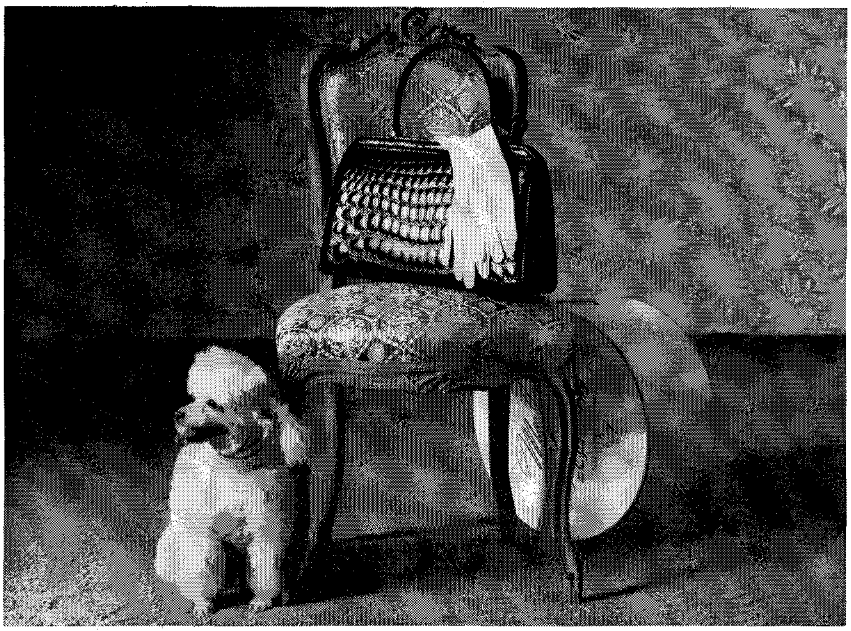
abandoned its big laboratories—and even though it has just raised ninety-eight million dollars (a new record for such things) in a hundredth-anniversary drive. Anyway, Harvard would scarcely tolerate the mere existence of the big laboratories within its own fold, out of fear that they might wander from pure research into the development of devices exclusively for the military. To quote from a recent Harvard report:

> The availability of Federal grants for project research tends in any university to divide the responsibility of the faculty, and to weaken the influence of the president and the deans, in planning the content, emphasis and direction of research and teaching. Individual faculty members tend to be influenced less by their colleagues and the needs of their faculty or department as a whole than by the interests they discover can be implemented through their channels of communication with Government agencies.

Or, as one Harvard man puts it, "How do you control something like the Instrumentation Lab? How do you make it conform to your academic policies? It's not easy, because the place has an income of its own. It gets to be like the tail wagging the dog."

Another big difference between the two institutions is that M.I.T. does "classified" research—work that is kept secret from all who have not undergone a loyalty check—whereas Harvard, which also did a lot of this in the Second World War, declines to do it in peacetime. A university that agrees to do classified jobs in its research laboratories can be of greater immediate help to the government and the defense industry than a university that holds aloof from such undertakings. On the other hand, the carrying on of classified research is inhibiting to academic freedom and the flow of knowledge. Certain buildings or parts of buildings must be closed to the university as a whole, and certain discoveries must be withheld from circulation. Among the practical disadvantages of this requirement is the likelihood that a graduate student who has done research in a classified area toward his Ph.D. degree may be prevented from publishing his thesis for an indefinite period. Classified work also creates an in-group and an out-group—a setup that runs counter to the traditions of academic democracy.

When the government wants a particular thing designed—a new type of missile, say, or a new missile component—it enters into a contract with a scientist or an institution for the research. It also sponsors independently conceived research, usually for less spe-



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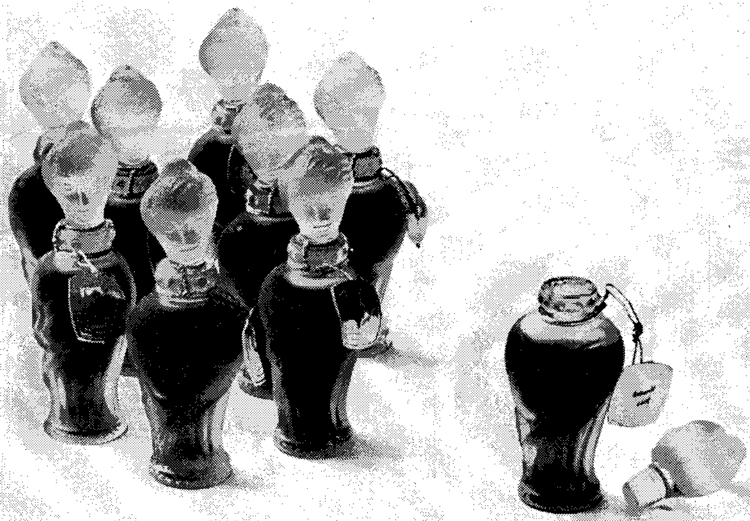

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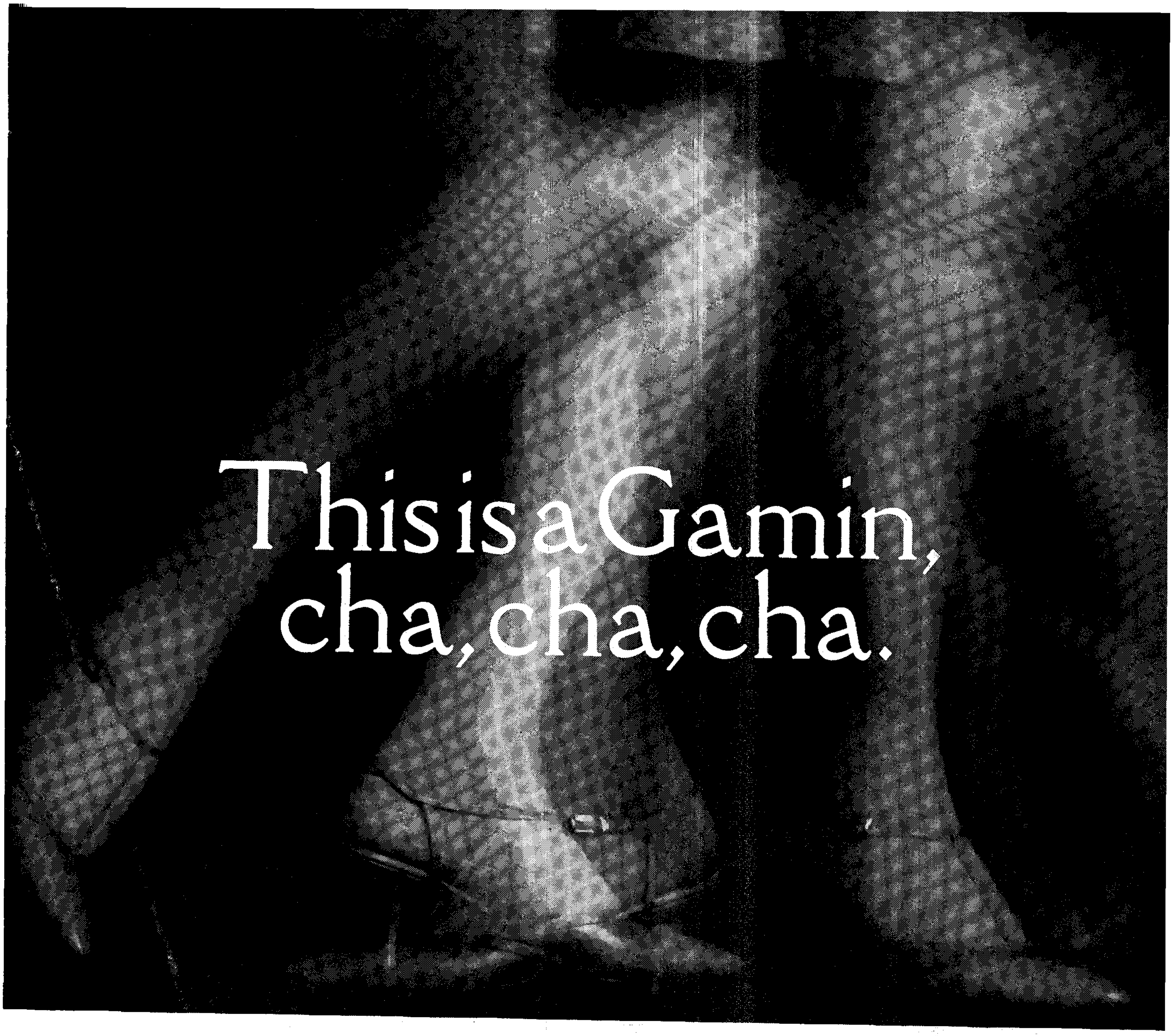
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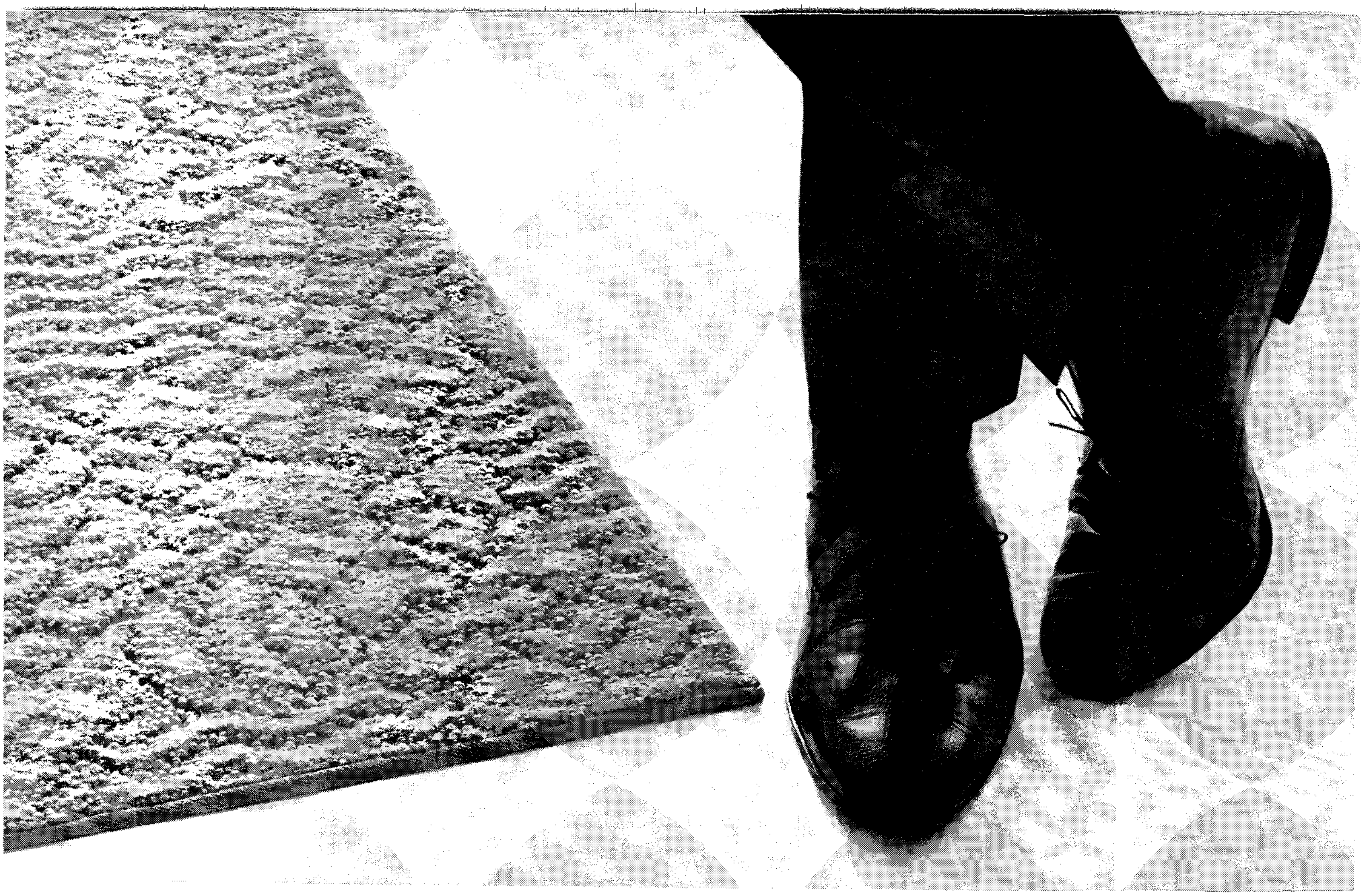
cific purposes; that is, if a scientist wants to explore something, he may enlist the government's aid in doing so, funds for scientific research being relatively plentiful since the shock of Sputnik. Harvard scientists, though they lean toward sponsored, rather than contract, research, do hold many patents and design many items that are of practical use in our defense effort. For instance, the Harvard astronomer Fred Whipple invented and is running a worldwide system for tracking satellites, and the Harvard physicist Nicolaas Bloembergen has been among the leaders in developing the maser, a relatively new sensation in the research-and-development world. "Maser" stands for "microwave amplification by stimulated emission of radiation," and "laser," its offspring, for light amplification by ditto; both are electronic devices for producing far-reaching, concentrated beams of energy with many uses, or potential uses, in fields as varied as radio astronomy, satellite communications, medicine, and metallurgy. A specific type of maser designed by Norman Ramsey, another Harvard physicist, is functioning now as what is believed to be the most accurate clock on earth. The basic patents on both the maser and the laser, however, are held not by Harvard men but by Charles H. Townes, who is now Provost of M.I.T. but was at Columbia when he began the work. And M.I.T. men, often working as teams, have done incomparably more valuable work in such areas of development as warning nets and missile-guidance systems, not to mention electronics generally and the industrial uses of computers. (Credit for the initial development of computers, oddly, is claimed by both M.I.T. and Harvard.) Even so, no M.I.T. professor has yet won a Nobel Prize, whereas ten such prizes, or parts of prizes, have gone to Harvard men.

ONE spot where Harvard and M.I.T. work closely together on basic scientific research is the Cambridge Electron Accelerator, an important national asset that was opened in 1962. (Its initial cost—twelve million dollars—was met by the A.E.C., which will also pay a few million a year for its upkeep.) A special two-handled spade was wielded by President Nathan Pusey, of Harvard, and Chancellor Julius Stratton, of M.I.T., when ground was broken for the enterprise, in 1957. The accelerator stands on Harvard land, since Harvard happened to have enough space for it, but its director is an M.I.T. professor, M. Stanley Livingston, who



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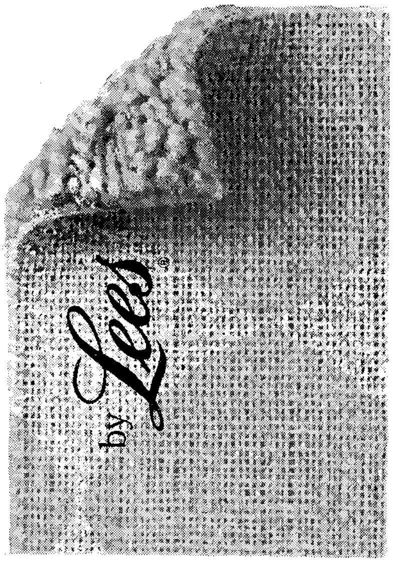

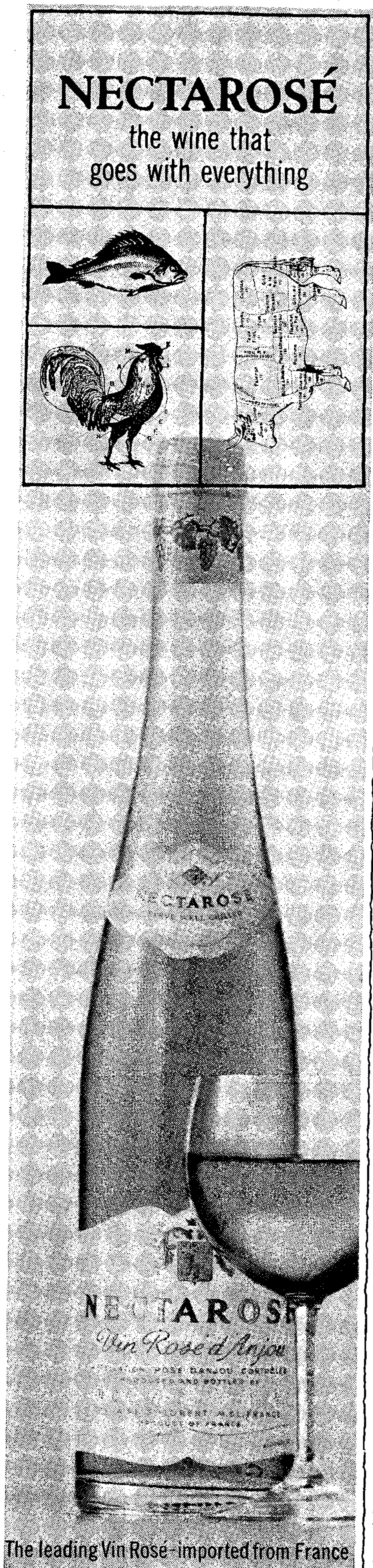

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has had much experience in the building of cyclotrons and other particle accelerators. I recently toured the accelerator with a young Harvard friend, a graduate student in physics. "This is the highest-energy electron accelerator in the world," he said as we walked toward it from the Harvard Yard. "In a couple of years, it will be outranked by one that Stanford is building, but this one is six times the size of any earlier accelerator. A big machine in every way."

Our approach took us along a quiet street lined with brick buildings, most of which housed laboratories. The accelerator, when we reached it, was attached to such a building but itself had a very different aspect. It was a massive, squat, circular concrete structure partly surrounded by an earth embankment. It housed a tube that my friend described as resembling a hollow doughnut two hundred and thirty-six feet in diameter. "There is a very high vacuum in the tube, in which electrons are made to go around and around," he said. "They are kicked onward by repeated radar impulses until they reach almost the speed of light. Meanwhile, forty-eight big magnets spaced along the track bend the electrons' path, to keep them on their proper circular course. And as they circle the tube at their great speed, their energy increases tremendously."

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Entering the building next to the accelerator, we went upstairs to call briefly on the project's acting director, Professor J. Curry Street, of Harvard. We found Dr. Street in a corner office

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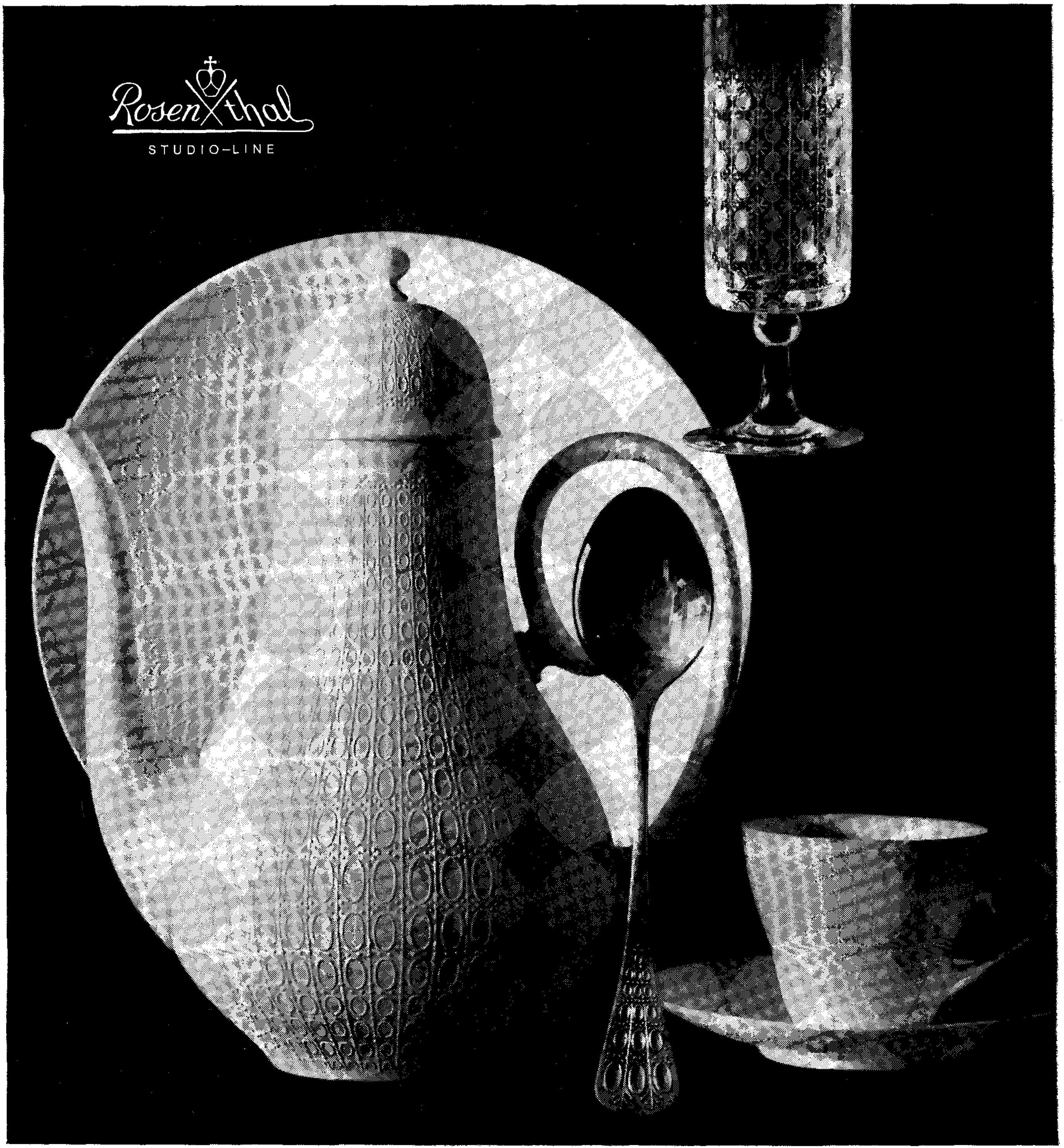

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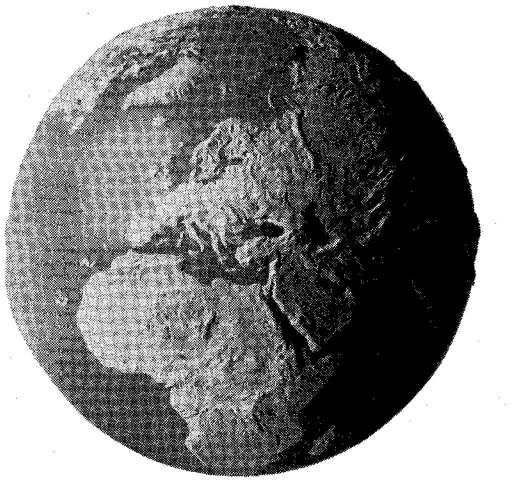

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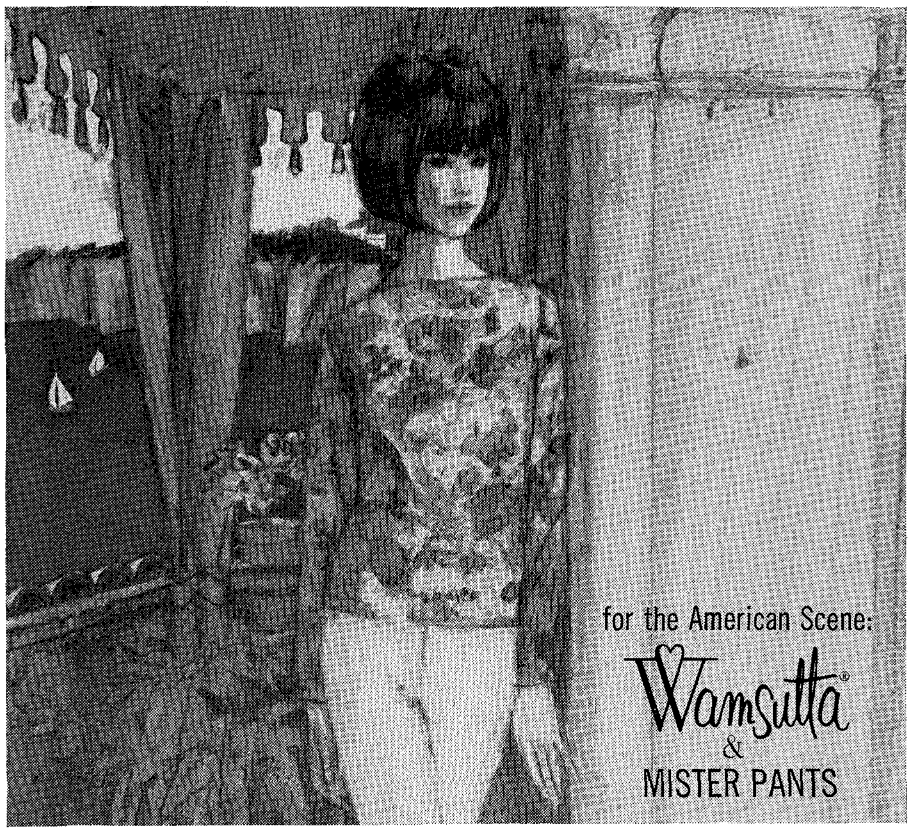

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with the two-handled spade mounted on the wall above his head. When the introductions were over, I motioned toward the spade and inquired how the joint operation was run.

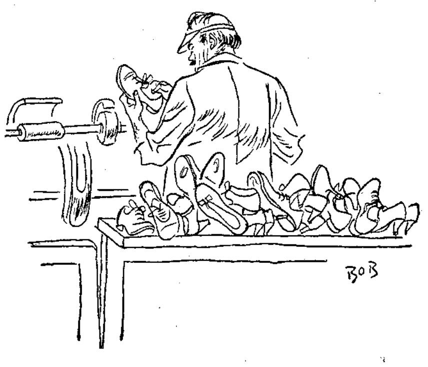
"By committee," the Professor answered. "That's not the most efficient way, but it's necessary. Harvard and M.I.T. have equal membership and equal voice, and we also consult other scientists nearby."

"Does the A.E.C. exert much control?" I asked. "Does it set priorities on any of the experiments, for instance?"

"Oh, no," said the Professor. "The A.E.C. people leave us strictly alone. I suppose they might someday become critical of the way we were running things if they thought it was inefficient, but even then they'd probably express their opinion indirectly, by holding back financial support. And they'd do that only on the advice of other scientists, I think."

My student friend asked Dr. Street what experiments were then in progress at the accelerator. One, it seemed, was being carried out by a team from Yale. I learned that visiting scientists were allowed a good deal of use of the accelerator. Large teams of visitors were not especially encouraged, partly because of the problem of housing them in Cambridge, but small teams were welcome, Dr. Street explained, adding, "In fact, we think it's a good idea to have people from a number of different places on experimental teams here. It's not easy to get them working together, but it can be done." Scheduling experiments was quite a problem, he said, because the teams were all competing for space on the premises, for time in which to draw off electrons from the accelerator, and for equipment and other facilities.

After Dr. Street had shown us a diagram and a model of the plant, we said goodbye and walked down three flights of stairs, ending up far underground. At that level, we entered a concrete machine shop where eight or ten men were working at lathes, drills, and similar machines. This room was rectangular, but opening off it was one shaped like a seg-



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ment of a doughnut, and this proved to be the actual arena of the experiments. Its curve was dictated by its position—just outside the doughnut race track, from which it was separated by a heavy concrete wall. In scale and in appearance, this chamber was like a big garage or a plane hangar, and what seemed at first glance to be a wild mass of gear was spread around it. There were an overhead crane, a truck, some fork lifts, and a number of magnets—big blocks of metal painted in bright colors. There were also a few banks of electronic counting equipment, which looked to me like extremely complicated radio transmitters.

Men were working here and there amid the gear. Some, wearing khakis and sports shirts, my friend told me, were technicians. Others were wearing gray flannel trousers and blue or white shirts with neckties, and these he identified as scientists, engineers, or graduate students. Both groups were members of the team performing the experiment, he said. Such teams, he went on to explain, are a phenomenon of the past ten or fifteen years. "Fifty or seventy-five thousand dollars have probably gone into this experiment," he said. "Things cost more than they did in the days of lone researchers. Nowadays, a team will number anywhere from three to twenty-five men. They may include experimental physicists, engineers, men who combine those two disciplines, graduate students, and technicians. This area has one of the biggest pools of technicians in the United States, you know. They are a great asset to the region." Many of the technicians, I learned, had two-year degrees from trade schools, and some of the older ones had received specialist training in the armed forces during the war. My friend, who had worked with some of them at a plant on Route 128 the summer before, said, "The better ones are a good deal like the scientists in their attitude. They crave responsibility and initiative, and at the place where I worked they were sometimes allowed to help write the papers that were turned out."

We walked around the big chamber, and as we passed one magnet, painted bright green and as big as a small house, my friend told me that it weighed almost three hundred tons. "It's too heavy to move on wheels or by overhead crane, so when they move it to another experiment, they have to inch it along on hydraulic jacks," he said. Other magnets were of different shapes and sizes, but all were vast and brightly painted, usually green or reddish brown. They

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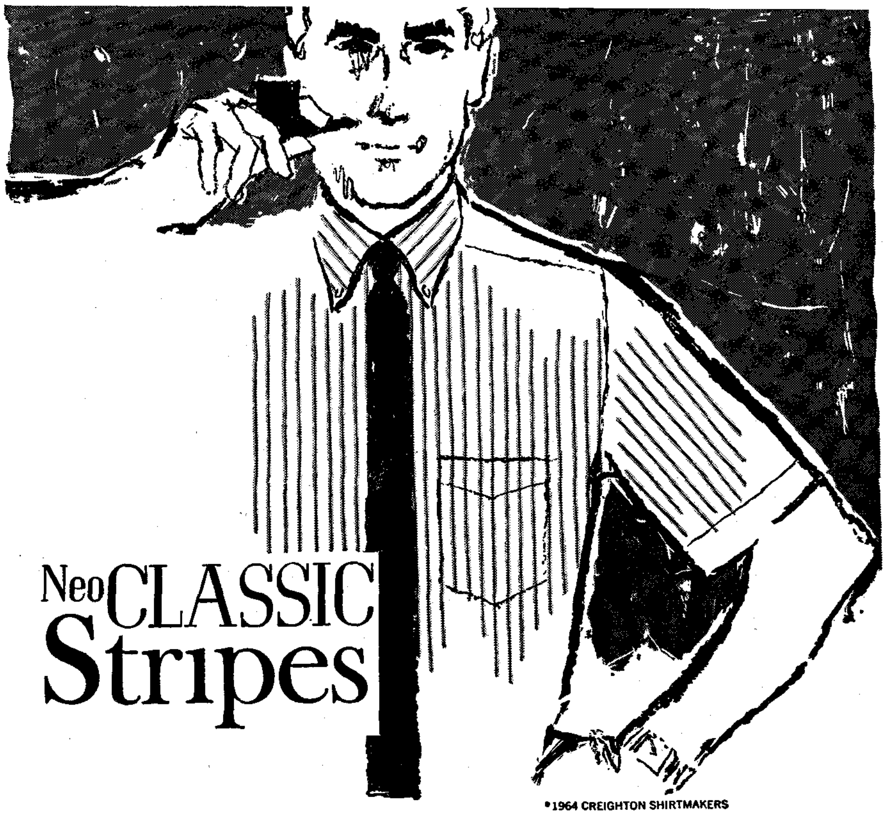
all had identifying names stencilled on them in white, among which I noted "Orpheus," "Eurydice," "Jane Seymour," "Catherine Howard," "Scylla," and "Charybdis." They were like the names that G.I.s paint on planes or tanks, only more highbrow. Along with the magnets, and some vacuum pipes through which the electrons—or X-rays derived from them—were drawn off from the accelerator, we saw a good deal of cooling equipment ("because the equipment generates so much heat") and a few movable safety walls, made of big concrete blocks. I noticed that each block had its weight stencilled on it—8.26 tons, say, or 15.48 tons—and was told that this was done to prevent overloading the crane that shoved them around. There were warning signals here and there, among them a revolving red light in a barred passageway that led around a corner into the curved racetrack. "If we were to go around that corner, we would soon be dead," said my friend.

THE Cambridge area, though it holds several high cards in the competition for scientists and government contracts, does not hold them all. Cambridge-area firms and products tend to be small in scale, which means that contracts for things like airframes are more likely to go to, say, southern California. Then, there is *northern* California—the San Francisco Bay region—which scientists find about as attractive as Cambridge. (Stanford University, in the Bay region, has been promoting a big industrial park of its own—a sort of built-in Route 128.) The area around Princeton is another contender, and the neighborhood of Houston entered the picture a few years ago, when Houston was chosen as the principal center for Project Apollo, the moon-shot enterprise. One well-informed person here has said he believes that Houston got the Apollo job as the result of an unbiassed decision by high national planners to found a big settlement in a relatively empty part of the country. "A new city of three million people will grow up there within ten years," he said. Quite a few people in the Cambridge community, though, attribute the choice to politicking by men like the late Senator Kerr, of Oklahoma, who was chairman of the Senate Aeronautics and Space Committee until his death, in January of 1963. "Kerr used to tell our firm that if we built a plant in Tulsa we would be favorably considered for space contracts, and he told others the same thing," a Route 128 man said. The re-



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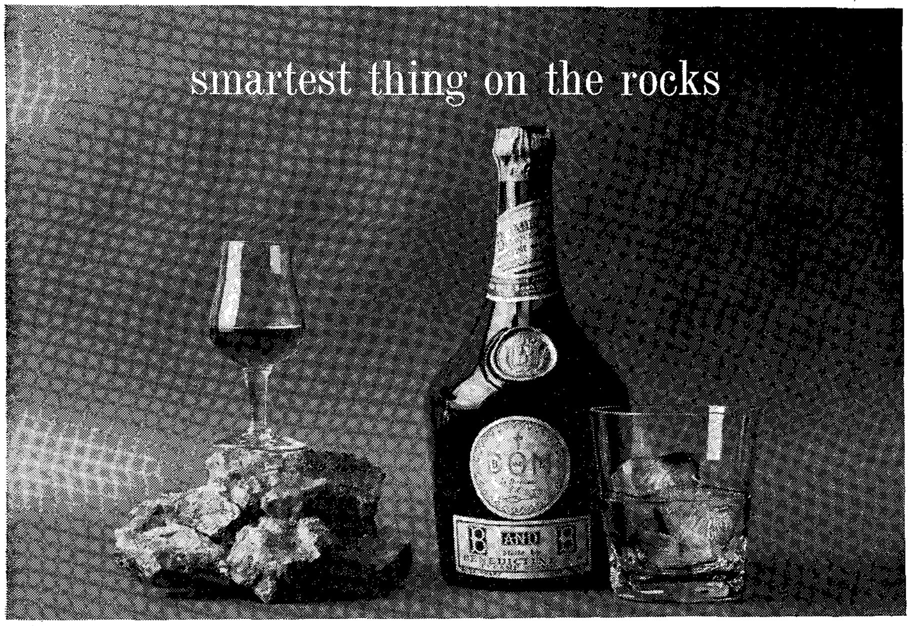

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search-and-development firms in Cambridge, nearly all of which had stood to gain by a decision favoring Route 128, were so chagrined by the choice of Houston that committees made up of local businessmen and M.I.T. faculty members immediately began a study of what new steps the Cambridge world needed to take in order to get in on the space program. As the climax of their efforts, a symposium—known officially as the New England Regional Space Conference, and co-sponsored by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce—was held at M.I.T., and I attended it.

Kresge Auditorium, where the symposium took place, was designed by the late Eero Saarinen and finished in 1955, and it well expresses the new M.I.T. atmosphere, for its design—the auditorium is something between a sphere and a triangle—shows not only technological audacity but artistic style and community spirit. The guests at the symposium were welcomed by James Killian, who retired from the presidency of M.I.T. to become its board chairman after his service with the Eisenhower administration, and who is now without much doubt the leading local representative of the new governmental-industrial-academic élite. He was attending the symposium against his doctor's advice, but he carried it off well. A grave, mild, modest-appearing man with pouchy cheeks and gray hair slicked back, he was wearing a dark-blue suit, white shirt, dark tie, and black shoes and socks, and he talked quietly and precisely in a slightly Southern accent. After making some remarks about a triple-play combination—Tinker to Evers to Chance was equated with government to education to business—he got the Mayor of Cambridge, Ed Crane, up on the stage. Crane talked for a while about his city, calling it "the Times Square of American education" and "America's architectural garden," and mentioned the world's biggest magnet, now being built at M.I.T.—"to guarantee our permanent attractiveness." Then he withdrew, and Killian spoke about what he called, variously, "New England's Common Market" and the "symbiosis" of education and business. He dwelt a bit on New England's strength in electronics, which are vital to the space program, and then on ways in which that program might be used for the advancement of science. Before closing, he tactfully paid tribute to some New Englanders—among them Purcell, of Harvard; Land, of Polaroid; and Representative

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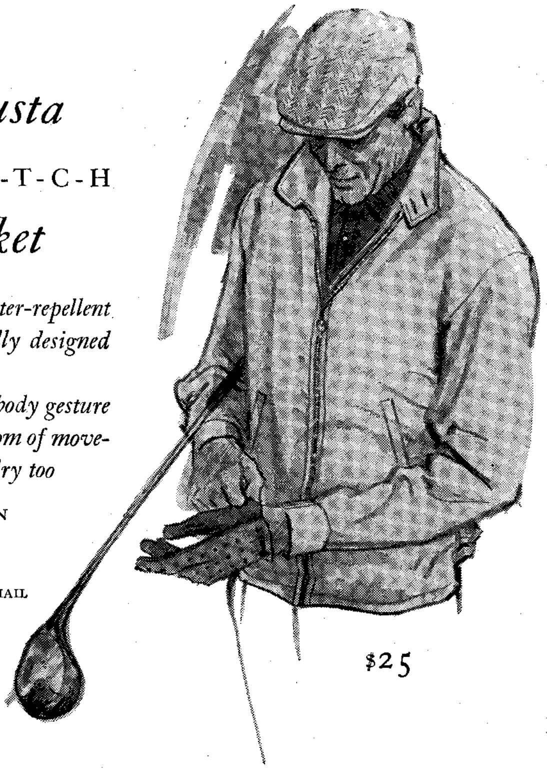

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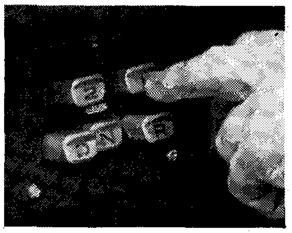

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John W. McCormack, of Massachusetts, the House Majority Leader—who had helped get NASA launched. Killian himself had been NASA's main architect, but he seemed glad to give others all the credit he could.

Later on, officials representing the Defense Department, the National Science Foundation, the A.E.C., and NASA briefed the audience on Washington's space plans and on the so-called hardware that they might require. Now and then, I wandered out into the lobby, where drawings, models, and actual specimens of other hardware, designed at M.I.T., were on display; some jewel-like little instruments to go in satellites especially took my eye. Back in the auditorium, Dr. James Van Allen, of the State University of Iowa, who discovered the Van Allen radiation belts around the earth, showed up to tell of an eight-week conference on space research, attended by some seventy-five experts, that had been held at Iowa the summer before. One interesting recommendation that was made there, he said, was that scientists be included among our future astronauts, especially for the Apollo moon visit. He referred to the voyage of the Beagle made famous by Charles Darwin, pointing out that if there had been no Darwin on the Beagle—only sailors—little information might have been brought back from the voyage. Accordingly, he said, he felt that someone versed in geology, for instance, should go along to the moon, if only to look around and interpret what the party was seeing.

Van Allen spoke mainly to the scientists. Some of the other officials had perhaps spoken more to the manufacturers, but all were intent on indoctrinating the local research-and-development world in the great new possibilities. Their voices shook a little, not because they were filled with emotion but because the auditorium's acoustics were not as good as they might have been, considering that M.I.T. is a leader in that branch of technology. The room had walls of natural wood, which made a somewhat quavery sound box, though they were beautiful to look at. Consisting of narrow vertical boards in varying shades of honey color, they contributed a refreshing touch of nature. The forest verticality of these wooden strips gave a Scandinavian—a camp-like—quality to the background; indeed, at times the hall seemed almost like a tribal meeting place. And a tribal meeting it enclosed. Two Boston Chamber of Commerce officials—Earl P. Stevenson and Henry W. Harding, who seemed like old-fashioned, golf-playing businessmen of the sort one rarely meets in the Cambridge-Route 128 world—said that Greater Boston ranked third among regions of the United States in government support of technical programs. Mr. Stevenson quoted James Webb, the director of NASA, as having told the Boston Chamber of Commerce that if it could produce a "new, revolutionary plan" for the area's participation in the space program, NASA would support it. Mr. Harding spoke of how the government's current system of allocating prime contracts worked against the more than four hundred small research-and-development firms scattered through the Boston area, pointing out that a prime contractor, naturally wishing to keep his own plant busy, would subcontract as little as he could. The Chamber, Mr. Harding said, was aggressively sponsoring a space committee to work out ways of bridging this gap between big government and small industry. Harding was a tall, athletic man, and his speech reminded me of a fight talk.

There were other speeches, some technical and some merely exhortatory, and then the discussion was thrown open to the floor, where it was conducted over two wireless mikes that looked like big silver wands and were carried about through the audience by young men. Mr. Stevenson, of the Chamber, spoke again about a possible regional organization, and so did James McCormack, a retired Air Force general who is now an M.I.T. vice-president. (A few months later, it was announced that an organization called the Bay State Science Foundation had been created, presumably to coördinate the space effort in Cambridge. Meanwhile, NASA had also decided to put a fifty-million-dollar space-electronics laboratory in the Boston region.) When someone remarked that the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation, on Long Island, had got the contract for the Apollo mission's landing vehicle, Dr. Martin Schilling, vice-president of the Raytheon Manufacturing Company, said flatly that NASA had been mistaken in its choice—that the agency should have come to the Boston region and availed itself of Raytheon's and Sylvania's and Avco's various competences. At these words, Dr. Arthur Kantrowitz, of Avco, beamed all over and shook Dr. Schilling's hand.

Tension began to develop between Harvard and M.I.T. elements a bit

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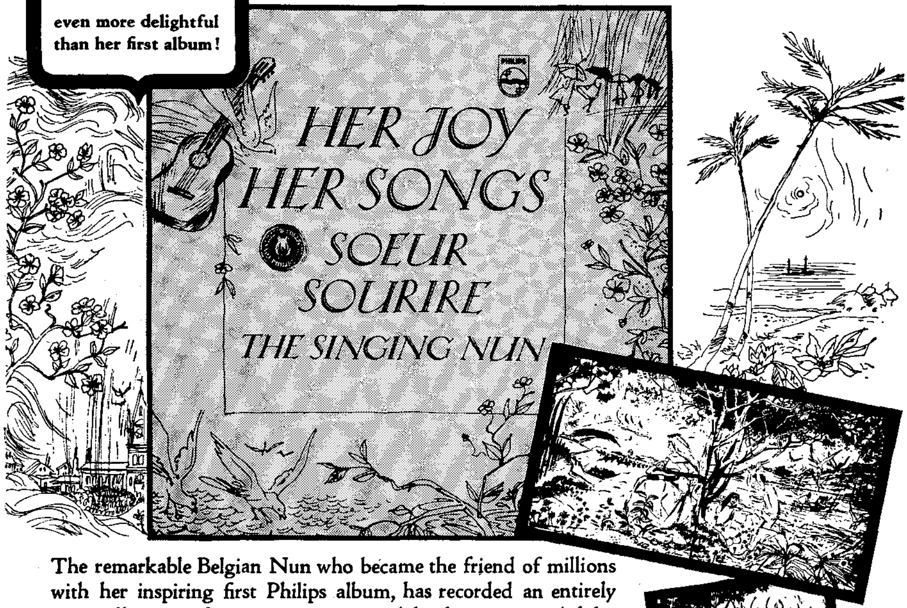

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later on, when one of the Harvard men present made what doubtless seemed some rather ivy-clad remarks about "the interdisciplinary scramble" and the pursuit of money by academicians. Into the fray came Dr. Kantrowitz. "I detect a social movement," he said. "It is the university-centered community. We lead in this development here, and we do so spontaneously, without having planned it. But others have learned by our example, and *they* are planning. Stanford is doing it. So is the University of Pittsburgh. These other communities will be competitors of ours. But we are in many ways superior to them, especially if we can overcome the kind of withdrawal that characterizes certain universities—and at the same time, of course, overcome an anti-intellectualism that may exist in the public. . . . One must take a hard look at the role of universities in this community development."

And with that the meeting ended, except for a brief farewell by the chairman, John V. Harrington, of M.I.T.'s Lincoln Lab. "I'll see you in space," he said, using a phrase now current in Cambridge. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

•

She is unconventional, and a shade Bohemian, but gently so; competent as well as romantic; open-minded in her opinion of others, but reticent, almost parsimonious, when it comes to speaking about herself. A rare reserve is her most striking characteristic. To be exact, in her case it is emphasized by a voice that is soft to the point of being frequently inaudible, and an elusiveness amounting to evanescence. In the course of a conversation, again and again one is amazed to find that she is no longer in the room. Yet her shyness is not of the kind that makes others shy; and it would be misleading to describe her as secretive or bizarre. She is simply a woman whose house—like her merest, briefest letter, or her way of moving like a cloud drawn by the wind—is incomparably more explicit than she would ever presume to be in conversation.—*Vogue.*

There she goes! She's headed for the bathroom!

•

Sure signs of progress were offered by the performance of some of the young players, particularly Ron Swoboda.

A 10-year-old University of Maryland student, Swoboda is a muscular outfielder who was signed for a $35,000 bonus last September. He has not yet played in a professional game, but he has hit the ball hard and made a good general impression since the rookie school opened five weeks ago.—*The Times.*

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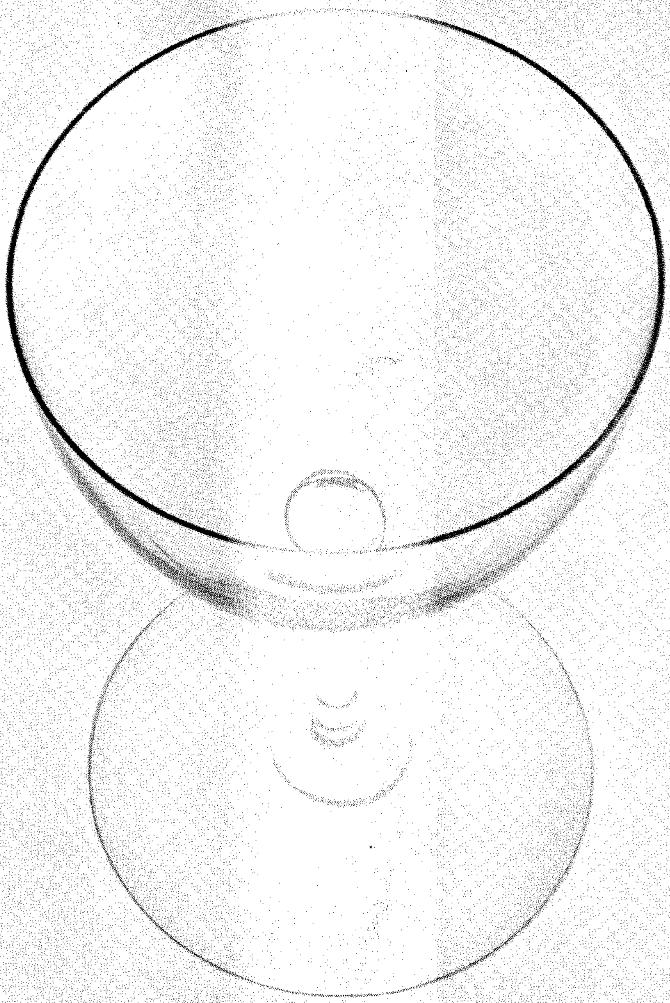

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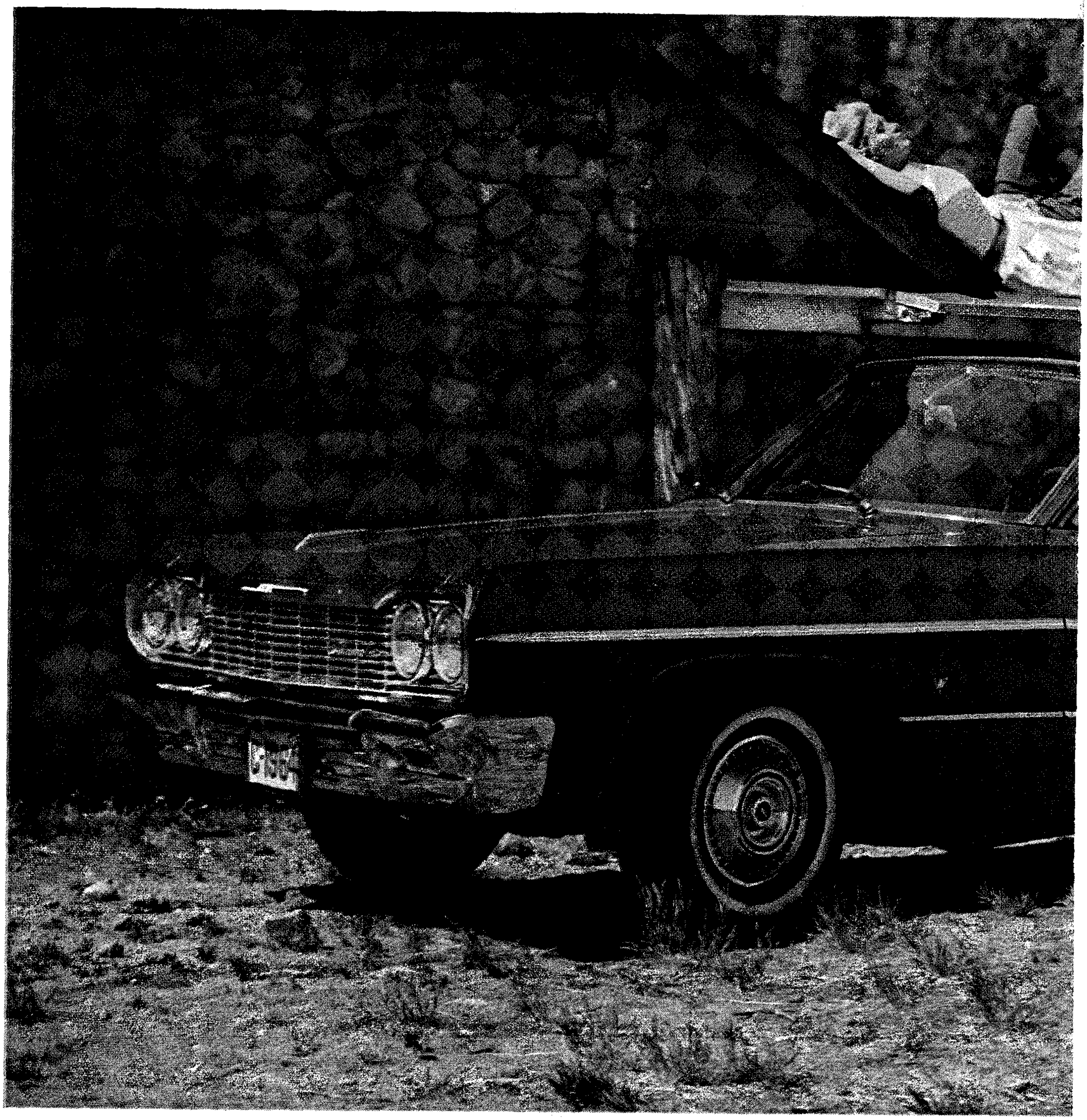

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THE THEATRE

NEW GROUP IN TOWN

A BAND of South Africans, augmented by an Englishman, has taken over the Cort to put on a play called "Sponono," which was written by Alan Paton and Krishna Shah. The production is notable because it represents one of the first attempts to employ South African Negroes in legitimate drama; until only recently in the nether region of the Dark Continent, white men in blackface had the job of depicting colored natives on the stage. Since the company that enacts "Sponono" consists almost entirely of newcomers, its work is naturally a little ragged, but if professional gloss is not evident, the performers do go about their chores with commendable enthusiasm. The action revolves around the struggle of an altruistic principal of a reform school to claim for the side of the angels a volatile inmate who can't quite decide whether to opt for good or for evil in a world he never made. The reformatory and its denizens struck me as being singularly neat and tidy, and the principal, in the person of Michael Goodliffe, seemed a man of remarkable tolerance, but, as it happens, Mr. Paton himself has, in his day, functioned as the head of a penal institution, so I guess it is rather footless to nurture any doubts about his spick-and-span setting, his spick-and-span natives, and his saintly principal. Nor have I anything but praise for an excellent choir that contributes all kinds of South African chants to the enterprise. But a question or two might be raised about the dramaturgy of "Sponono," which is a fairly dishevelled piece of work. During the first two acts, when the principal is engaged in trying to understand the most difficult of his charges, it moves along by fits and starts. Then, having been eminently pragmatic for two-thirds of its length, it gets into a Surrealistic mood in its concluding act, in the course of which the difficult inmate dreams that he has his mentor on trial for showing too little understanding and charity. The trial scene is colorful, Lord knows, with all hands except the principal and a few witnesses done up in feathers, leopard skins, and the like, but somehow I found it hard to believe that the principal deserved a trial at all. In the role of the youth, an actor called Cocky Tlhotlhalemaje shows himself adept at the profession he took up so recently, and Mr. Goodliffe is highly capable as the principal. The others in the cast (I won't spell out their names, since Mr. Tlhotlhalemaje's has left me winded) are all meritorious. The play was directed by Mr. Shah.

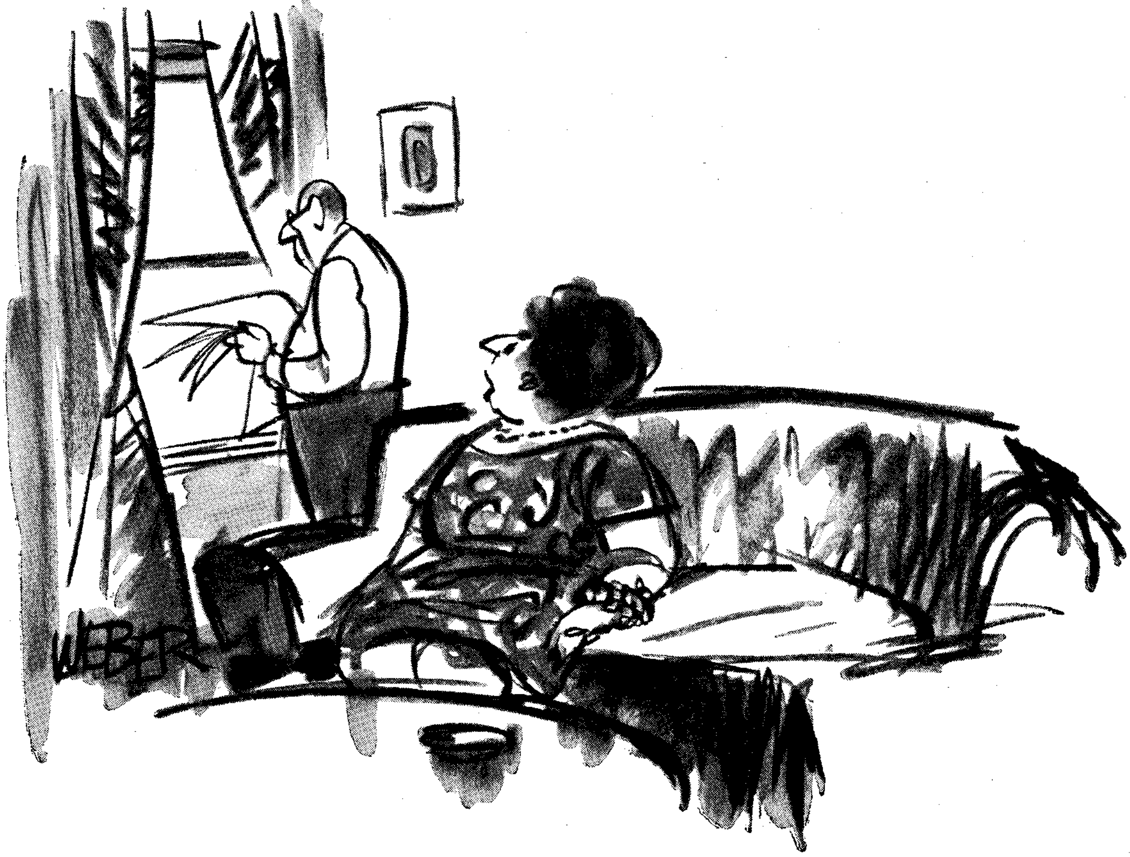
A FEW minutes after the curtain rose on "Anyone Can Whistle," a musical at the Majestic, I realized that it wasn't for me. It began by rambling along about a fake miraculous fountain, went on to spoof a parcel of deranged people, and offered as dialogue a kind of orthogenic backward patois. The music struck me as extremely loud. For the record, the book was written by Arthur Laurents, and the music and lyrics were by Stephen Sondheim. Among those present were Lee Remick, Angela Lansbury, and Harry Guardino, to whom I offer my condolences.

—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Depths and Heights

SYDNEY WALKER, who gives such impressive performances as the harried government clerk in "Right You Are If You Think You Are" and as an elderly skinflint in "Scapin," is better than ever in Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths," the final offering of APA's repertory season at the Phoenix. Mr. Walker plays one of the derelicts in that dreadful basement flophouse in provincial Russia where the action is set. As an old tramp bound for the Ukraine who stops in for a few nights' lodging, he administers whatever is needed in the way of sympathy or credulity or hope to the other hopeless lodgers, and he must bear



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the additional burden of having to represent all the human qualities that the dramatist considers good. Seldom has an actor carried a burden with more relish, humor, and feeling, or more deftly avoided the clammy touch of the inspirational which is built into the part. The fourth act takes place after the tramp has gone (he sneaks off during a murder and before the police arrive), and it seems a bit less vivid than the three others for his absence. Just a bit, however, for the other characters, hopeless though they may be, are fascinating and, considering their circumstances, more chipper than you might expect. There is the cynical, mocking Satin, formerly an intellectual and now a drunk; there is a displaced baron; there is an alcoholic actor who realizes from time to time that the talent he lacks is the ability to believe in himself, and who can no longer quote even his favorite lines from the plays he has appeared in; there is a locksmith whose wife is dying and whose anger and irascibility and pride are the only weapons he has left against total defeat; there is a handsome young thief who is in love with the landlord's sister-in-law, the flophouse drudge; and there are the pious, cruel landlord and his malignant wife, who has been having an affair with the thief and who is beside herself with jealousy of her sister. All except the last two have come to a dead stop, and the old tramp at least indicates ways for some of them to go on, even giving the dying woman the courage to die. With his total lack of sentimentality and self-importance, he is, in Mr. Walker's hands, as convincing to the audience as he is to those to whom he applies his special brand of first aid.

Ellis Rabb's direction is so imaginative and lively that although the play's content is gloomy, its effect in performance is oddly exhilarating. That APA stalwart Clayton Corzatte, in a Slavic makeup that leaves his face desiccated and drained of life, gives a wonderfully subtle and touching performance as the actor—innocent and funny, with a childlike pride in the ruin he has brought on himself by alcohol, and apparently without the slightest idea that he is truly tragic—underplaying so quietly yet so intensely that almost up to the end one barely realizes that he is any more important than anyone else around. Nancy Marchand does well as the wicked landlady, and so do Richard Woods as the landlord, John Ragin as the thief, Joanna Roos as the dying woman, Gordon Gould as the locksmith, and Keene Curtis as an enigmatic Tartar. James

Tilton's eerie lighting and his setting of that airless subterranean cave, with its flight of rickety wooden stairs running up the back wall to the street, its double bunk and ragged curtains, and its filthy pallets on the floor, make for an atmosphere of stifling nightmare. As for the play (in Alex Szogyi's clear and plausible-sounding translation), Gorky's social ideas may be conventional and lay-preacherish—I think they are—but there is nothing second-hand about the people he has invented or the background he has given them. The APA seldom lets him down. It is truly a company of actors who never allow their dedication to the work they obviously love to become a burden on the audience. There are some weak scenes, but there is not one oppressively worthy moment from the opening to the final curtain. —Edith Oliver

•

There is a singular fateful resonance in their impressive earnestness. In 1955 Nay began to develop the counterpoint of his color methodically and to discover the solid basic forms for his unfolding and free handling of color. In so doing, what he undertook for expressionism in its evolution to the abstract is comparable to what Cézanne did for impressionism. He subsumed the entire structure of the painting under a new arrangement, so as to be able to reveal a new stratum of expression with this completely retuned, though wholly consistent instrumentarium. Artistic perfection in the manipulation of this instrumentarium led him to an ever-increasing freedom in its handling. This artistic freedom, however, generated the intellectual freedom with which the spiritual fulfilment of life and the experience of the world that pervades the painter can be transformed into painting, that is, into perception. In these most recent pictures this freedom manifests itself as absolute painting. Its high artistry consists precisely in its allowing structure to recede; its power of communication lies in the spiritual energy with which personality makes its reappearance in the formal structure. This produces the "fateful resonance. . . ."

—*Folder from the Knoedler Galleries.*

How much time elapses?

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THE CLOUDS LIFT IN SOUTH AMHERST, OHIO

[*From the Elyria* (*Ohio*) *Chronicle-Telegram*]

South Amherst—It was erroneously reported in Tuesday's account of the South Amherst council meeting that reinstated Police Chief Thomas J. Snizek was to sit next to the mayor at council meetings.

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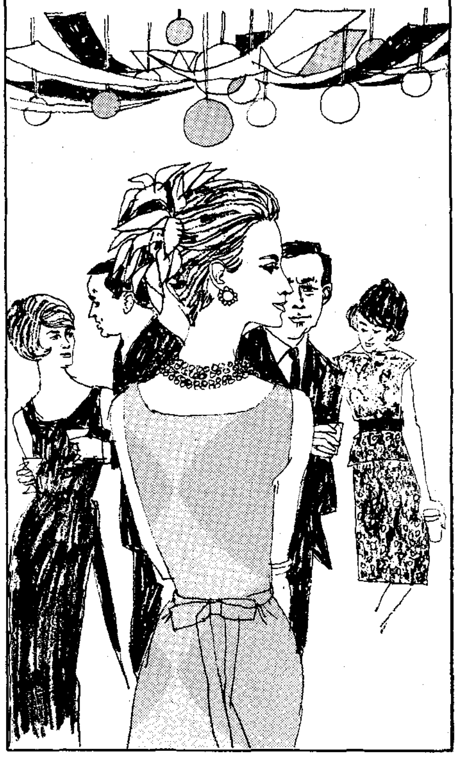

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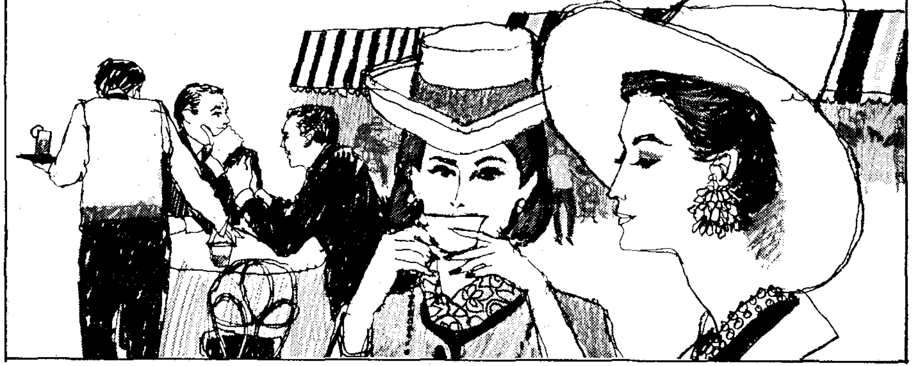

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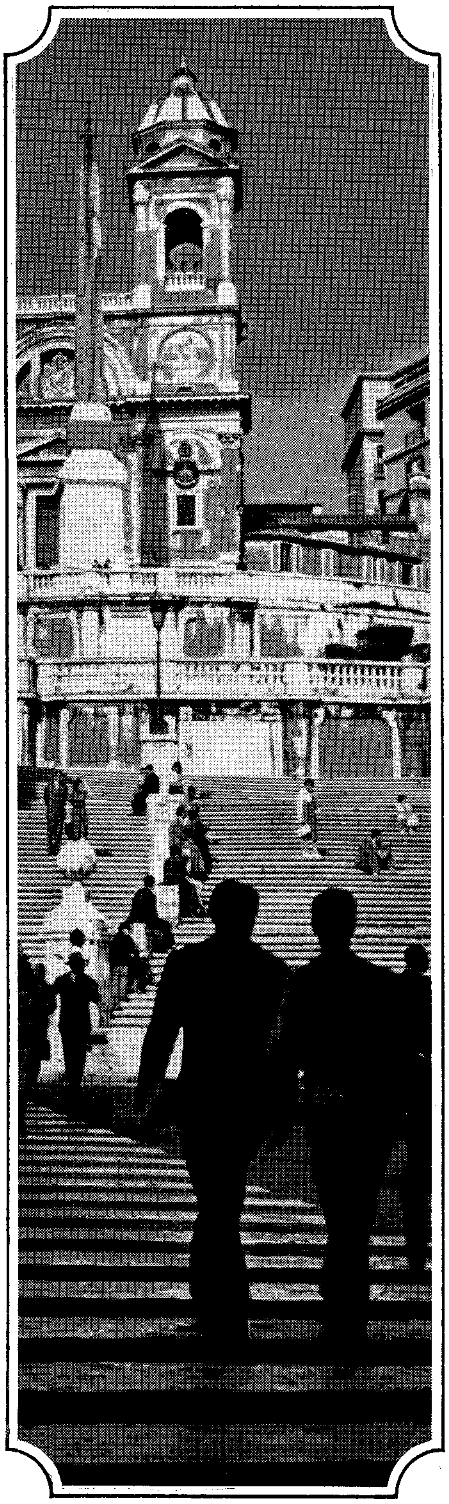
MUSICAL EVENTS

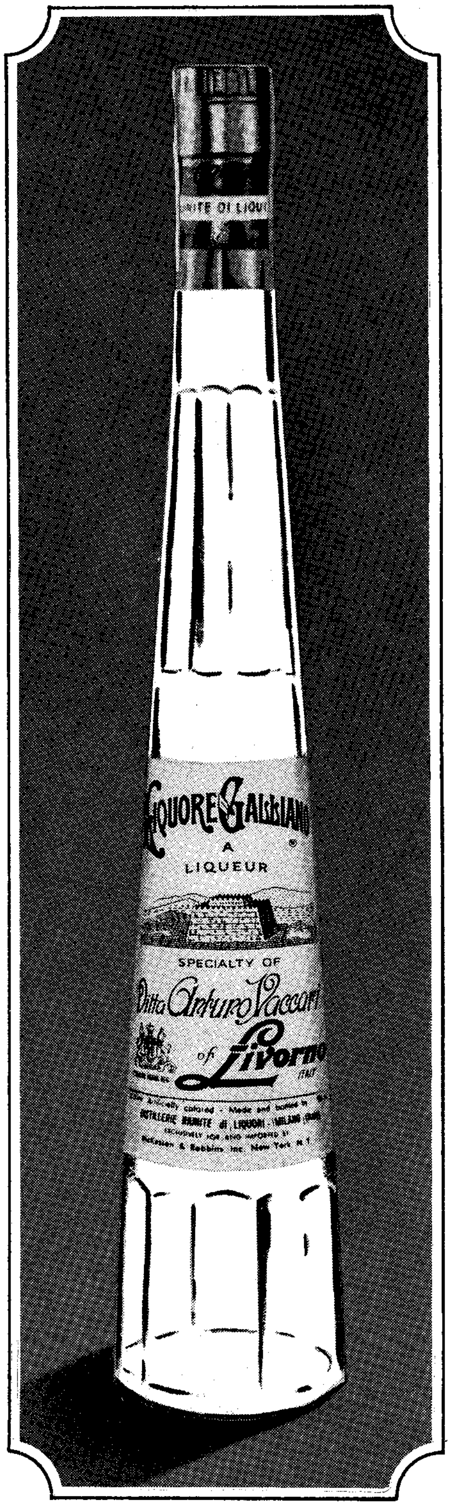
Yes and No

THE peculiar character of the music of Hector Berlioz—sometimes greatly inspired, sometimes exceedingly banal—has puzzled more than one critic. The pro-Berlioz faction, of course, claims that all the music is magnificent, or at least fascinating, and the anti-Berlioz faction will not even allow him a position among the major composers. Certainly there is a wide disparity between the oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ" (which is sublime) and the dramatic symphony "Roméo et Juliette" (which is, if nothing else, charming) and "Harold en Italie" (commonplace) and the "March to the Scaffold" in the "Symphonie Fantastique" (downright bombastic). Berlioz is apt to be a hero to literary people, because he was an extraordinary character and quite a literary man himself. But musicians and audiences have always been divided about him. Often he seems to have been carried away by an extravagant idea that outran his creative powers. His Requiem, which was given one of its infrequent performances in Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday night of last week by Eugene Ormandy, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Temple University Choirs, and Cesare Valletti, seems to me to encompass the whole Berlioz problem, since it contains some of Berlioz at his best and a good deal of Berlioz at his worst. The opening "Requiem et Kyrie" is a beautiful sequence; the "Rex tremendae," though somewhat theatrical, is an item of some dignity; there are moments of eloquent counterpoint in the "Lacrymosa" (most of which occur when the trombones are not braying from the wings); there are wonderful ideas (musical, not literary) in the "Hostias;" and the "Sanctus," with its tenor solo, is lovely. Elsewhere, there is a good deal of uninspired stuff, including, of course, that awful "Tuba mirum," with its batteries of kettledrums and its four brass bands blaring from the boxes—or, in the case of Philharmonic Hall, from elevated platforms behind the scrim that covers the sides of the stage. In this movement, it seems as if Berlioz mistook mere loudness for dignity and grandeur. The charge of pomposity has often been hurled at Wagner, but in moments like these it fits Berlioz far more accurately.

Many explanations have, of course, been advanced for these lapses, and they usually have revolved around "Romanticism" as a crusade and around Berlioz's own extravagantly "Romantic" personality. But few other composers of the Romantic movement indulged in such extra-musical excesses, and I have recently been evolving a different theory to explain his. This theory proceeds from a streak of amateurishness that I think I detect in most of Berlioz's work. I can already hear someone remonstrate that amateurishness can hardly be charged to the man who wrote the first great treatise on instrumentation, but I stick to my guns in spite of that remarkable work, which dealt, after all, with only one, fairly superficial aspect of music. Berlioz was the first non-operatic composer of any pretensions who was not a famous performing artist—except as a conductor, that is, and conducting can be done without much practical knowledge of instrumental technique. Up to and during his time, almost all great composers had been, and were, organists or pianists—masters of comprehensive musical instruments, who could improvise whole Masses or symphonies at the keyboard, and who thus had an extraordinarily intimate knowledge of the relation between music as played and music as written. Berlioz was an exception. He knew how to play the flute, and later in life he learned to play the guitar. Neither of these instruments lends itself to the performance of large-scale compositions with complicated harmonic structures, and I have an idea that Berlioz, unable to perform his own gigantic works by himself with the aid of a keyboard, often miscalculated his effects—that he lived, in general, in a world of imagination and blank music paper, from which he occasionally evolved the most impractical, grandiose, and unrealizable musical conceptions. This, I think, is his fundamental flaw.

As for the performance the other night, there was, of course, the noble tone of the Philadelphia Orchestra, expanded for the occasion with a chorus of about two hundred and fifty singers, plus all those detached brass bands. (Berlioz's array, unless I am mistaken, remained unsurpassed in size until Gustav Mahler wrote his Eighth Symphony.) Mr. Ormandy conducted with his usual feeling for drama and his usual smoothness of articulation. It is unfortunately true that most choruses of two hundred and fifty people sing out of





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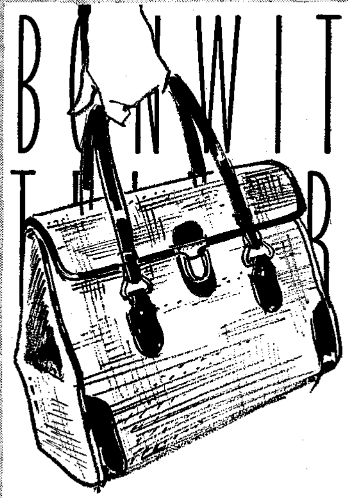
tune, and the Temple University Choirs were no exception—the worst example being the *a-cappella* singing in the "Quaerens me." And, to make things still worse, Mr. Valletti, great artist though he is, sang most of his tenor solo flat. Still, there were all those braying brasses, and for those who like an evening of theatrical thunder and lightning, it was at least an unusual occasion.

ON Wednesday and Friday evenings, I attended the Philharmonic Hall concerts of the Boston Symphony, under Erich Leinsdorf. Wednesday night brought forth one of the most brilliant virtuoso performances of Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" I have ever heard—one that might almost have convinced me that the superman philosophy of Nietzsche, which inspired the work, had something to it after all. Earlier in the evening, Van Cliburn appeared as soloist in Brahms' First Piano Concerto. He turned a rather nice Romantic phrase here and there, but neither he nor Mr. Leinsdorf seemed able to project the oceanic surge of tone and feeling that this wonderful concerto contains. On Friday night, there were two contemporary works of interest: Aaron Copland's very early Symphony for Organ and Orchestra, and Stravinsky's Concerto in D for Violin and Orchestra. Neither had been heard hereabouts for some time. The symphony is one of Copland's more attractive compositions, being essentially Impressionistic—despite a great deal of thematic to-do, which I would have missed if the program notes had not called my attention to it—and pleasing in its complex contrasts of color, and capable of conveying mood. The Stravinsky concerto, whose solo part was meticulously played by Joseph Silverstein, dates from a time when there was a close kinship between the styles of Stravinsky and Prokofieff. It is basically a satirical composition, slyly caricaturing the clichés of second-rate violin music and reflecting the idiom of everybody from Bach to Saint-Saëns. It was a lot of fun. Mr. Leinsdorf followed it with a rather brisk performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

Keystone

ONE way to measure a great man is by his lapses. Witness the seemingly bottomless apathy into which Duke



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Ellington sank in the fifties. His composing became sketchy and indifferent; he made a host of second-rate recordings; the band itself vacillated between desperate heroics and boredom. Then, a year and a half ago, a blessed and mysterious rejuvenation began. Ellington stepped out of the context of his band for a brilliant solo recording, as well as for a handful of spirited pick-up recordings with Louis Armstrong, John Coltrane, and Charlie Mingus. Cootie Williams, absent over twenty years, rejoined his band, and, not long after, it made its first imposing record in a decade. Ellington thereupon went on a State Department tour of the Far East, which was followed by an equally successful European tour. And a week or so ago, with Cootie Williams in striking evidence, he gave a magnificent concert at Carnegie Hall.

None of the trumpeters who replaced Williams in the Ellington band matched him, for he is—like such colleagues as Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, and Harry Carney—unique. When he first joined Ellington, his style, which stems directly from Louis Armstrong, was already statuesque. He had a curiously dense tone, and he played with a deliberation and poise still new in jazz. He rarely left the middle register, he used few notes, and he conveyed a Percheron emotion. This style, though, was soon overshadowed by his adoption of the plunger mute, a technique learned from the late, equally irreplaceable Tricky Sam Nanton. By 1940, Williams' plunger-mute playing had become one of the wonders of music. Its sounds seemed to bridge the twilight between thought and speech, and they evoked every emotion. There were startling crescendo growls (anger, happiness, jubilation), soft, half-sounded sighs (sorrow, serenity), ingeniously tongued stuttering figures (surprise, laughter), and broad, legato wa-wa's (compassion). He mixed these devices continually, forcing into them the same power that distinguished his open-horn work. Occasionally he put his mute aside, and with astonishing effect. His tone swelled and rang, producing blocks of sound that suggested anthems and whipping flags. Williams' abilities have diminished little since then. His tone has deepened, in a whiskey-baritone fashion, and he uses even fewer notes. The intricate, dancing, tongued figures have slowed down and sometimes give way to rests or long-held notes, the last of which are literally pushed from his horn. His open-horn work remains proclamatory and final.

Williams is a fervent and delightful performer. The other night, he played

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throughout "Caravan" and a medium blues, exhibiting a singular mixture of shyness and bold professionalism. Standing stage front, he seemed to lift out his notes with his shoulders, which rose steadily during every phrase. At the same time, he listed slowly to port, and rocked easily back and forth, his face an intense whorl. During the interludes between his solos in the blues number, he went into a bearlike dance, in which he spun, bowed, and shuffled, all the while mumbling loudly to himself. When the number ended, he clapped his horn to his side, as if he were saluting, did an about-face, and was back in his seat before the applause began.

Williams appeared to ignite the whole band. The brass section played with an authority it hasn't had in twenty years, and the reeds and trombones were equally inspired. (When Jo Jones was asked why he had turned down an invitation to join Ellington, he said, "The drummer sits right beside that brass section, and that brass section hits him right in the stomach night after night and kills him.") Ellington himself, got up in Edwardian style, looked buoyant. Aside from half a dozen throwaway numbers built around Paul Gonsalves, Hodges, Rolf Ericson (flugelhorn), and Cat Anderson, the program, in contrast to Ellington's recent wont, was varied and surprising. He introduced a five-part suite, "Impressions of the Far East," that was full of wit, Oriental harmonies and rhythms, and resplendent solos by Harry Carney and Lawrence Brown. There were several short new numbers, one written by Williams. He played "Harlem—A Tone Parallel," a first-rate program piece from the early fifties that has been rescored and is dominated by rubato effects and stunning crescendos. And there were gentle, mocking reworkings of "Rockin' in Rhythm," "Satin Doll," "Black and Tan Fantasy," "Creole Love Call," and "The Mooche," the last three done as a medley. But for this evening, at least, the materials did not matter as much as the superb orchestra that played them. With Williams as stoker, it has no rival in Western music.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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GO CLIMB AN ENGLISH OAK DEPARTMENT

[*From the Tatler*]

"The Enameled Wishbone" by Robert Henderson (Gollancz 18s.) is a collection of mild and quite pleasant funny American essays, though 18s. does perhaps seem a little steep for reprinted *New Yorker* pieces.

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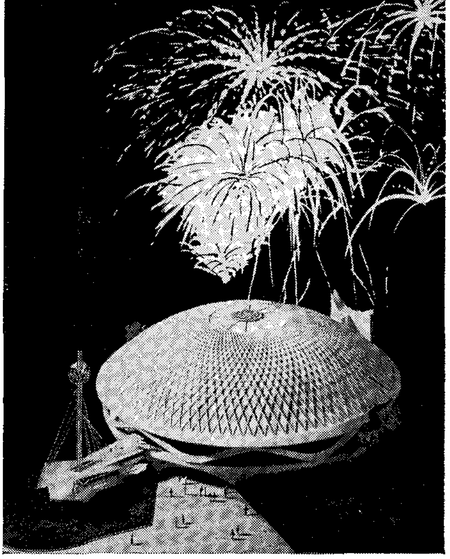

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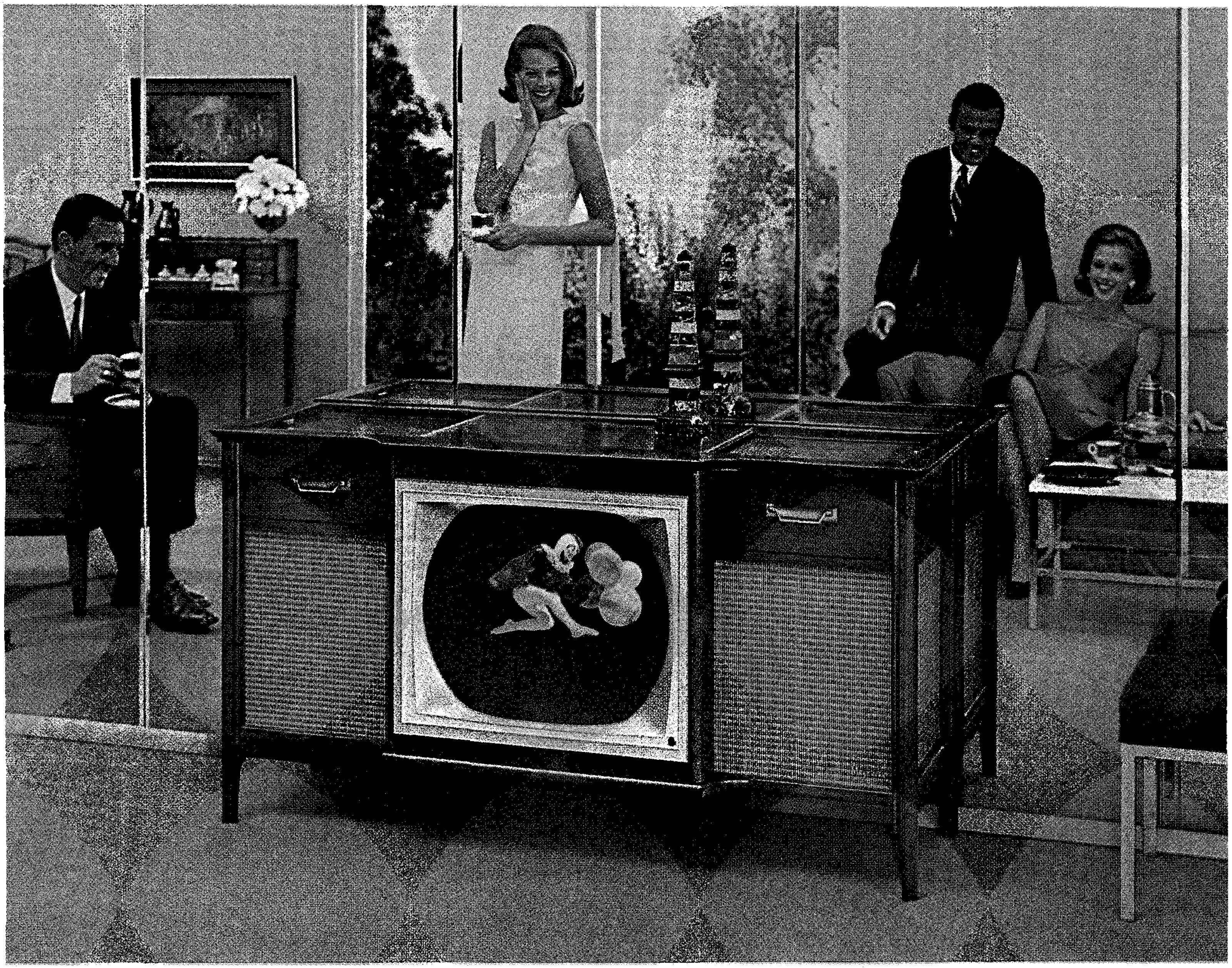

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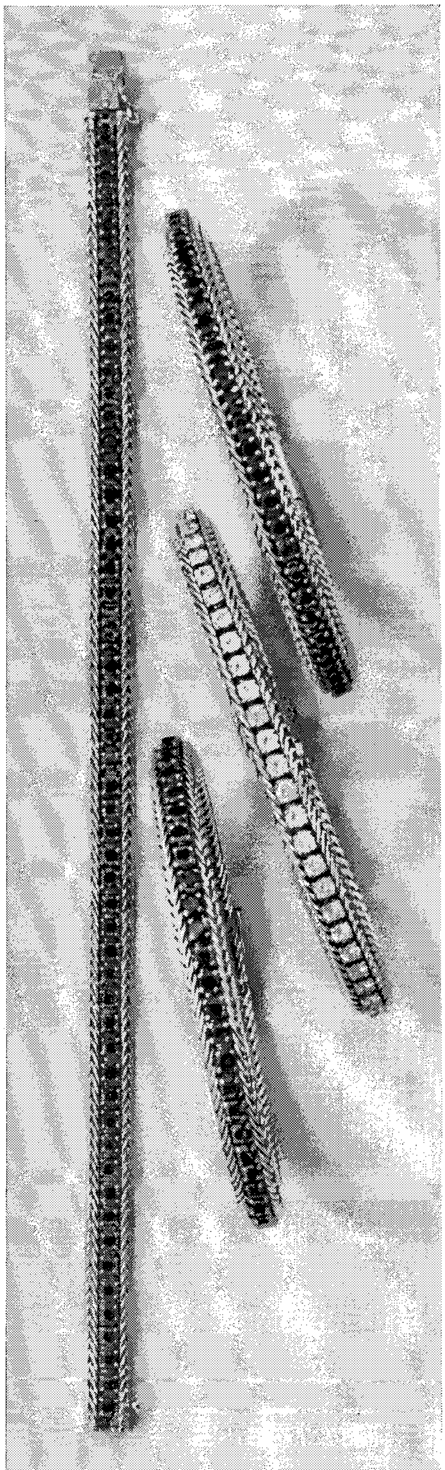
FEMININE FASHIONS

ONCE upon a time, the legend insists, a young French couturière named Coco Chanel looked sorrowfully upon a world that had lost millions of its young men in the First World War and said to herself, "I will do for them what no other woman on earth can do; I shall put every woman in the world in mourning." And that she did. Western women lived happily for a long time after in the first adult uniforms I ever heard of in high fashion—they wore little black wool crêpes or jerseys with white piqué collars and cuffs or they wore little *beige* wools with white piqué collars and cuffs all day long and on into informal evenings. (The cocktail dress was unknown; you were in your mourning dress or you were in full evening clothes. Anything in between was scornfully rejected because it was fit only for pouring at Women's Club teas.) The rich women went to Bendel and had these made to order for $500 (a scandalous price at the time), and then encountered career girls in their $17.95 Franklin Simon or Best copies, and nobody cared. Everyone was nearly as regimented as the teen-agers in their boarding-school Peter Thompsons, but the uniform delighted all females. They didn't know, in *those* postwar days, that inwardly they wanted a feeling of Belonging; they knew only that they loved a parade and wanted to be part of it.

And since I am reminiscing about the Lost Generation, which thought it was having such fun kicking Queen Victoria in those stays of hers, let us remember that these innocent clothes of more than a generation ago were likely to be cut on the straight of the cloth. Pauline Trigère, recalling her childhood, remembers that her father, a Parisian manufacturer of women's ready-to-wear suits, gave her geometric problems that involved oblongs and squares to see whether she could figure out how many more suits he could squeeze out of a bolt of cloth. But then Vionnet came along in the twenties, cutting brand-new, all-bias shapes that moved easily and softly with the body and that made the supple clothes of the thirties as inevitable as they were (and are) beautiful. The shift, as the old chemise dress is called now, isn't a box anymore, thanks primarily to Mme. V.; it's all concealed zigs and zags. (And look how wasteful M. Trigère's daughter turned out to be, with those slashing biases!)

It seems to me that it is the young people (most of whom have to count pennies) who are breaking away from the parade and looking for adventure in their clothes, and it is the older ones (particularly the rich ones) who crave a sense of security in their timeless Norells and Mainbochers and their Empire-waisted Sarmi chiffons, from these shores, and in the established French designers; contemplate, if you please, the new rage for the new Chanel (similar lines, but colors that have nothing to do with mourning) and for Balenciaga and all. The very rich have a passion for bargains and a passion for "discovering" new hideaways (it was a resurgence of this spirit of venture that made the Peppermint Lounge "so chic" for a while), and Ohrbach symbolizes both these pastimes for them. The way they lately lined up at eight-thirty in the morning to fight all comers and buy (cash and carry) the magnificent line-for-line copies of the current Paris favorites was To Leave One Agape at their craving for both economy and regimentation. Now they have brought uniformity to the fore again; *this* season's sensation is Chanel's navy wool suit with a cerise-and-white plaid overblouse—a real hotcakes item. Copies of *copies* of Macy's copies of it are around at bargain-basement prices, and other copies ascend in price all the way to what *grande-luxe* versions are sold for in the most important custom salons, like Bergdorf Goodman. (Ohrbach has, by the way, bought copies of an unusually large number of Chanel's new successes, including a theatre dress and jacket of white embroidered linen; Bergdorf preferred her dress of white silk cloqué, with buttons down the side to the hem, and her jacket of blazer cut in similar vein.)

Oh, our big custom houses know that there is a black-sheep clientele that strays (they *hope* momentarily) to Thirty-fifth Street, but they are welcoming home this errant group by proffering it designs carefully culled from the more publicized French houses—designs that aren't to be found all over the place—as well as designs ferreted out from smaller houses. Bergdorf has, for one, Simonetta & Fabiani's tailored coat of black-and-white wool that goes along



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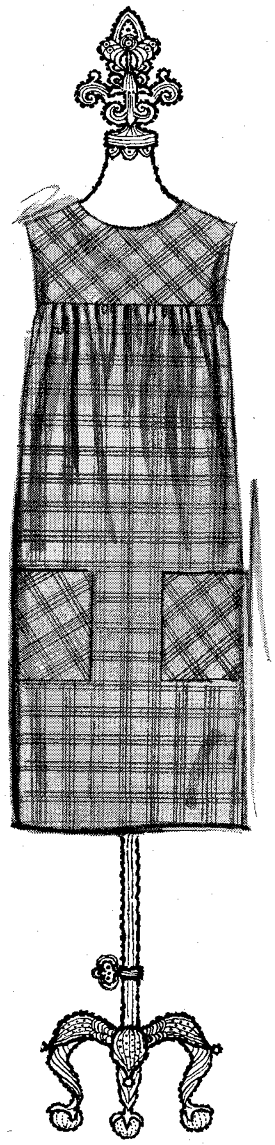

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with the recent passion for pockets so low that only your fingertips can be warmed unless you stoop over. The pockets on this coat and on the black crêpe dress beneath are downward-curving and placed *way* down, with little gathers below. Bergdorf also thinks well of Balmain's white silk dance dress, with emphatic inward seaming at the waist, and of his masterly white lace dress-and-coat ensemble. Balmain is furthermore responsible for a beautiful full-length formal thing of white surah with black dots. The roll collar of its overblouse dips in back above a row of vertical buttons, and the skirt is in an A line. Here, too, are examples of the work of master drapers. One is a formal Dessès dress of black chiffon with an obi of black satin, black satin streamers floating down the back from it, and huge kimono sleeves decorating the minuscule bolero; another makes manifest Grès's genius with white silk jersey—a long dress with a finely pleated top that ends at a navy band above the flowing skirt.

CHEZ NINON is another custom house that manages to be serene without ever once being smug or static about what it chooses from the Paris collections. Among the many Diors here is a wool suit with a cutaway jacket and a deep inverted pleat in the skirt that creates almost a culotte effect in front. This is shown in navy, and the muffled-neck surah blouse with it is diagonally striped in red, white, and blue. Another Dior suit, again with a huge inverted pleat down the front that again creates the illusion of pants, is shown in beige wool with a big brown crossbar. (I could do without the brown chiffon blouse that is part of the operation.) Chez Ninon is also faithful to Maggy Rouff. One of her dresses is of black silk with big jade and royal dots on it, and the cowl neck is draped up to one shoulder. A formal Rouff of raspberry chiffon dotted with black features a deep cowl in front and a loose surplice back. From Lanvin comes a round-necked and rounded black organdie dance dress whose wrap-around skirt has a ruffle along the hem that curves up to one hip. Whoever has formal evenings in mind will please go look at Castillo's job, the skirt of black chiffon and the strapless top finished off with a bra band of white organdie. The *real* delight of this one is the extra-brief white organdie jacket—all upward folds, some three inches deep, beginning at the gold satin band around the Empire waistline; the folds continue outward, and again upward, on the long sleeves. I long ago ran out of synonyms

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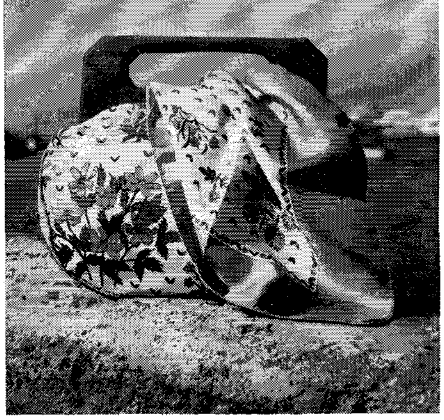

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for "grace" in describing Chez Ninon clothes, and I've quit trying.

A MAVERICK in the designing business is Bob Bugnand, who seems incapable of making clothes that are timid and who never looks over his shoulder to find out what the competition is up to. His designs are invented in Paris and then shown here. After you have made your choice, your statistics are flown there, and the outfit comes to you (minor changes can be made here) three weeks later. This season he is having a fête with suit costumes for which he supplies a taut, college-boy, one-button, wide-lapel jacket. The straight skirt matches, and above the low-slung leather belt is an attached top of absolute shirt persuasion—perfect right down to the prim round collar and the four-in-hand tie. I saw versions in a medium-blue heavy linen, the shirt being of white seersucker and the tie blue, and I saw them in white linen with the shirt of navy poplin and the tie in a navy-and-white polka dot to match the jacket lining. Bugnand out-Chanels Chanel in using violent Roman-striped ribbon as binding on suits of this type in navy wool with white shirt tops and striped ties. More attached tops, some of them blouson, go with his suits of diagonally striped heavy tweed. One is all fine pink and yellow sunset stripes, another is in a yellow-and-grass-green formation, and both have tops of vividly striped surah. (These last stripes are horizontal.) A Bugnand whimsey is really naked dresses of rough navy wool with big, open armholes and a slash in front so low that a protective gardenia is often needed. These are frequently bare in back as well, but modest jackets can accompany them. These costumes I view with a dubious eye, but I was bats about some jackets whose collars go way out into curving points, D'Artagnan style, at the base of a deep V. They appear over a dance dress of white cotton matelassé brocade and over a formal dress whose top is of navy guipure lace and whose skirt is of white organdie vertically striped with wide satin and narrow velvet ribbon. Daring décolletages are a Bugnand specialty, but he can go whole hog for other stuff; observe a nightie of heavy white surah which is gathered on a bateau neckline all the way around and has straight, wide sleeves. He doesn't consort with dignity for very long, though; soon he is back to a short black chiffon dance dress with circular ruffles in the skirt and such thinly veiled and low-cut Vs in the superstructure that the built-in bra is a necessary safeguard. More ruffles, of white

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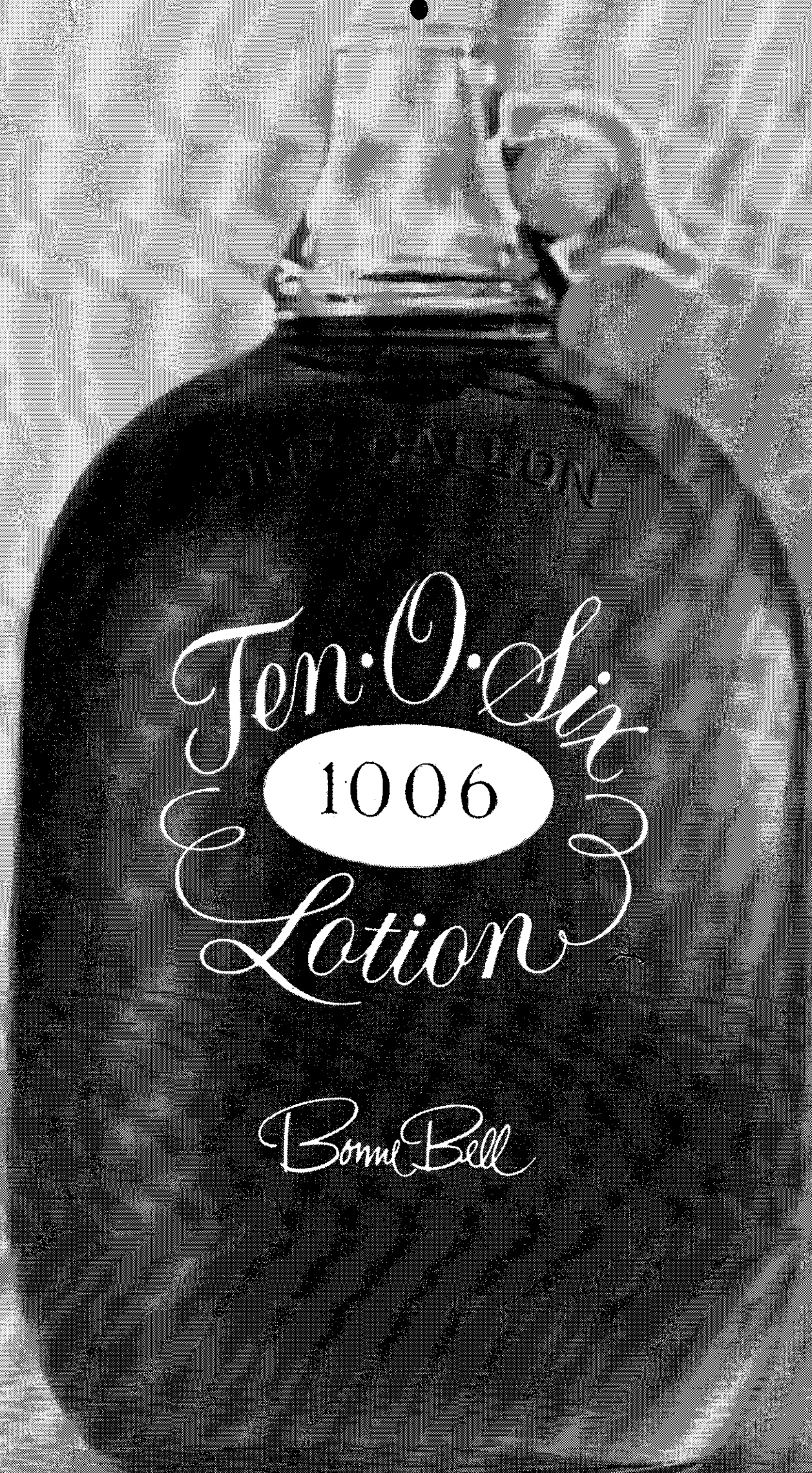
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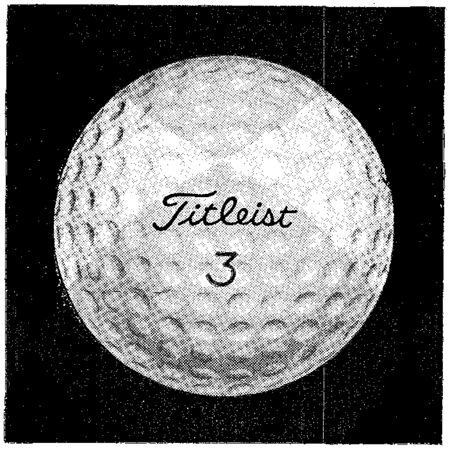

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PHOENIX OPEN	59	25
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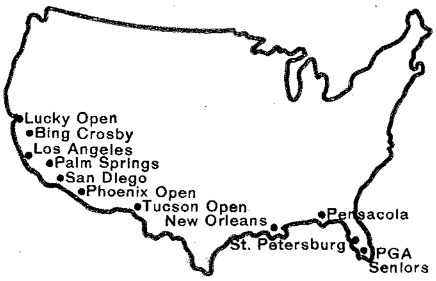

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organdie finely pleated and pulled out at the edges, make a frothy stole over a slender formal sheath of black guipure, and there are upward ruffles on the strapless décolletage. It wouldn't be Bugnand without fantastic beading, but I will just name one effort: a blouson dress with a cowl neck that is all solid yellow and mauve beads. Over it goes a trenchcoat made of four layers of mauve *organza*, no less, with the proper wide stitched belt.

AS I have announced often before, the meticulous copies of the best Paris designs at Ohrbach are just staggering, and there's a pretty good selection at below $100, even though these ready-to-wear things *can* rise as high as $350. The authenticity extends to the entire costume—hat, shoes, gloves, stockings, jewelry, whatever. God only knows how many of the things remained after the first, tumultuous days that followed the Ohrbach showing, but when I was there it was apparent that Ohrbach not only had managed to provide examples of the popular trends in the Paris houses but had also unearthed some French clothes that I didn't see elsewhere. There are not a few wrapped coats, designed to huddle, with a wide dolman look in the back and a taper below that—a harking back to Vionnet days. One of these is a Balenciaga in a grass-green wool, another is a Simonetta & Fabiani in white mohair ($99.95), and still another, and slenderer, is a Givenchy in white whipcord. I just loved Balenciaga's trick of a blown-out back that has no truck with any abrupt blouson line; instead, everything is cut softly on the bias down the back and melds into the dress below the kidneys. One dress of this sort that I remember vividly was shown to me in a scarf silk with a violet-and-black print. It's simple and shifty in front, and a four-scarf stole is draped around the neck. There are all kinds of linen dresses, and of dresses in that linenlike synthetic I have been chattering about for weeks: A Castillo coat dress, wrapped and buttoned down one side, with a low back belt; Balenciaga's two-piece with a double-breasted top; de Barentzen's sleeveless dress and buttoned-in-back jacket . . . I could go on and on, and so could you. Here, too, and elsewhere, is St. Laurent's high-busted princesse Ford of linen, with a seven-eighths-length tunic buttoned down the back. This much of it is beige, but there's a black flower high on the diaphragm, and the underskirt is black, too. Women who love white ottoman coats should gaze at one of Givenchy's with a high square of buttons in front

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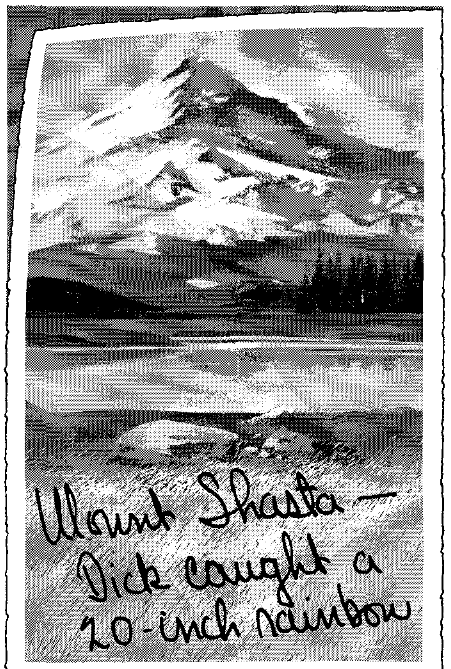

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and oval seaming surrounding them. It's $99.95. And, for evening, the dress that floored me is by Monsieur X., a French masked marvel. It's of heavy silk crêpe, it is ankle length, and it boasts a soft, high cowl neck and a deep inverted pleat down the front for a wide-legged, pajama effect. It's those thirties again.

ON my way back to the home grounds, I encountered Sophie, of Saks Fifth Avenue, who goes her own sweet way as she does custom clothes that glorify the natural figure. Typical of her—this season as in past ones—is a really nipped-in suit of wool in a fine black-and-white check. A tiny peplum, and shiny black buttons down the front and down the front of the skirt, are some of the earmarks. The rest are a low, curved seam above the knees at each side, and gathers below it that make a huge flounce. Its black jersey blouse has buttons of checked wool. Tatiana (custom millinery) supplements Sophie's doings, as in a peasant sort of a knotted turban to top a navy linen dress with a wide fold of white organza (to match the turban) that goes across the throat, dips in back, and ties in an ascot. Utterly manic pillboxes of real hair (to match your own or not) in a big basketweave may be dotted with white gardenias or black daisies. One even has a pigtail. They accompany a black crêpe dress with a low neckline, for one. Other plaits of hair are interwoven with the printed chiffon of any particular dress. This is the case with Firecracker, a day-length chiffon with bombs of Shocking and orange bursting in air and then arching downward. This makes a dress with a coat of twin-printed silk to match. Another fabric Sophie is using a lot of is called Treebark ribbed silk, which has a rough surface and comes in some twenty colors. As evening approaches, the romantic supplants the brisk. A cocktail-dance outfit in a cloqué taffeta with grays and whites all mixed up together is made up of one of her famous redingotes and a dress with a surplice front and a bolero top that drops to the waist in back. Rounded hips further emphasize the waistline. Of the galaxy of formal evening clothes (and no one can top Sophie in chiffon and marquisette) I particularly liked a dress of white piqué with appliquéd daisies fluttering around the neck, which is sweetheart in front and V in back, and—in a different mood—a dress of an upholstery type of silk in a print of dark-green stripes intercepted by big pink roses here and there. A deep, square neck and a stole to match

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are part of this. These clothes are only at Saks Fifth Avenue, like Sophie's ready-to-wear designs of the same genre, which have never, never, never been better.

LESLIE MORRIS, who designs solely for the custom salon at Bergdorf, has always loved pleats (and strange they looked for a while, before everyone discovered "living" skirts). What I especially recall about her most recent collection is her skill at all kinds of side pleating and low gathers on the hips for clothes to be worn at any time of day. I also admire her knack for dresses that slide down the body, after curving in to it amidships, and then burst into pleats below a low belt. An instance of this is a costume involving a cinnamon wool coat, with a low self belt, and a dress of black silk with a rust print. The dress is form-fitting down to the hips, where a sash surmounts the pleated skirt. Among the other long-torso dresses are some of black silk crêpe with a white organdie scarf, to say nothing of formal evening dresses of red-and-green chiffon, snug to the hips, whence a flounce descends to the floor. Leslie Morris also gets frisky with skirts that have a harem drape at the bottom (or seem to, anyway), as in a sleeveless black silk organdie dress with a tight waist, a rounded skirt, and a little bolero to finish it off. And she is not abashed about her affection for scarves. A shift of black silk matelassé with a deep V neck in front and a high neck in back has a jet-encrusted scarf slung in anything but Apache style around the shoulders.

AND, speaking of harem styles, Jonai, at 12 East 53rd Street, has put its corporate tongue firmly in one cheek and designed the ultimate in at-home lounging—taupe chiffon harem pants down to the ankles, accompanied by a blouse of pale-blue chiffon, over which goes a sleeveless white linen bolero that has brown soutache around the edges. They can make this up to go with your living-room colors, since the designs are executed on the premises, in ready-to-wear sizes; custom work amounts to about $100 more. Prices start at $195. Those little black dance dresses in tunic form, or with cowl necks, or with blouson tops abound, for those who think that such things are—like a good man—hard to find. Four-ply crêpe is the ingredient. Easy to wear, and yet stimulating, is a coat dress of green French linen. Bone buttons go down the front, and the skirt is slashed deeply at the center front and at the sides to show the tapestry underskirt and its

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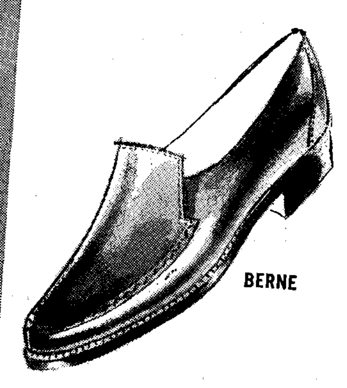

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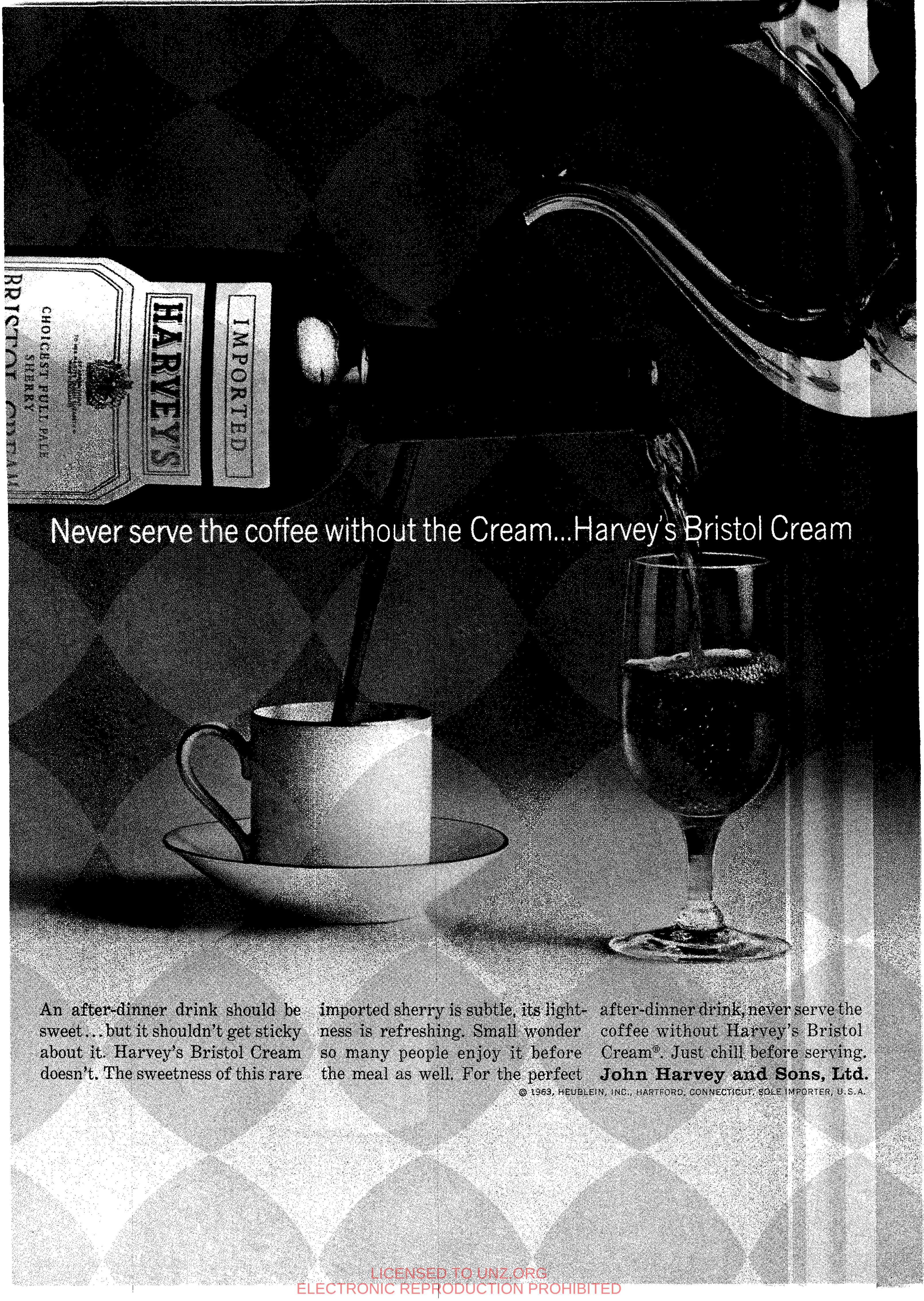
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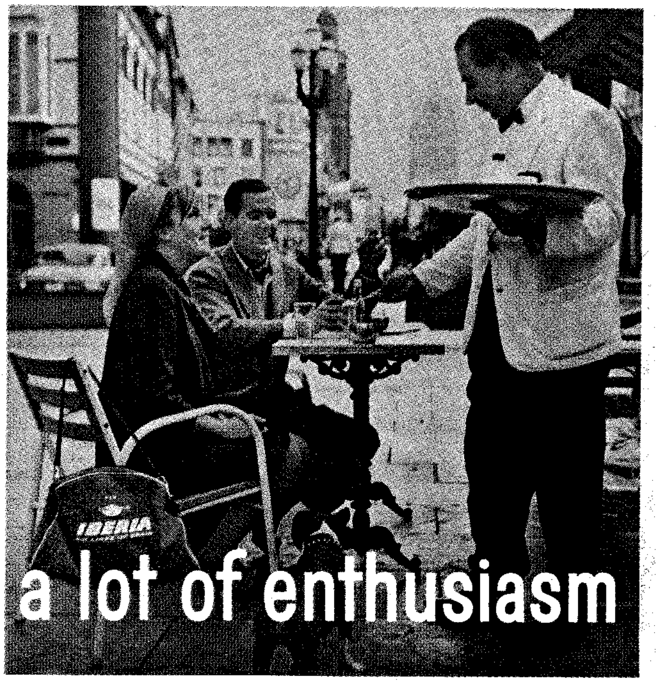
very little money...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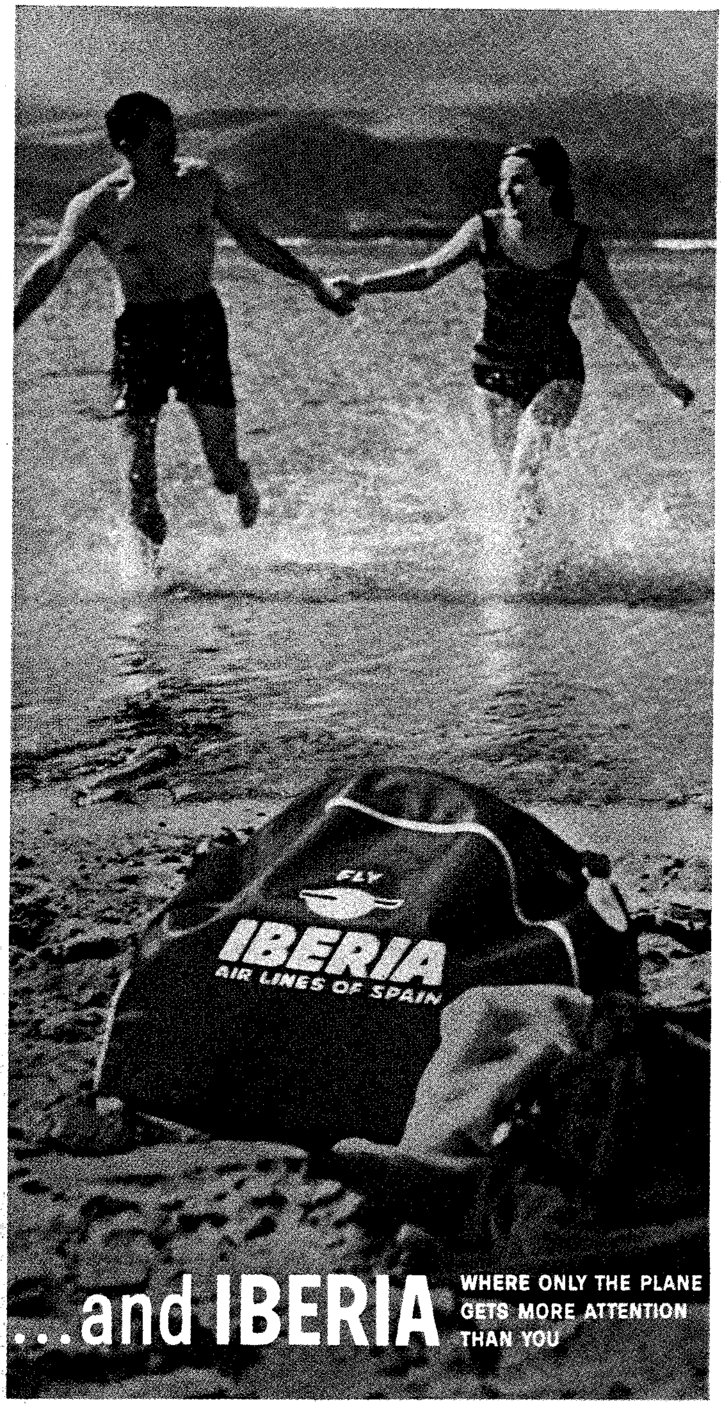
a lot of enthusiasm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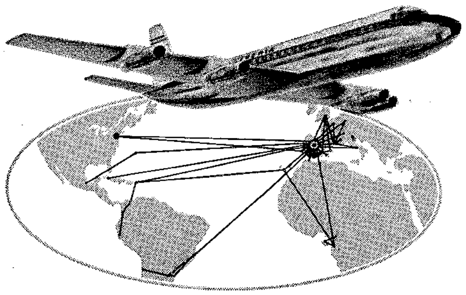

IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN

green-and-white print. As for costumes, there is a coat of black Alaskine with a little standup collar, melon sleeves, and sloping shoulders; the companion dress is of white surah with black polka dots three-quarters of an inch across, and the self belt laps over itself and is fastened with buttons indistinguishable from the dots. Sleeveless skimmer dresses may be of tan synthetic linen with dark-brown and tobacco sunflowers imprinted on it; suits may be of cotton tweed from Switzerland—all yellow and white and black fine threads that also make a row of fringe three inches above the hem of the dress, which has an attached black linen top. For evening, I was taken by a dress, long or short, of a heavy smooth white Italian cotton printed with a design in olive and orange and flame and leaf brown. This has a U back and is slim and fitted down to the hips, where godets, in Gothic-arch cut, take over to provide a circuitous movement to the thing when it's on the dance floor. There was a little girl who had a little twirl . . .

THE bright young matrons of the upper East Side who keep looking for bright young designers to make them custom clothes with a difference—in price and in approach—may now descend on Nilo, operating in a garden apartment at 331 East 65th Street (the workroom is next door), with dresses made to order at $125. He likes a minimum of buttons; everything has pockets; for suits and overblouses he prefers a fitted line in front but a middy one in back—easy and loose above the buttocks but fitting smoothly over them. This arrangement appears, for one, in the very softest fleecy apricot wool—a suit with wide lapels and a print blouse that ends at a hip-hugging band; a skirt may be added to make a two-piece dress of it when the weather is too warm for a suit. Another dress with this middy back is of hand-woven silk linen, a bit burlappy, with a deep pleat dropping from the waist at each side to make it swing circularly. The jacket has that middy back and a firmly fitted front. Nilo showed me, too, a perfect coat-and-dress costume of a beige tweed flecked with golds and blues—just an easy, fitted coat with set-in sleeves over a bateau-necked dress with pockets in the side seams, is all. But, like so many creative young people, Nilo sometimes has a surfeit of simultaneous ideas. There's a suit of a hand-woven Italian silk in a black-and-white check that has a terrific skirt—cut entirely on the bias, with inverted cluster pleats at each side of the front and back to give it an eerie, almost

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Does any other electric percolator make every pot of coffee taste as though you'd just opened a fresh can?

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cockeyed box-pleated effect. It is delightfully arresting as it stands, but the addition of a blouse in a black-and-white abstract print with a sailor collar *and* tie makes it look cluttered. I'd order it with the plainest black or white blouse possible, but I haven't been an adventurous young matron for some time now.

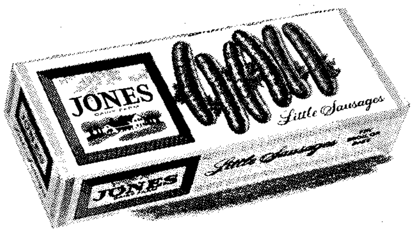
I HAVE heard rumors that our government has an unwieldy surplus of farm products, and I have a solution: Put the situation in the hands of whoever it was who got rid of that surplus of artificial white gardenias and camellias by persuading all those deadly Paris-couture and Seventh Avenue rivals to put them on hats, lapels, waistlines, everything. Or, on second thought, let's lure the wheat farmers into raising *real* gardenias and camellias. But I suppose that by the time they are in production (say, a month from now) what is known as *tout le haut monde* will prefer artificial mignonettes. —Lois Long

THIS AND THAT

Spring Fevers

THAT old cat-killer, curiosity, got me out of bed one morning and over to 75 East 55th Street, and even up to Room 906, where some of the worldly goods of a fairly recent nation are on display in an establishment very factually called Nigeria Boutique. Well, what do the women of Nigeria wear? They wear—if this boutique is to be taken at face value, and why not?—worldly goods, just like us, such as separates, only these separates are of cotton woven by hand in their own country. Some of them are button-in-back overbodices to go with shorts or slacks. The scoop-necked ones are a brilliant red, but green and yellow chickens or navy and yellow lambs have been woven into the fabric; the square-necked ones are a mingling of yellow and white through which something like streaks of white lightning (and that's the wildest kind) runs. The price is right, all right; it's $16.95. The short skirts, most of them striped irregularly and in a multiplicity of colors, are $29.95 (the Nigerians already have the hang of those figures that end in .95) and $35. There are long skirts, too, of the wraparound kind, and long (two yards) stoles, all with a background of bright blue, into which a latticework in sky blue and black has been woven, or else a background of black with burgundy, green, and yellow vertical stripes. Whole dresses are there as well, sleeveless and open-necked and casual and one-piece. A crossbar pattern in white and bright

wonderful . . .
pure pork
SAUSAGE



Choice cuts of pork—loins, shoulders, hams—seasoned with just the right touch of pure *natural* spices to bring out that wonderful flavor that everyone loves in Jones Dairy Farm Sausage.

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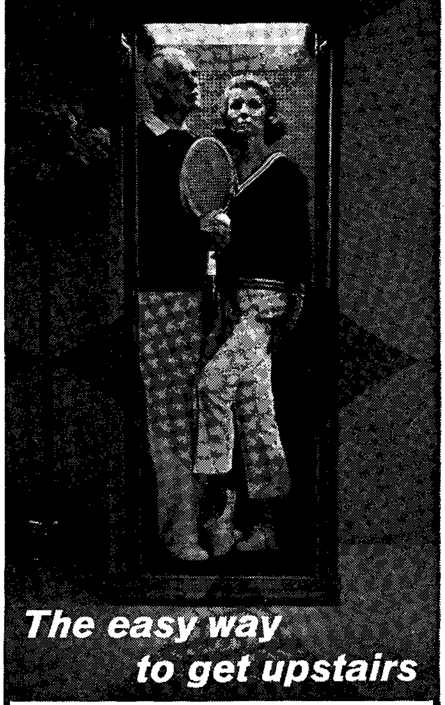

and you'll be surprised how little it costs

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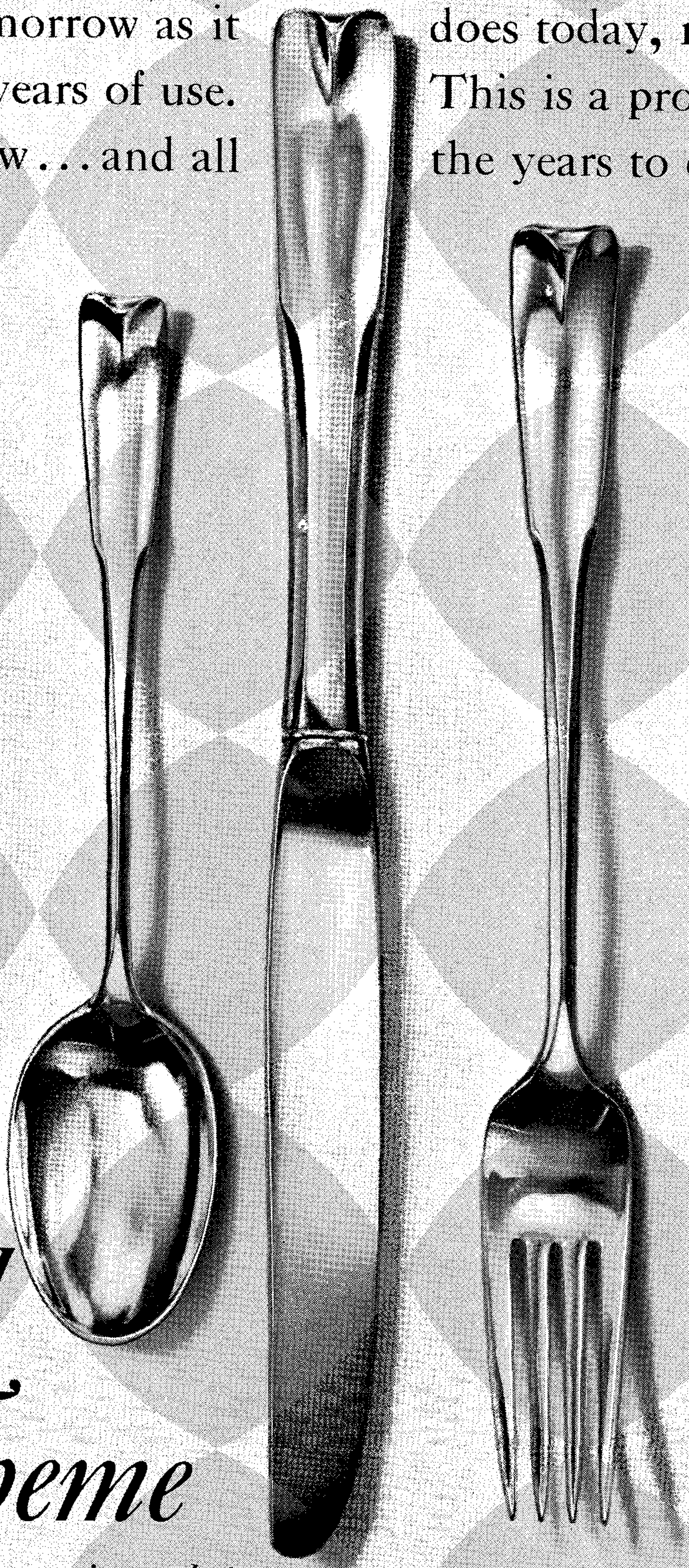
Is it modern? As gracefully so as the best of today's design. Is it traditional? As surely so as the "fiddle-back" patterns of the 1800's that inspired it. "Colonial Theme's" great triumph is that it is so beautifully, functionally both. This is silver for the way we live now. This is a pattern meant for today's homes. And, as you expect from Lunt, this is heavy solid sterling through and through... crafted to glow as proudly tomorrow as it does today, made to last through endless years of use. This is a proud heritage for here and now... and all the years to come.



Colonial Theme

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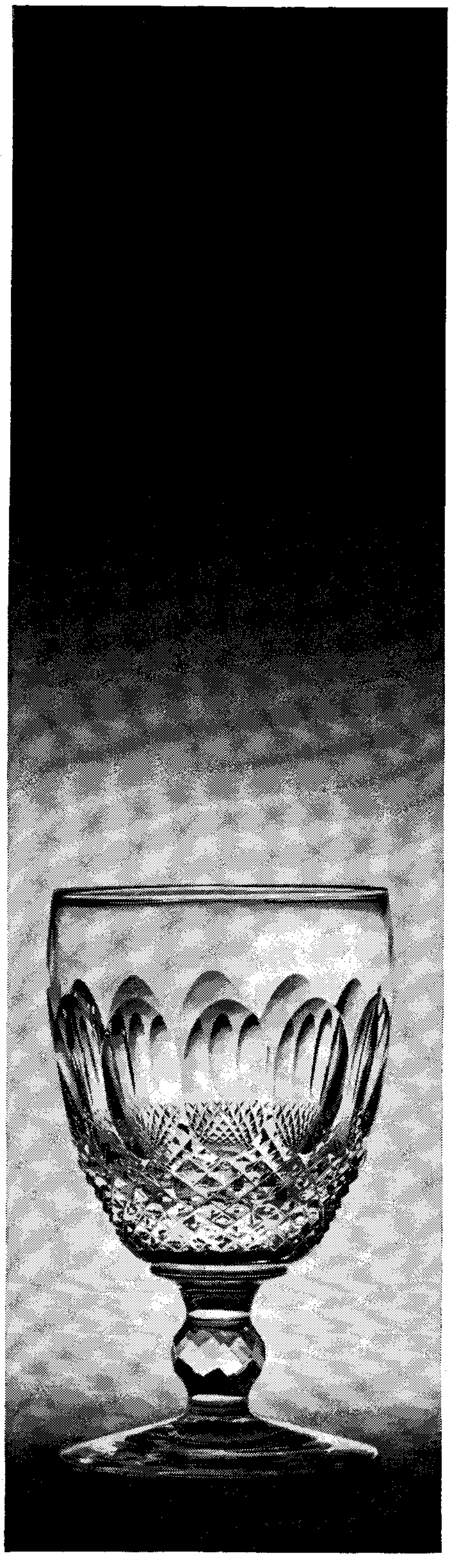

THE 7 WONDERS OF WATERFORD

(1) Wine tastes better. (2) Whiskey tastes better. (3) Even water tastes better in Waterford. (4) Every piece is hand-blown, hand-cut and handmade in Ireland just the way Waterford museum pieces were created almost 200 years ago. (5) It illuminates your table. (6) Decorates your home. (7) And starts conversations. Isn't it time you looked into the wondrous world of Waterford? (Shown here, the Colleen goblet, $8.50.) At the best stores. Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

blue with an overprint of red, yellow, green, and burgundy hourglasses, or a maize-and-white crossbar pattern overprinted with plum, red, black, and green sparrows—that's the stuff. I think you have the idea by now.

D/R International, where nearly everything comes from Finland, has opened a branch at 53 East 57th Street; the other shop is at 866 Lexington Avenue (65th). Among the beach and/or lounging pajamas are pullovers of green cotton in a Shocking-pink print, plus tapered slacks in Shocking-pink cotton. Above-the-knee tunics and slender slacks are of cotton in pea-green and lemon stripes. More Shocking-pink cotton makes broad-yoked dresses whose round, collarless necks fasten across the left shoulder with three nickel buttons, but crimson scrollwork appears on *this* fabric. Huge white rings outlined in chocolate are the theme of the black cotton that makes wide-as-tents dresses with pockets high on the right. Another eye-catcher is a cotton chemise dress that is part orange and part grass green, with brown print scallops in between. Long shirtwaist dresses with tucked bosoms and gathered skirts appear in cotton with wavering black and putty stripes. Candle Party is another long cotton dress, a one-piecer, with Sunday night in mind. It has a round, collarless neck and long cuffed sleeves. Down to the indented waist, it's in a rust-and-calico print; below that, it adds vertical black stripes. Prices of the lot start at $30 and go to $65; sizes are 6 to 14.

FROM Elio Berhanyer, of Madrid, comes Bergdorf Goodman's collection of romantic cocktail and evening clothes for slim women in sizes 6 to 14. Included in the bunch, which are in the Miss Bergdorf department, are ensembles made up of skirts and below-waist-length box jackets of black silk, with wide Chantilly-type lace at the throats, the elbows, and so on. There are no buttons. These are lined with pink rayon crêpe to correspond with their bloused overbodices. One of the simplest dresses is of black rayon crêpe with double rows of picot-edged ruffles at the round neck and on the short sleeves. Flirtatious and more elaborate are the dresses of black Chantilly-type lace whose single ruffles encircle the neck and extend over the bare shoulders. Belts of black peau de soie adorned with flat bows in front and buckles behind nip them in. Sleek-through-the-body dresses of black organza terminate in a swirl of full-blown roses at the hems. Short-

ESPRESSO COAT The continental look in red or blue striped terry. Vertical stripes for slimness—crosswise for pockets, collar, narrow back sash. Blue/white or red/white striped terry. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18). **$12.95**

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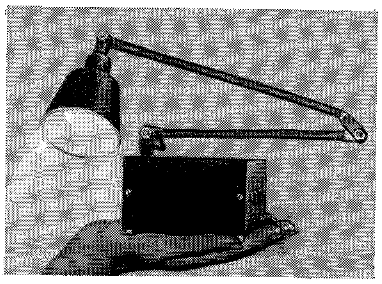


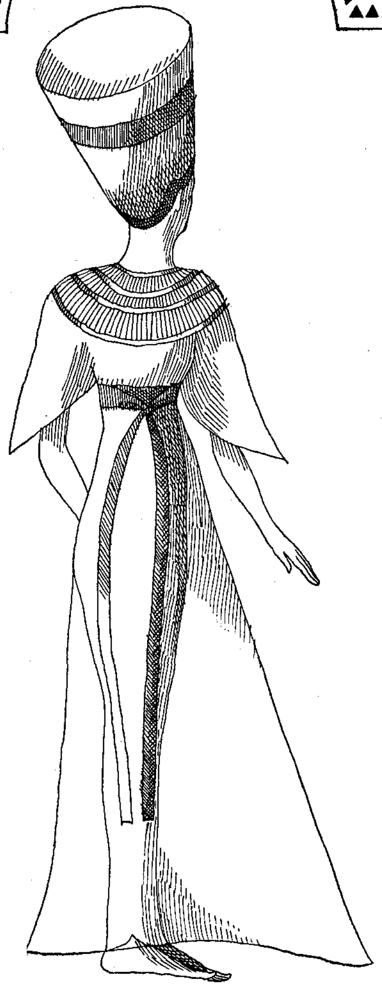
HIGH INTENSITY LAMP. Tensor-Lite turns 360°; adjusts up, down, High-Low switch. Folded, 10x2½x2½" Light beige. 17.50

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y.

sleeved boleros that are tier after tier of narrow black Valenciennes-type lace are shown over short, décolleté princesse dresses of white silk-and-rayon twill or over long Empire dresses of white or pale-blue silk. The price list reads $60 to $160.

BONWIT TELLER has gathered together on its eighth floor interesting things from Holland, England, and France. Among the exhibits are raincoat-topcoats, straight as strings, of a black acetate that sheds water as readily as the alligator skins it resembles, as well as loose, double-breasted ones of taffeta in python prints. These have convertible collars and cuffed shirtsleeves. Of heavier substance and slightly fitted are raincoats of black acetate ribbed ottoman with inverted pleats in back, below the detachable belts. Their vast patch pockets are just plain sham. For cloudless summer days, there are coats of white piqué on which black scrolls are printed. For sunup to sunup are the collarless jackets and princesse dresses of synthetic linen in a splashy blue-and-green flower print. For afternoon and farther on, the same stuff—now grass green, with enormous red and fuchsia geraniums—makes sleeveless princesse dresses with modest Vs on the chest and not so modest ovals behind. Ensembles in nubbly rayon linen involve strawberry-pink skirts and sleeveless jackets that are almost vests; the overblouses and the scarves to fill them in are beige. These cost $60, but prices can go to $170.

NOTO, a recent arrival at 204 East 51st Street, is making first-rate inexpensive ready-to-wear clothes in hand-woven fabrics from Mexico, Guatemala, Pakistan, Persia, and India. For afternoons and later, there are coats (standing collars and no closings) of black-and-white, red-and-black, or turquoise-and-black cotton brocade, lined with black rayon velvet or rayon satin; $68. Two-piece dresses with short, boxy overblouses, bateau necks, three-quarter sleeves, and straight skirts are of turquoise-and-red cotton. The prices, which are average for here, are $35 short and $45 long. Short shifts with shallow necks and brief sleeves, in Madras floral prints—yes, floral prints—burst into big flounces at the hems. Sleeveless shifts in a choice of necks appear in pink, jade, brown, or orange cotton with matching or contrasting crewel work on the skirts. Long skirts gathered below narrow waistbands arrive in magnificent yellow cotton woven down the front with an abundance of



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DELTA

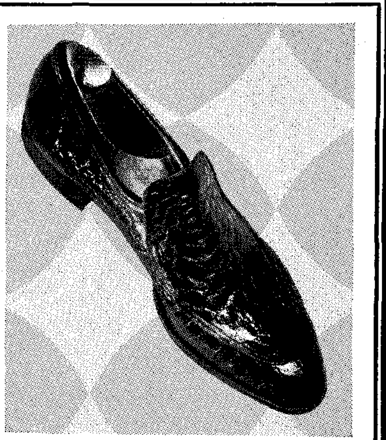
the air line with the BIG JETS

birds, berries, and jungle flowers in red, orange, plum, and green. The customer supplies the black jersey pullovers to set them off.

THE Tapemeasure, which operates two establishments, at 710 Lexington Avenue (57th) and 560 Madison Avenue (56th), is making clothes in sizes 6 to 14 and at prices running from $55 to $110. For customers who want non-standard-equipment colors or a mixture of sizes, there is an extra fee of ten per cent, and it includes one fitting. Among the array are double-breasted coat dresses in toast, pale-pink, or pale-blue linen. Jumper dresses that can pass as sleeveless coats are of yellow, pink, black, or white Italian silk. Collarless and sleeveless shifts, or else blouses with turtlenecks and long sleeves, all of Italian rayon crêpe can tag along with them; among the colors are yellow, pink, black, or white. Princesse sheaths with semifitted jackets that have stand-away collars and three-quarter kimono sleeves are of lettuce Dupioni silk, to mention just one of the tints; shifts of gold rayon crêpe end in broad bands of chartreuse and blue-green.

ALTMAN'S third-floor Millinery Salon is showing Sally Victor ready-to-wear hats of Ecuadorian Panama straw, and in no way do they resemble Papa's floppy headpieces. There are Charlie Chaplin derbies and bowlers, sedately banded in black grosgrain, for our tailored women, and for the rest of us there are inverted salad bowls faced with white piqué and deep in enormous yellow daisies and green and brown foliage, or sombreros with a wide binding (royal-blue fish and underwater greenery) along the brim. Daisies, buttercups, and bachelor's-buttons, or else mammoth poppies in orange, chartreuse, and deep pink wreathe the perforated square crowns of picture hats with slightly rippled brims. Prices range from around $13 to $45.

THE Lingerie Salon at Elizabeth Arden has discovered nightgowns that end in sort of harem trousers. The elasticized ruffled necks can be worn straight across or off the shoulders. Nylon crêpe or nylon tricot prints are involved. One is white with blue lotus blossoms, another involves vines of hazy pink-and-white posies and moss leaves. Little-girl night shifts of alternating horizontal rows of drip-dry white batiste and eyelet-embroidered ruffles are $10. For the beach are stately gowns of white terry cloth, with turquoise or green fringe on the short sleeves and at



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the hems. The zippered hip pockets offer protection for keys, mad money, and makeup. The matching yard goods that complete the deal (three feet long and two feet wide) are to serve as turbans, shawls, or even towels, in a pinch; $40. Nylon georgette, batiste, or drip-dry cotton in a pink-and-blue butterfly print goes into robes (long or short), nightgowns, slips, half slips, panties, briefs, bed jackets, or hospital gowns. —M. M.

•

PIT VIPER

A slow burn
in cold blood
is all snake
muscle does.
The nerves drone
their dull-red
test pattern
for days. Days.

The eyes, black
push buttons,
are just that.
On each side
a fixed dish
antenna
covers the
infrared.

The ribs, like
a good set
of stiff twin
calipers,
lie easy
and don't take
measure of
what's not there.

The skin's dim
computer-
control-board
arrangement
of massed lights
betrays no
least motion.
But watch out.

A strike force
is no more
than its parts,
but these parts
work. Dead-game
defense-work
specialists,
they die well.

The point is
they don't *choose*
livings: they
don't *choose* Death.
God save them,
they aren't small-
time haters
that joined up.

—GEORGE STARBUCK

The New British Mohair Topcoat

The whole world looks to London for leadership in men's clothes and London looks to Aquascutum. This coat is a magnificent expression of the best in British craftsmanship. Mohair has always defeated tailors who tried to make good looking coats of it. Now Aquascutum have triumphed with their new own-weave cloth and special tailoring. The result is airily light in weight and extraordinarily comfortable. Priced from about $110.00.

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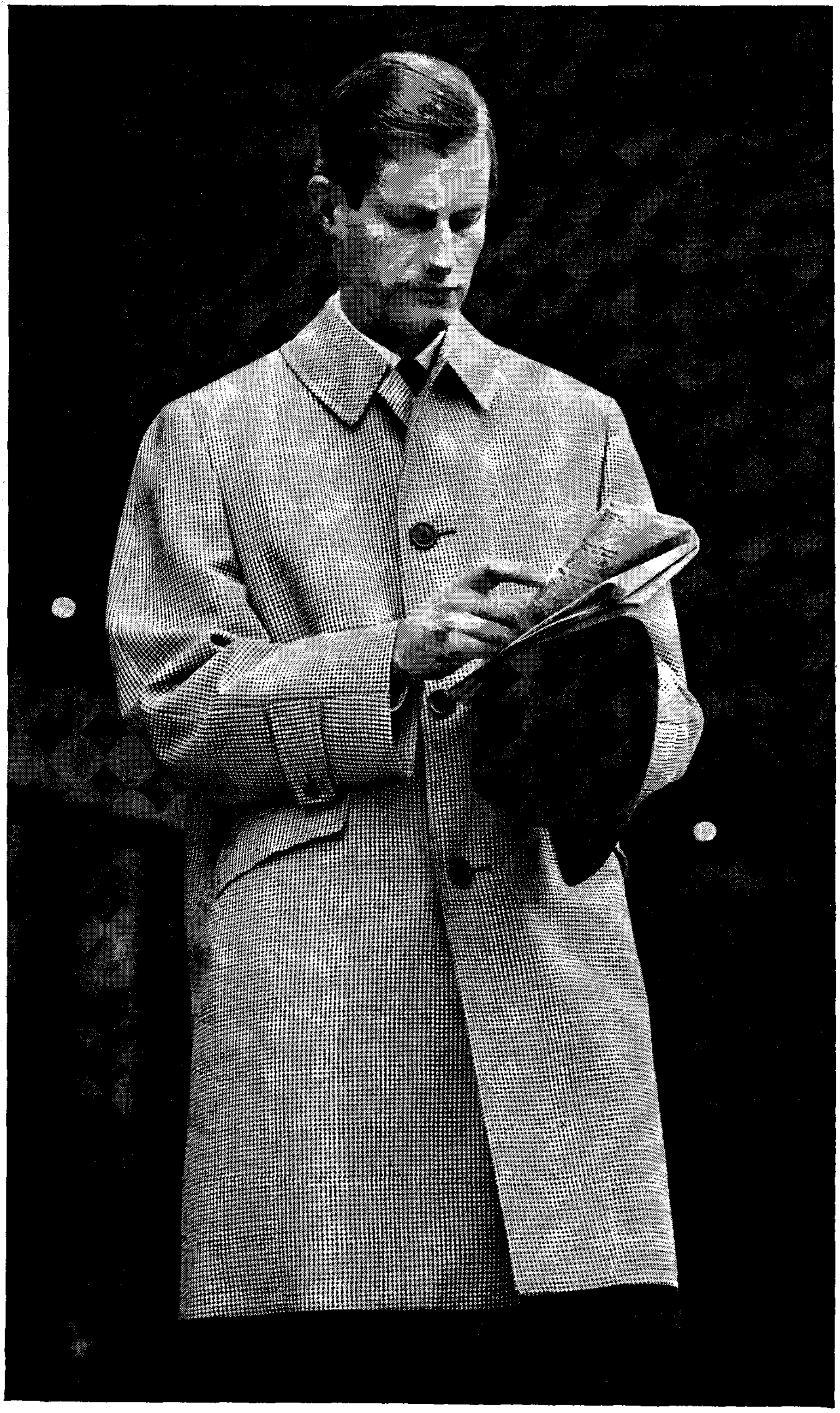

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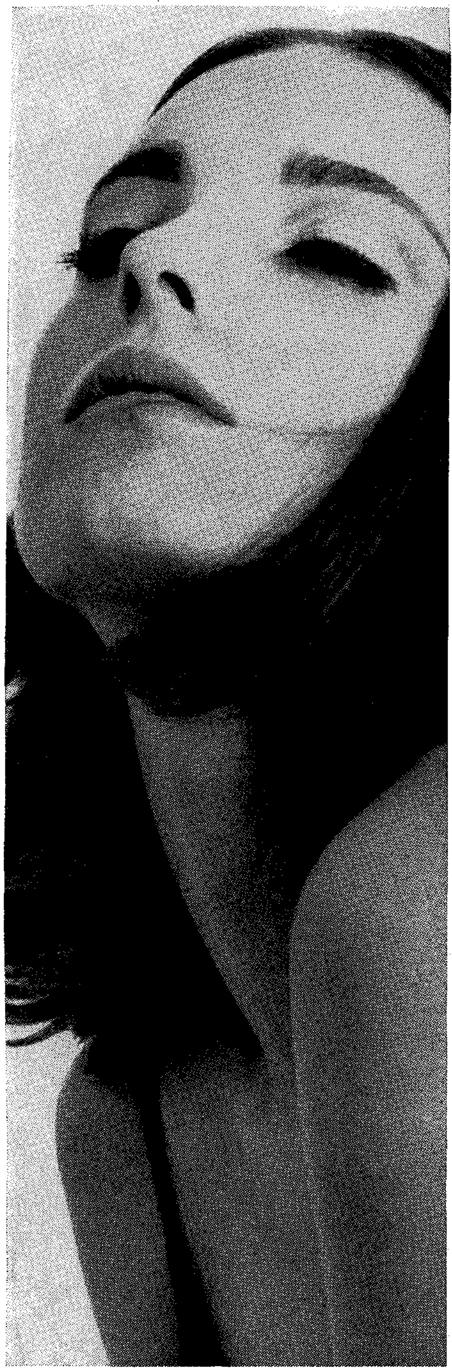

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parfum de COTY

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THE newspapers these days are full of breathless reports about the final, scrambling preparations for the opening of our World's Fair this month, and I have been waiting patiently for my first anticipatory tingle of expectation and interest. So far, however, all those press releases and feature stories about the doings at Flushing Meadow have had a curious reverse effect on me. A mental Time Capsule, long buried in the loose sand of my unconscious, has suddenly popped open, and I keep being reminded about the *last* New York World's Fair. I was a press agent employed by the celebrated 1939-40 exposition, and now, after twenty-five years, I keep getting the unsettling feeling that I am back in yesterday's World of Tomorrow.

I remember reporting for work one crisp spring morning just a few weeks before the official opening day. The fairgrounds were a muddy bedlam of hasty hammering, sawing, and riveting, and I had the impression that an ill-organized army of irregulars was preparing last-minute defenses of a city against an approaching band of Visigoths. Riggers suspended in bosun's chairs were finishing up the Trylon and Perisphere, the seven-hundred-foot spire and two-hundred-foot globe that comprised the Fair symbol. Other workmen were rushing to complete two hundred-odd exhibition structures and pavilions—a wild architectural *paella* that included the General Motors Futurama; a two-hundred-and-fifty-foot Parachute Jump, with captive parachutes; Salvador Dali's "Dream of Venus" building, which would feature some delightfully underdressed female swimmers; an electrified Farm of Tomorrow; a sample incubator hospital for premature babies; the Russian Pavilion, with its seventy-nine-foot stainless-steel statue of a Russian worker holding aloft a huge red star (he became known to Fair employees as Ivan Macy); a replica of a Shinto temple; and a factory for manufacturing Fiberglas, which made its first public appearance at the Fair, as did nylon, fluorescent lighting, rubber-base paint, and Henri Soulé, of the French Pavilion. I was picking my way gingerly through this unkempt landscape one morning when a sudden shout made me jump aside, and none too soon, either. There was a clatter of hoofs, and a troop of ten coppery-visaged horsemen swept by me; they wore blue-and-orange uniforms and were carrying lances topped with fluttering pennons. I blinked my eyes, but the horsemen were real enough, as was

the village store

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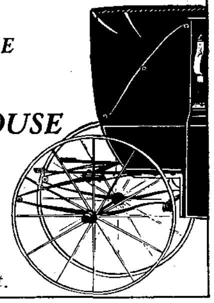

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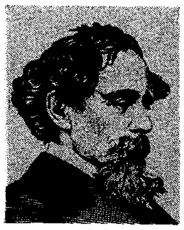

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the long black limousine following them. The limousine was carrying a single passenger, a portly, mustached gentleman wearing a blue shirt, a black homburg, and a blue carnation in his buttonhole, whom I later identified as Grover A. Whalen, the president of the Fair and the Kubla Khan who had decreed these various pleasure domes. The horsemen were a band of Pawnee Indians who had just been hired as Mr. Whalen's honor guard. Just what part Indians and horses were meant to play in the World of Tomorrow remained a mystery to me, although the Fair's publicity releases valiantly explained that they symbolized "America's link to the heritage of the past." Personally, I always believed that Mr. Whalen, who was, like all great showmen, a boy at heart, just liked having Indians and horses around. At any rate, the Indian guard became a familiar sight that spring as it escorted Mr. Whalen on his ceremonial rounds of ribbon-snipping and button-pushing, and I always got a smile when I saw them cantering down Constitution Mall, the Fair's main drag, followed by the excited exclamations and questions of children and the puzzled shrugs of parents.

My role at the Fair was a modest one, but I might have cut a much bigger swath had I been able to carry out the plans that a friend of mine and I had for a concession in the amusement area. He was one of my press colleagues, a lively chap improbably named Wambly Bald, and it was actually his idea. He had been hearing about the fantastic sums that Billy Rose's Aquacade had been earning in the first weeks of the Fair (Mr. Rose wound up with two million dollars in his pocket, which made him one of the few winners in our midst), and he approached me with the intention of getting us on the gravy train. Wambly's proposal was to put up a "Screamatorium," a soundproof brick building where people, upon paying a small admission charge, could sit around and scream.

"I'm telling you, Zachary, this idea is a gold mine," Wambly told me. "Think of all the millions of visitors here—hot, tired, waiting in line for hours to see the Futurama, and all. Hell, they're developing all *kinds* of anti-social pressures and frustrations! They need a quick release, a sudden pick-me-up, so that they can really enjoy themselves. Our Screamatorium would be the ideal place for them. It's psychologically sound, and, besides, it won't cost much to operate."

I agreed with Wambly that he really had something, and I made the sug-

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gestion that inasmuch as we were novices in the entertainment business, it might be to our advantage to associate ourselves with a good front man.

Wambly beamed. "Think no more of it, my boy. I have already written to Sig."

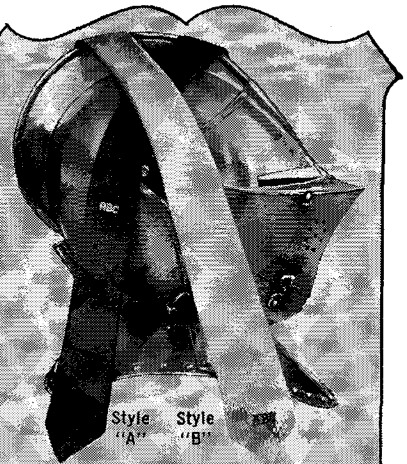
I was puzzled. "Sig? Who's he?"

"Why, Sigmund Freud, of course," Wambly replied. "The father of psychoanalysis. I promised him a cut of the take for the use of his name. Think of it—'Sigmund Freud's Screamatorium'!"

I shrugged philosophically. If Dali was willing to make a fast buck, why not Freud?

Wambly and I sat down at once and drew up our plans for the Screamatorium. As a refinement, we decided to install decibel meters that would single out a few truly manic screamers and entitle them to free screaming. In due course, we made our presentation to the Fair's Board of Design, a magisterial body that had to pass on the ethics and aesthetics of all exhibits and concessions. We got our answer a couple of days later. It was a polite but firm turndown, on the ground that the Screamatorium was "not consistent with the forward-looking theme of the Fair, which is to celebrate the interdependence of man in the World of Tomorrow." Evidently they weren't the only ones to disapprove of our vision, for we never did hear from Sig.

THE Fair, though, must have recognized my latent ability as a showman, because in its second year I was assigned to help publicize "American Jubilee," a musical extravaganza that Arthur Schwartz, the composer, and Oscar Hammerstein II, the librettist, had been commissioned to write and produce. My first task in this post was to come up with a new name for this show; the Fair's executives felt that "American Jubilee" lacked come-on. One day, while the show was in rehearsal, I met with the Messrs. Schwartz and Hammerstein to discuss the problem. Mr. Schwartz, a handsome, debonair fellow with a triple-A A.S.C.A.P. rating, was nattily turned out in a beautiful double-breasted blue suit and handmade shoes. Mr. Hammerstein arrived in a pair of old dungarees and carpet slippers, wearing the dogged look of a man whose last nine offerings on Broadway had flopped—as in fact they had. After wrestling with titles most of the afternoon, we decided that "Yankee Jubilee" had the patriotic echoes needed to lure long queues of money-bearing



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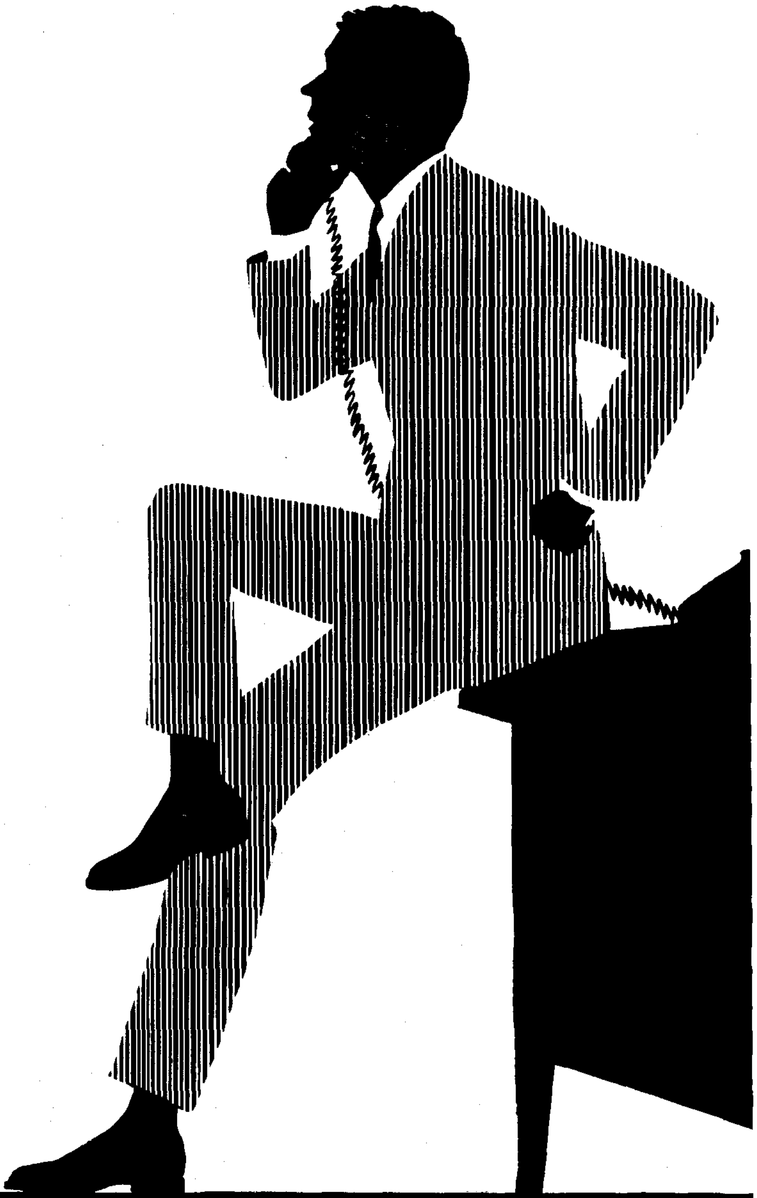

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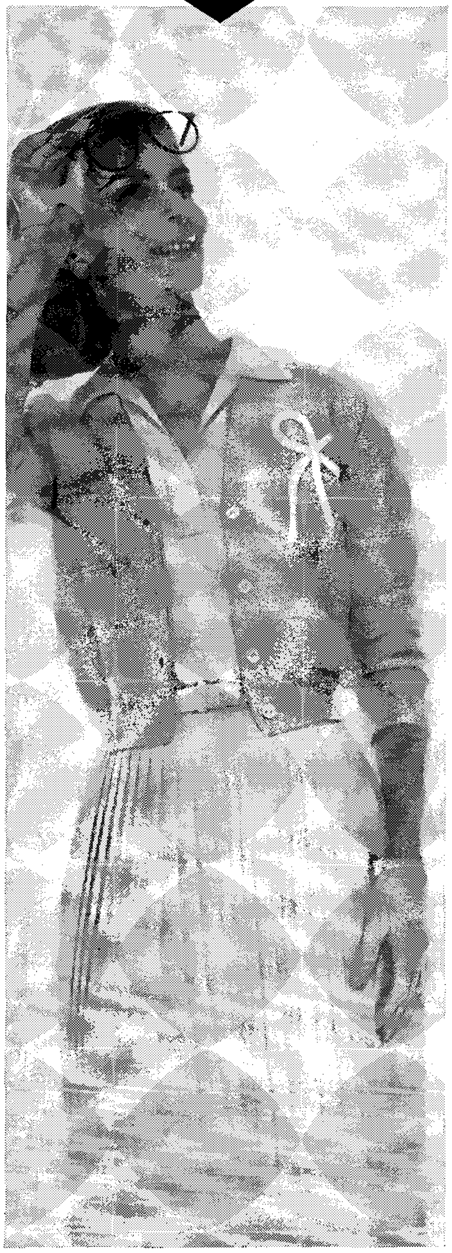

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tourists. I reported back proudly to my immediate superior, an irascible and profane Irishman named Casey, who glared at me with naked scorn when I told him the show's new title.

"You geniuses are going to wreck this show before it's even opened!" he shouted. "Don't you know there are a hell of a lot of people from the South visiting the Fair? Do you think any self-respecting bastard from below the Mason-Dixon Line is going to plunk down his hard-earned dough to see a show that sounds like it was glorifying General Grant or some other damn Yankee? The hell with it—we'll use the old title."

As things turned out, very few Americans, from either the North or the South, came to see the show, and my first venture in the world of the theatre turned out to be Oscar Hammerstein's tenth consecutive turkey. (Happily for Mr. Hammerstein, his eleventh effort was "Oklahoma!")

The Fair never did make a go of it financially, despite a colossal attendance—some forty-five million visitors paid to see it. In theatrical parlance, the nut was just too big. In fact, it was later discovered that an attendance of ninety million would have been needed to make the Fair break even. At the final reckoning, World's Fair bondholders got back only thirty-two cents on the dollar, and I thought that that was a good deal more than they had a right to expect. It was apparent on the very first day, back in that long-ago April of 1939, that the Fair was going to run into heavy financial weather. It had been arranged that the Fair's attendance figures would be tabulated and proudly displayed every hour on a forty-foot cash register, which stood in the middle of the grounds and served as part of the exhibit of the National Cash Register Company. Officials confidently expected a million visitors on the Fair's opening day, but by nightfall the two-and-a-half foot numerals on the cash register showed fewer than two hundred thousand.

"I think they better ring up the 'No Sale' sign" was my friend Wambly's remark.

The consternation that set in at once among the Fair's management was almost palpable, and from that moment on the executives were under constant pressure from bondholders anxious to save their investment. As the summer wore on, the Fair had to tighten its belt, and hundreds of employees were fired. Among the first to go were Mr. Whalen's Pawnees. I was not present

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when they got their dismissal notices, but a friend of mine who was there told me that they emerged from the Administration Building with their faces as impassive as ever, leaped onto the backs of their horses, and then turned their lances upside down and trotted back to the Fair's stables for the last time, dragging their pennons behind them in the dust, like warriors defeated in battle.

I managed to stay on the Fair's payroll until the official closing, in the fall of 1940, when I joined a mail-order company that sold salami to Jewish boys who had been drafted into the Army. I made a bundle. —FRANK ZACHARY

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*From an article by Everett Mattlin in New York, the Sunday Herald Tribune Magazine, February 9, 1964*]

Dr. Riss, a former lecturer at Brooklyn College, currently on the consulting staff of Fordham Hospital and a contributor to leading sociological and psychological journals, gained his experience in matrimonial malaise during his early years as a marriage counselor. He began to wonder if there might not be a more logical, scientific way to bring couples together.

He became aware of parallel speculations in the writings of other sociologists. Professor Joseph Kirk Folsom, now retired from the Vassar faculty, had concluded in a 1955 book that the many social, religious and political organizations that attract people with mutual interests should "be supplemented by agencies which will bring together people of similar individual interests or complementary personality needs, cutting across these other social classifications." At about the same time, Professor Harold T. Christensen, of Purdue, was writing: "In assuming that proper mate selection can be left to destiny, people end up by simply leaving it to chance. Successful selection is more apt to come from intelligent choosing than from romantic searching . . . There does seem to be real need in our culture for legitimate introduction and matching services." Dr. Riss was also heartened by the efforts of Karl Miles Wallace, a university professor and marriage counselor in Southern California . . .

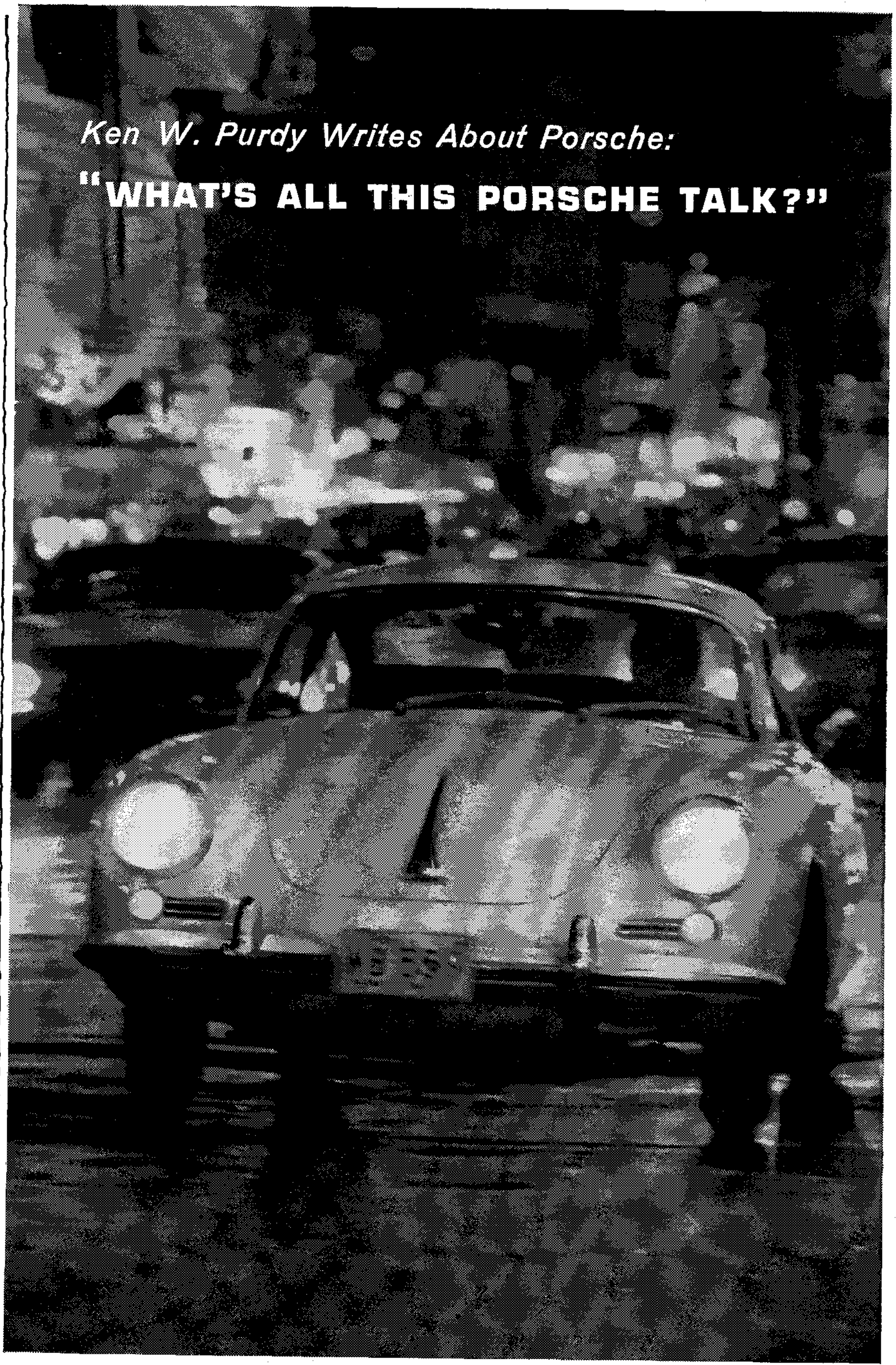
[*From an article by Ted Materna in Pictorial Living, the Journal-American's Weekly Magazine, February 16, 1964*]

With his wife, a psychiatric social worker, and several colleagues, Dr. Riss founded the Scientific Marriage Institute seven years ago. The idea was born of their contacts with the realities of the nation's growing divorce rate which, they reasoned, might be reversed if a more logical, scientific method could be developed to bring couples together.

They became aware of parallel speculations in the writings of other sociologists. Professor Joseph Kirk Folsom, now retired from the Vassar faculty, had concluded in a 1955 book that the many social, religious and political organizations that attract people with mutual interests should "be supplemented by agencies which will bring together people of similar individual interests or complementary personality needs, cutting across these other social classifications."

At about the same time Dr. Riss was pondering a solution along such lines, Professor Harold T. Christensen of Purdue, was writing: "In assuming that proper mate selection can be left to destiny, people often end up simply leaving it to chance. Successful selection is more apt to come from intelligent choosing than from romantic searching . . . There does seem to be real need in our culture for legitimate introduction and matching services."

Dr. Riss was also encouraged by the efforts of Dr. Karl Miles Wallace, a university professor and marriage counselor in Southern California . . .



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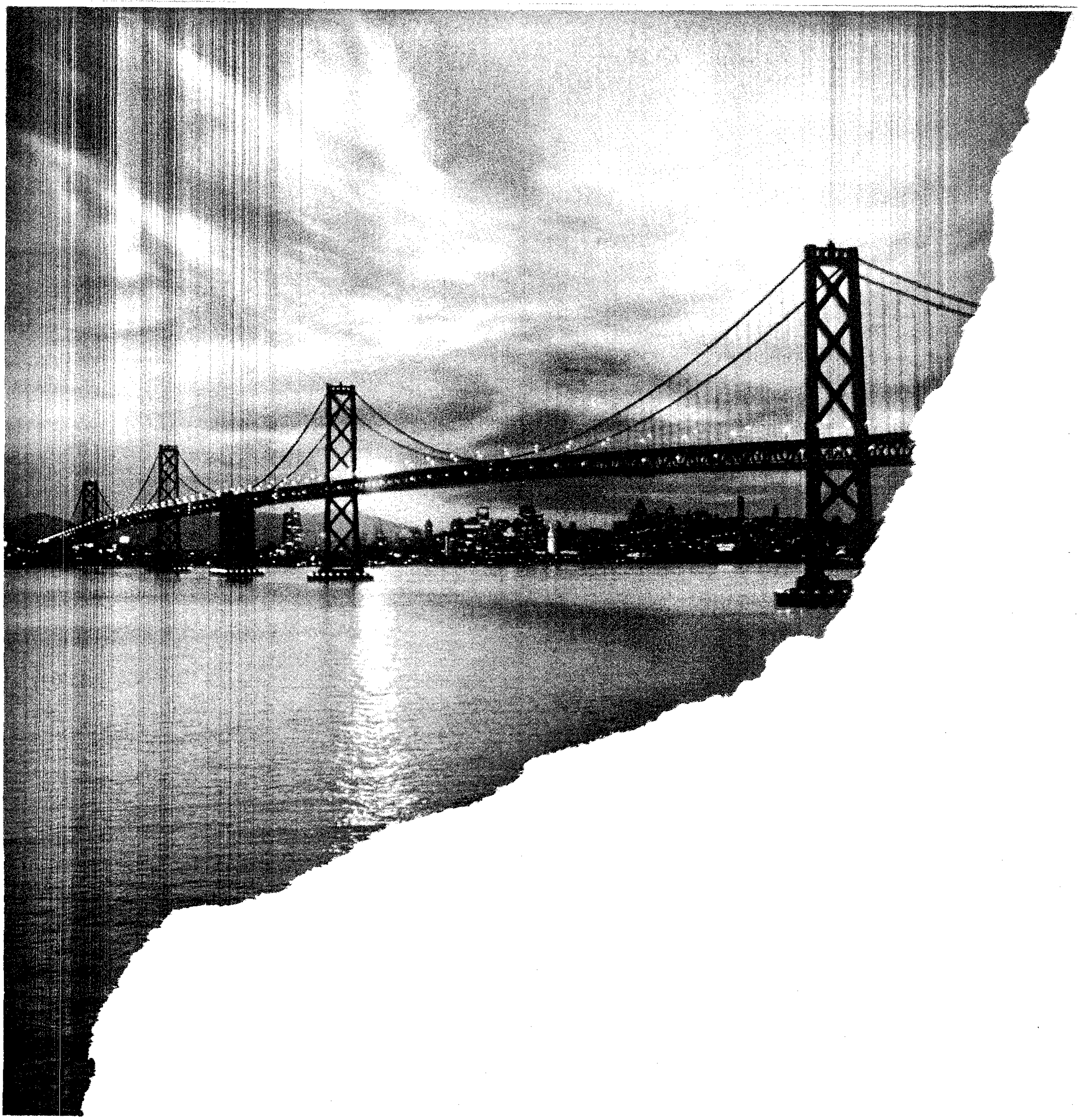

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Seeing San Francisco by the clock can be frustrating. For instance, will you lunch on freshly-caught cracked crab at famed Fisherman's Wharf? Or will you travel out to the edge of town to a surfside restaurant specializing in Abalone Meuniere and a view of the Pacific? At night, which will you have—an evening at the Symphony? Dinner and dancing on Nob Hill? Or a tour of North Beach night spots, where Italian waiters sing operatic arias and the sidewalk cafes remind you of Paris. In the daytime, choose your stroll: through Chinatown (the world's largest Oriental city outside Asia), across the Golden Gate Bridge high above the sailboats, or over to Mission Dolores where the original adobe walls still stand.

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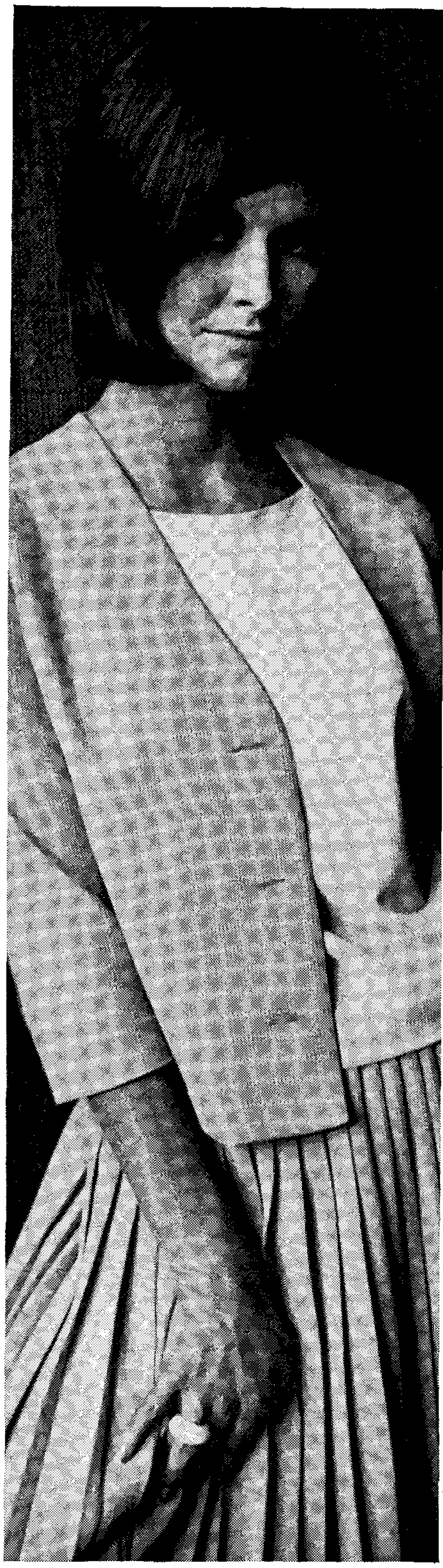
THE SPORTING SCENE

DEUX VILLES DE HOCKEY

DURING the past few years, when many professional sports, most notably football and golf, have been expanding in all kinds of glamorous ways, the National Hockey League, which is hockey's only big league, has not been exactly the picture of galloping prosperity, or so one would think at a casual glance. For one thing, since 1942 the N.H.L. has consisted of a mere six teams, and while it has long wanted to add at least two more, it has been stymied by the continuing paucity of first-class hockey players. For another thing, while most of the major sports have been gaining increased television coverage—and that is *the* prestige index today, no question about it—N.H.L. games, which in Canada are far and away the most popular television fare, have been all but invisible in this country since they suffered the indignity of being dropped as a weekly Saturday-afternoon network feature back in 1960. When you consider that hockey action at its best is about as thrilling as anything in the entire realm of sports, it is really to be deplored that arrangements are not made to bring American audiences at least some of the games of the Stanley Cup playoffs, the N.H.L.'s World Series. The first rounds of this year's playoffs are now on, and I find myself resenting more keenly than ever the persistent glorification on weekend TV of such pseudo sports as parachute jumping and stock-car racing.

Despite this loss of face and the failure to add new teams, the N.H.L., I was happy to learn, through some recent investigations, is basically enjoying remarkably good health. Last year, the combined attendance at league games during the regular season—in the course of which each team plays thirty-five home games—exceeded ninety per cent of total capacity. This year, attendance climbed to more than ninety-five per cent of capacity—a figure that I would guess is unmatched in any league in any sport. While the four American N.H.L. cities—New York, Boston, Chicago, and Detroit—are very good hockey towns, the league's bulwarks, as might be expected, are the homes of its two Canadian members, the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Montreal Canadiens. Since 1946, just about every game at either the Maple Leaf Gardens, in Toronto (seating capacity, 13,722), or the Montreal Forum (seating capacity, 13,925) has been completely sold out. In both cities, season tickets are so prized that names on the waiting lists run into the thousands, and it is not uncommon for aging fans to make arrangements whereby their tickets, which are annually renewable, revert on their death to particularly cherished friends or relatives. As might be expected, Toronto, which is the heart of British Protestant Canada, and Montreal, which is the soul of French Catholic Canada, both lay claim to being the world's greatest hockey city—one aspect of a classic feud that reached some sort of high point a few years back when a Montreal paper announced a contest in which first prize was a week in Toronto and second prize two weeks in Toronto.

Over the decades, few rivalries in sport have been as feverishly and as evenly sustained as the one between the Canadiens and the Maple Leafs. While the Canadiens have won quite a few more league championships since 1927, when the Leafs, the younger club, came into existence, they have taken only one more Stanley Cup than the Leafs' nine. I don't think there would be any question, though, that the Canadiens have consistently been the more colorful team. In truth, it is difficult to think of any team in any sport—be it the New York Yankees or the old New York Giants or the Brooklyn Dodgers in baseball, the Green Bay Packers or the Chicago Bears in football, or the Original Celtics or the Harlem Globetrotters in basketball—that has managed to establish a more vivid or a more enduringly attractive public personality. Organized in 1909, eight years before the N.H.L. came into existence, the Canadiens have always been the personification of Gallic flamboyance, of the French love of style and speed. The team's first captain and manager, Jean Baptiste (Jack) Laviolette, was an example of perfect typecasting. A beautifully swift skater, Laviolette had a mane of theatrically long black hair, which streamed behind him when he came swooping down the ice to set up shots on goal for Edouard (Newsy) Lalonde and Didier (Pit) Pitre. While the other charter members of the N.H.L. were having trouble just keeping afloat, the Flying Frenchmen, as the Canadiens came to be called, flourished, for they were not only an exciting team but a winning one, and their conquests made them the pride of the hero-hungry French-Canadian minority. One year, the team's management went to the trouble of trying to pass off one Claude Hennessey Burke, an Irishman from the Maritime Provinces, as Claude Bourque, but shenanigans like this were seldom necessary, for there was a steady supply of talented players of French descent—Aurel Joliat, Pete Lepine, Albert Leduc, Billy Boucher, Wildor Larochelle, Johnny Gagnon, Armand Mondou, and Sylvio Mantha, to roll off just a few of the fine mouth-filling names from the team's early rosters. Ironically, though, the Canadiens' greatest early hero was not a French-Canadian but a stocky young center of German-Swiss stock, from Mitchell, Ontario, named Howie Morenz. I remember very clearly from my youth a cartoon of this unforgettable player, which originally appeared in a Montreal paper, with the caption "*Morenz est synonyme de la vitesse.*" It was no exaggeration. He was by far the league's fastest skater in his day—and his day lasted from 1923 to 1937. His competitive fire and aesthetic appeal were both enormous. It was almost impossible to remain seated and quiet when he took the puck, circled behind his own goal to get up speed, and started one of his rushes down the ice, outskating the forecheckers and then knifing between the two defense men or sweeping around them with a terrific burst of speed to come roaring in on the goal tender. More than any other player, it was Morenz who sold pro hockey to the Ameri-



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can public. In 1937, when he was in a Montreal hospital recovering from a broken leg he had suffered in a hockey collision, some strange complications set in and a fatal heart attack followed, and suddenly he was gone, at thirty-four. So deep was the affection for Morenz among Montrealers that the funeral service was held at the Forum, where his casket lay in state at center ice for two full days, so that all of his fans could pay their respects. Only one other Canadien player has gained such an exalted position, and he, of course, is Maurice (The Rocket) Richard, a native Montrealer and an extremely high-strung, altogether dedicated man who lived to score goals and who scored six hundred and twenty-six of them between 1942 and 1960, when he retired. Whenever Richard stepped onto the ice at the Forum, the whole arena roared like one huge lion, and when he scored—bedlam! Life in Montreal has been somewhat less frenetic these last few winters, but there has been an unmistakable extra tingle in the air whenever the hero of the evening has been Henri (The Pocket Rocket) Richard, Maurice's younger brother, or Bernard (Boom Boom) Geoffrion, Morenz' son-in-law.

THE Maple Leafs—in pronouncing the name, Torontonians slide over the "Maple" and accent the "Leafs," ignoring the orthographic eccentricity—provide a dramatic contrast. Where the Canadiens have traditionally played fire-engine offensive hockey, the Leafs have been a defense-minded team, which has emphasized close, rugged checking and has been particularly adept at protecting a lead by preventing its opponents from mounting anything resembling a smooth, organized attack. These Kitty-bar-the-door tactics, as they are called, make for rather dull hockey, but they win a lot of games, and they have made the Leafs especially formidable in the Stanley Cup playoffs, in which a bruising team can often wear down one that emphasizes speed and finesse. Sometimes in contrast with the Leaf players, the Leaf fans have always been known for their fine manners. They are extremely British about the whole business, as Torontonians like to be about certain things, and regard the games as both athletic and social events. They are by far the best turned-out of all hockey crowds; the man who wears a Chesterfield and the lady who wears a mink are not overdressed. They know their hockey very well, and, deep down, they care enormously about their team's fortunes, but during the progress of a game there are no shrieks, no yells, no

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whistles. This is strictly a handclapping crowd, and when the Leafs do something sensational, why, everyone simply claps a little louder, and a few more people than usual stand up while they clap.

The tough, conservative brand of hockey that the Leafs play, the studiously correct, Ascot-like deportment of their fans, and, indeed, almost everything else about Toronto hockey reflect the personality of one man, Conn Smythe, who has probably been the dominant figure in the N.H.L. over the last three decades. A self-made man, Smythe studied engineering at the University of Toronto, served with distinction as an officer with the Canadian forces in the First World War, and entered professional hockey in 1926, when, at thirty-one, he was hired to form and manage a new team, the Rangers, to represent New York in the N.H.L. Smythe, a stocky, jut-jawed, disputatious, driving sort of fellow, had been around hockey all his life, as a player and a coach with amateur teams (one of which had taken the hockey championship in the 1924 Olympics), but at the last moment the directors of the Rangers decided they would be better off if they replaced Smythe with an experienced professional coach, the famous Lester Patrick. Smythe went home to Toronto still aching to get into the N.H.L. He did not have to wait long. A few weeks later, the league's Toronto franchise, which had always been a wobbly one because amateur hockey had been the local mania, became available, and Smythe formed a syndicate and bought it, for a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. He gave the Toronto team, which had originally been called the Arenas and later the St. Patricks, the more appealing name of the Maple Leafs, and installed himself in the fall of 1927 as general manager. All the old professional hands around the league predicted that the ambitious young man would fall flat on his face. They were quite wrong. To start with, he out-traded them, strengthening both his team and his treasury. Then he got the Leafs into superlative physical condition by instituting pre-season training. Up to that time, the pro squads had customarily reported a day or two before the first game, in mid-November, and it was Christmastime before they had played themselves into top shape. Smythe assembled the Leafs in Toronto two weeks before the start of the season, set up a training table for them at a local hotel, engaged a Canadian Army calisthenics instructor to put them through a rigorous drill each morning, and required

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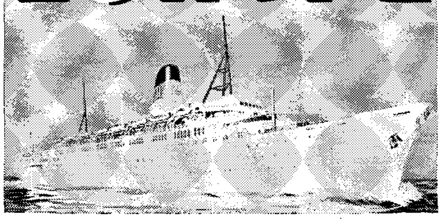

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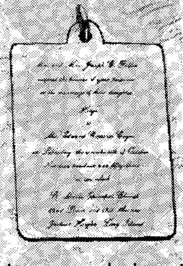

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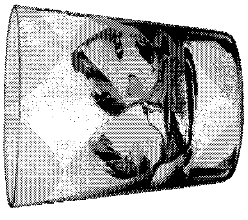

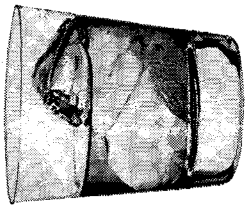

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them to play golf or volleyball or to go hiking in the afternoon. The team got off winging, and, for the first time, the city began to take an interest in professional hockey. By the beginning of the 1929-30 season, the Leafs had established a considerable following, and Smythe was determined that, depression or no depression, a new and larger arena should be built for them—one that would outshine the Montreal Forum, which had gone up in 1924. He refused to listen to numerous warnings that his timing was wrong, and at length he managed to obtain pledges for what he thought would be the necessary capital. In pushing through this improbable project, Smythe received a great deal of help from his administrative assistant, a rather remarkable young man of about his own age, named Frank J. Selke, from Kitchener, Ontario. Selke had been managing amateur hockey teams ever since he had decided, at thirteen, that he would never be either big enough or skillful enough to make a career as a player. Until he went to work for Smythe, though, hockey had remained merely an avocation for Selke, and he had made his living as an electrician on the maintenance staff at the University of Toronto. He also held the post of honorary business manager of his local union, and, as things turned out, it was a happy chance that he did, for at a critical point, when Smythe's prospective backers were on the verge of withdrawing their support, Selke had an inspiration, called together the business agents of the building-trades unions, and persuaded them that their members who worked on the Maple Leaf Gardens should accept twenty per cent of their wages in Gardens stock. This so impressed one set of wavering backers, the directors of a large Toronto bank, that they immediately voted to purchase twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of the stock. Other investors soon followed suit, and adequate backing was assured. Work on the Gardens was begun in June, 1931, and was completed in five months. The Gardens, it is pleasant to report, have proved to be a bonanza. Last year, someone figured out that if a workman had taken five hundred shares of stock, worth a dollar a share back in 1931, and let the dividends ride over the years, he would now have an investment worth almost a hundred thousand dollars.

Conn Smythe won his first Stanley Cup in 1932, at the end of the Leafs' first season in their new home, appropriately. His two major moves in building a winning team had been to bring up

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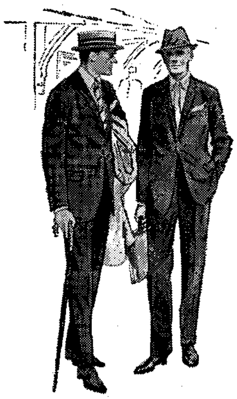

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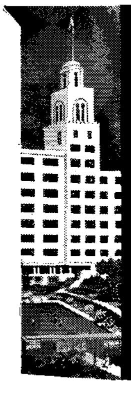

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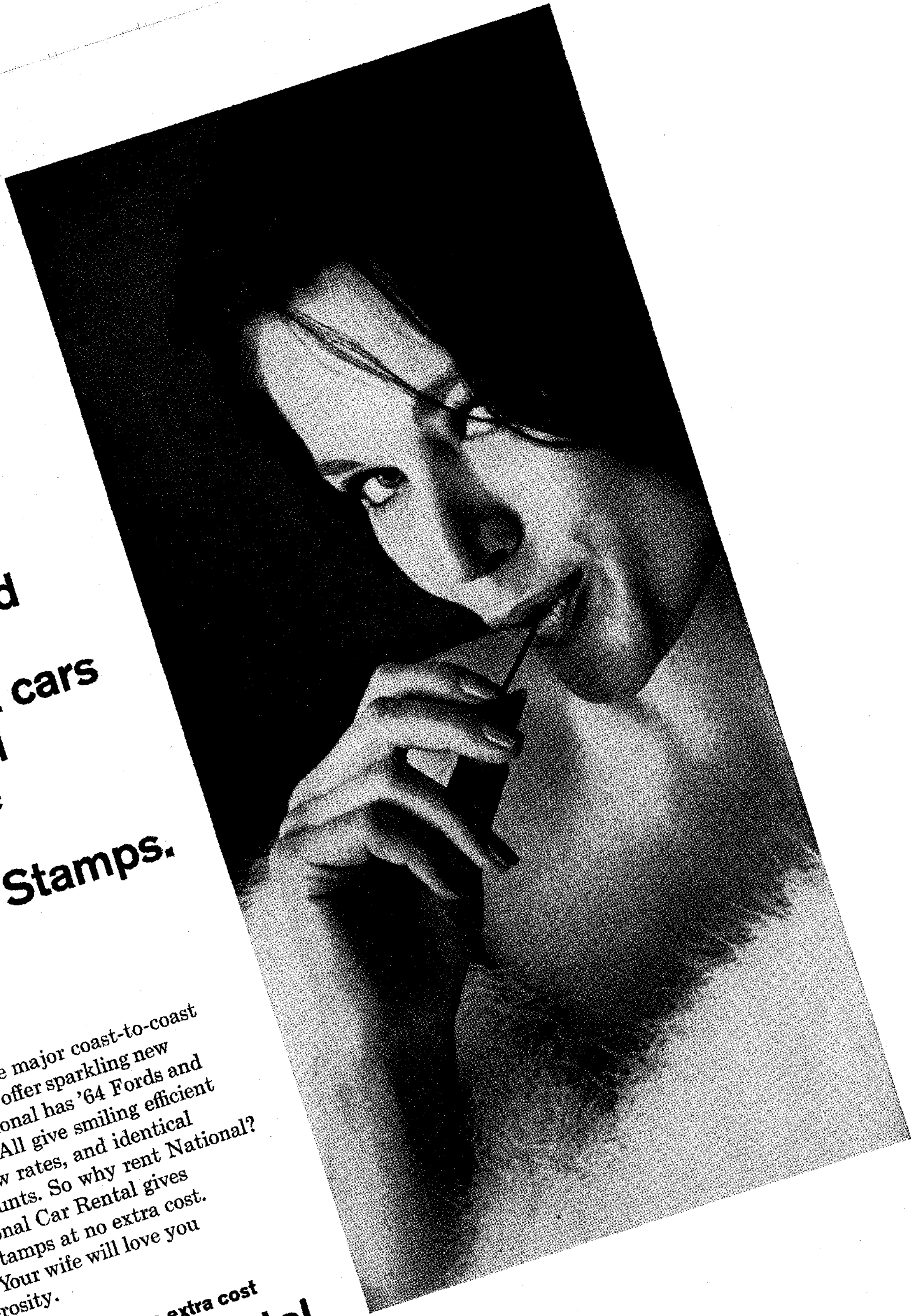

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from the Marlboro Juniors farm club a trio of youthful players who became famous as the Kid Line—Charlie Conacher, Joe Primeau, and Harvey Jackson—and to purchase the combative star defense man Frank (King) Clancy from the dying Ottawa Senators. In the years that followed, Smythe continued to run the Leafs while building up a profitable gravel business and a racing stable on the side. There were moments when it looked as though he also thought he was running the N.H.L. Quite typically, upon the outbreak of the Second World War, this extremely complicated man won everyone's admiration by insisting that he be accepted for active service with his old Army outfit (he was wounded near Caen during the invasion of France), and then angered everyone on his return from the war by quarrelling with Selke, who had managed the Gardens during his absence and done an excellent job. The upshot of this was that Selke took over the general managership of the Canadiens in the summer of 1946. For several years, Selke and Smythe battled each other hard on nearly every issue, but then Selke made overtures that healed the breach with his old friend. Selke is still at the helm in Montreal, but Smythe stepped down in Toronto in the autumn of 1961—just three decades after the completion of his arena—by selling the controlling interest in the Gardens to a syndicate headed by his elder son, Stafford. (Smythe's other son, Dr. Hugh Smythe, an outdoorsman and dedicated hockey fan, serves as one of the Leafs' two team physicians.) Since that time, he has spent the hockey season in West Palm Beach, and although he is still a member of the Leafs' board of directors, he has left the new administration almost completely to its own devices. Apart from the long line of fine teams he built, Smythe's great contribution, I believe, was his insistence on keeping every phase of pro hockey on the highest possible level. It was fitting as well as amusing that one of his last acts as general manager should have been to send a letter to the Leafs' plushest patrons calling their attention to the fact that there had been "a letdown lately in the dress and general deportment of a number of people occupying the box seats" and continuing diplomatically, "These, naturally, are not the regular seat-holders but we are asking our subscribers to exercise care when they release their tickets to someone else."

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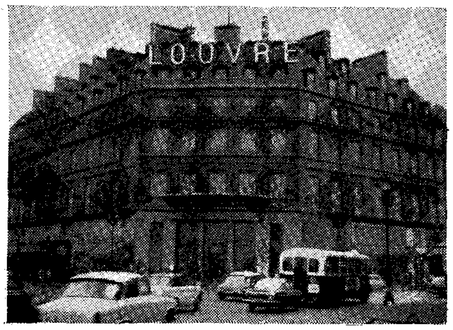

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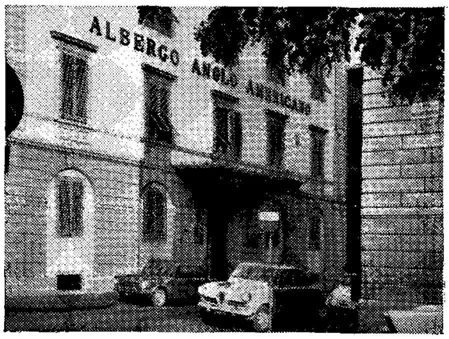

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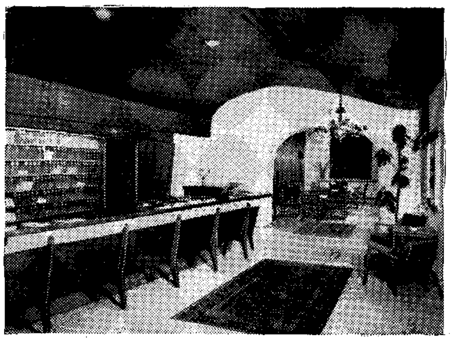

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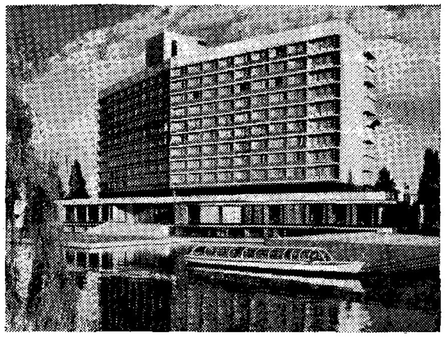

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al and the Chicago Black Hawks vs. the Leafs in Toronto—for I felt that I needed to become somewhat more *au courant* with the hockey situation in the game's two capitals. For one thing, nine full years had elapsed since I had last attended a game in the Forum, and, for another, I had never seen a Maple Leaf Gardens game except on TV, and it struck me that it was high time to remedy that deficiency. When I made the trip, the 1963-64 pennant race had resolved itself into a battle between the Canadiens and the Hawks, with the Leafs in third place, well off the pace. This pattern of events was surprising in two respects. No one had expected that the Canadiens would be serious contenders this season, for after a disappointing showing last year they had traded off a number of their established stars and brought up quite a few youngsters from their farm clubs, and it generally takes at least a full season for a team to emerge from the throes of such a rebuilding program. As for the Leafs, great things had been expected of them. Last year, they had won the league championship and then their second consecutive Stanley Cup, and everyone had looked for them to be no less authoritative this year. In late December, however, they fell into a decided slump, and in mid-February they were still in it, having won only two of their previous fourteen games. Things had come to such a desperate pass, in fact, that on the eve of the game I saw them play in Montreal, all the more conventional nostrums having failed, George (Punch) Imlach, their coach, distributed a copy of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's "The Power of Positive Thinking" to every member of the team. Six of the current Leafs are college men, and a seventh, Leonard (Red) Kelly, is a member of the House of Commons in Ottawa, but, even so, Imlach's earnest resort to such literary measures was certainly a testimonial to the high standards of both the players and the fans in Toronto. As things turned out, the Leafs were clearly outplayed by the Canadiens that evening and were beaten, 4—0, but in his post-game synopsis Imlach blamed the defeat on the Leafs' lethargy and entirely exonerated Dr. Peale. "I doubt very much if more than one or two of my players bothered to read more than a couple of chapters," he told me.

To be honest, I had very few positive thoughts one way or the other about the Leafs' performance that evening. From the moment I turned off St. Catherine Street into the Forum, all my interest was focussed on the Canadiens and their milieu. I should think this must be true

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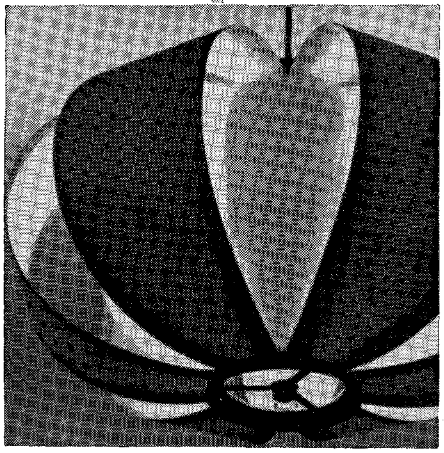

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of all American visitors, because of the intense Frenchness of the Montreal atmosphere; you realize that you *are* in a foreign country. In the center of the Forum's main lobby, you are greeted by two signs that are identical in every respect except that one says "*Hockey—Ligue Nationale. Le jeu le plus rapide et le plus excitant au monde*" and the other says "National Hockey League. The World's Fastest and Most Exciting Game." This equality of representation for the two languages is scrupulously carried out everywhere. *L'Annuaire du Canadien*, or the *Canadiens' Yearbook*, contains almost perfectly balancing entries in French and English. All announcements over the public-address system are made in both French and English—and usually first in French. "*Mesdames et messieurs, l'hymne national*," the bilingual announcer declares just before the opening face-off. "Ladies and gentlemen, our national anthem." An organist plays "O Canada," followed by "God Save the Queen." (Canada has no official national anthem, and it is up to each organization to determine how Canadian or how British it chooses to be.) Not only are all announcements during the game made in both languages but the official announcer at the Forum takes pains to give an English name the correct English pronunciation when he is rattling away in French, and the other way around. It is always "Charlie" and not "Sharl" Hodge. It is always "Bairnarr" and not "Bernard" Geoffrion. The two play-by-play broadcasters for radio and TV—René Lecavalier, who handles the French, and Danny Gallivan, who handles the English—are impressively bilingual. Furthermore, Le Club de Hockey Canadien (the organization's official name) employs both a public-relations director and a *directeur de la publicité*. The former is Frank D. Selke, the son of the general manager, and the latter is Camil DesRoches, the son of a Montreal tailor. To the best of my recollection, the Canadiens' management has always done this same remarkable job of neglecting neither the English-speaking Canadians, who are a minority group in the Province de Québec, nor the French-speaking Québecois, who are a minority group in Canada and have long been miffed by what they regard as a consistent flouting of the constitutional provision for a two-language country. I mention this because in the last few years, as you probably know, there has been among the French Canadians of Quebec a marked increase in the size and importance of both the nationalist

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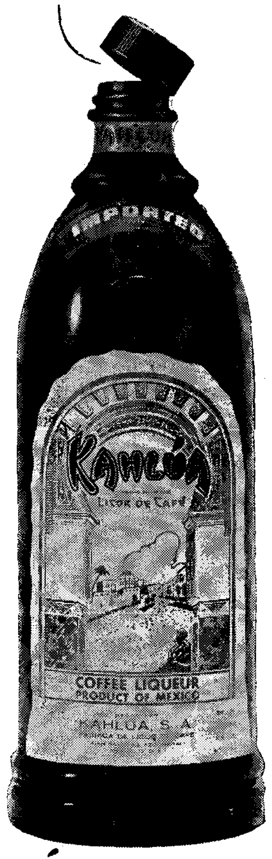

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movement, which seeks more autonomy for the province, and the separatist movement, which wants Quebec to secede from the Dominion of Canada and set itself up as an independent republic. One of the milder repercussions of this so-called Quiet Revolution, which is no longer so quiet, is that today one encounters throughout Montreal the careful bilingualism and biculturism that have long distinguished the operation of the Forum. Two-language signs are far more in evidence than they used to be, and nowadays in the big commercial hotels the elevator girls sing out "*En haut!*" as well as "Going up!"

The biggest change I noticed at the Forum was that a measure of restraint had come over the Canadien rooters. Some of the people I talked with about this felt that an improved standard of refereeing in the N.H.L. accounted for it to some degree. Others said that because the Canadian population had become far more mobile than it used to be, a much higher percentage of Montreal hockey tickets now finds its way into the hands of Torontonians and other out-of-towners employed by big companies that have set up new plants and offices in the Montreal area. Everyone seemed to agree, however, that the old clamor and hysteria started to die out in 1960, when Maurice Richard retired, and they thought it quite unlikely that similar excitement would attend any future idol. I saw Richard, who is currently doing public-relations work for the Canadiens, for a moment shortly before the start of the game, when he and his wife came into a modest lounge called the Directors' Room for a cup of coffee. It was the first time I had seen him since his retirement, and if anyone had told me that a man could change so much in four years I would not have believed it. Throughout his active career, Richard had remained so emotionally charged up during the long season that even when he was off the ice he did not look quite like other men. His black eyes seemed to leap right out of his forehead, and there was a wild, glazed brightness about them. Whenever he went through a succession of games without scoring, his volcanic intensity would build and build until he could control it no longer. Sometimes it erupted in a splurge of magnificent goals, and at other times in senseless brawling with referees and opponents. There was a touch of madness, really, about his genius. Well, that evening in the Directors' Room, I found myself watching Richard very closely as he walked over and pulled a chair up to the table where Frank Selke, Sr., his old friend and boss, was chatting with Hec-

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tor (Toe) Blake, a former linemate of Richard's, who has coached the team since 1955. In one way, Richard appeared little altered—five pounds heavier, perhaps—but now his eyes were like other men's. He spoke easily and with relaxed humor, and there was a stunning graciousness about everything he did.

"I hear you played very well in that Old-Timers Game out in Vancouver, Maurice," Blake said. "Mr. Selke was just telling me you scored three goals. Not bad."

"The first one only forty seconds after he took his first turn on the ice," Selke put in.

Richard laughed a little and said, "Oh, I was very impressive." Then he went on, "I'll tell you who really looked good—the Bentleys and Mosienko. Those old Hawks were flying! They haven't slowed down at all."

"Three goals, Maurice," Blake said. "I'd better sign you up right now. You're not too much over your playing weight, are you?"

"No, but then I was overweight my last three seasons," Richard answered.

Frank Boucher, the superb Ranger center of the nineteen-twenties and thirties, who is currently the Commissioner of the Saskatchewan Junior Hockey League, came over to say hello to Richard. In the course of their chat, Boucher asked Richard how many children he had now, and Richard told him six—four boys and two girls.

"A large family," Boucher remarked.

"Not really," Richard said, with a little outward flick of his palm. "Just a typical French-Canadian family."

A few minutes later, I had an opportunity to speak with Richard and his wife, and I asked him if it had been much of a problem adjusting to a new way of life the first winter of his retirement.

"No, it wasn't hard at all," he said softly. "Not after those three injuries I had those last three years, you know."

"He quit too soon," Mme. Richard said with a wink, as if this were an old joke between them.

"Much too soon," Richard agreed.

The Richards left for their seats ten minutes before game time, and after they had gone I sat on for a few minutes in the Directors' Room thinking about what I had just seen. What it boiled down to was that, wonder of wonders, Maurice Richard had grown into the man all his friends had hoped he might become but had not dared believe he ever would. All their devotion to him in a hundred hard situations had

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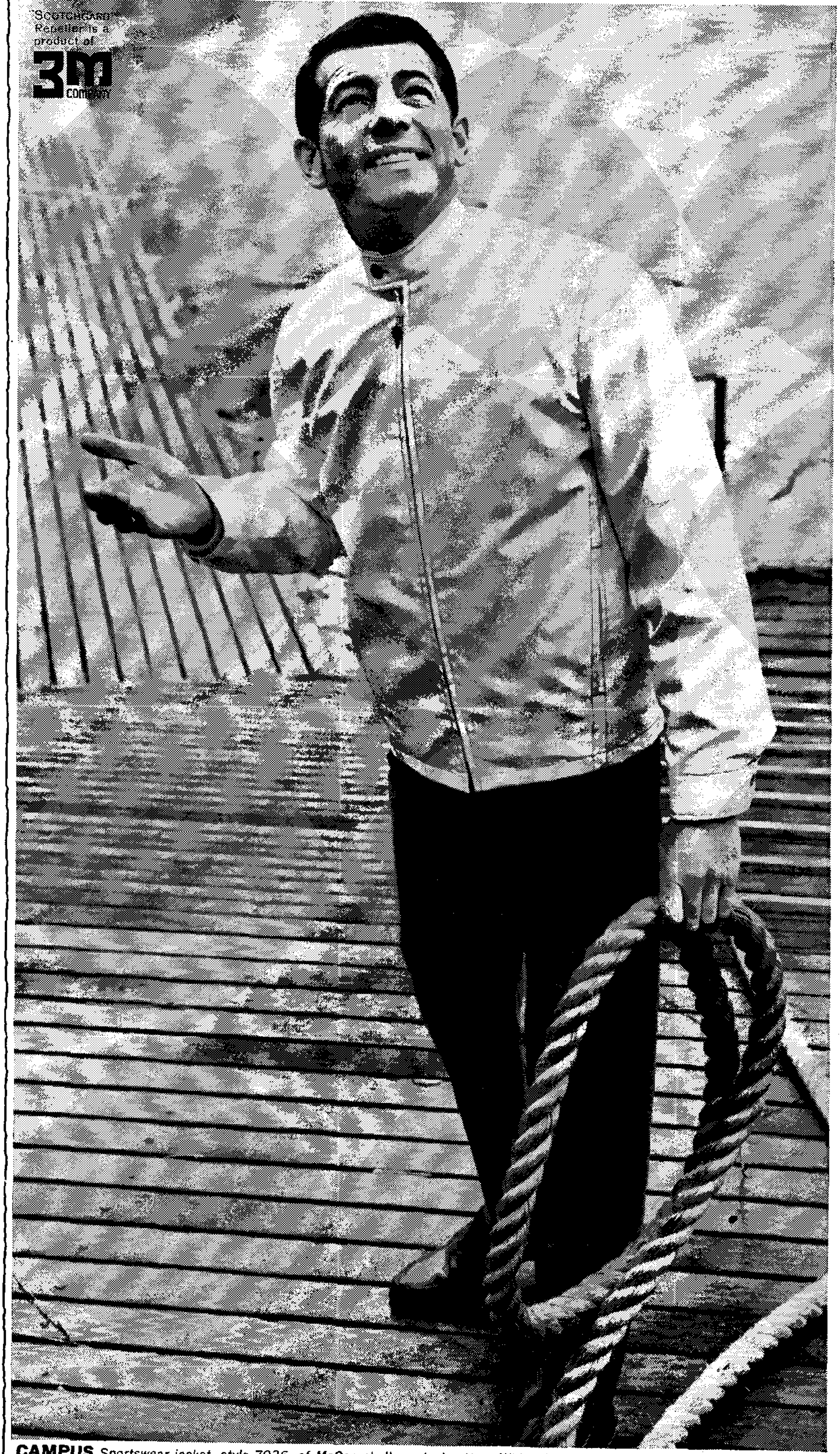
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been more than repaid—a very happy story and, at least in sports, a very rare one.

THE Forum, which is now forty years old, was the first arena designed primarily for hockey. To insure all patrons a full view of the rink, balconies were eliminated and the rows of seats designed to slope up from the ice in one long, uninterrupted sweep. The only sizable alteration ever made in the Forum took place in 1946, when rising operational costs led the management to install new, comfortable, higher-priced seats in the old "millionaires' section," a bleacher area at one end of the arena, where admission had originally been fifty cents and which was usually crammed with the Canadiens' most voluble rooters, all of them wearing toques striped with blue, white, and flaming vermilion, the team's colors. Today the Montreal hockey crowd dresses sombrely, favoring black overcoats and dark felt hats, and the most vivid thing about the Forum is the colors of the seats, which rise in tiers of brilliant red, blue, gray, and orange.

The Maple Leaf Gardens are quite similar in general plan, though appreciably more modern. While the Forum's architects did an excellent job of holding down the number of supporting (and obstructing) pillars, the men who built the Gardens eliminated pillars completely by devising what was, for that day, a marvellously advanced cantilever design. The Gardens' seats, like the Forum's, are brightly painted, with those in the red section, which is closest to the ice, priced at five dollars and those in the blue, green, and gray sections, progressively farther from the rink, at four, three, and two dollars, respectively. According to several Torontonians I talked with, the color of the seat a man occupies gives you an infallibly accurate clue to his social standing in the community. No red-seater could ask for a more spotless arena. Smythe the old spit-and-polish Army officer set the standard, just as Smythe the old Empire man ordained the arena's only other decorative feature—a huge photograph of the reigning British monarch, which commands the front wall. (He also inaugurated the policy of playing only "God Save the Queen" before the start of a game.) There is one other physical feature of the Gardens that should be mentioned, and that is a large gray gondola, moored high above the ice, from which Foster Hewitt, who has been broadcasting the Leaf games since 1923, and whose voice is by far the best-known in

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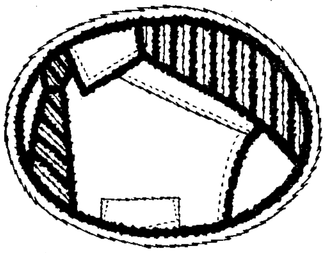

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the country, currently does the play-by-play for radio while his son Bill does it for television. This season, under the Stafford Smythe regime, there have been a few innovations. One that I do not think the elder Smythe can be crazy about is the placing of ads for a razor-blade manufacturer on the risers of the escalators. I am not so sure, either, how the old man may feel about the Hot Stove Club, a handsome new cedar-panelled eating spot on the ground floor of the Gardens. The club has a nice, dimly lit bar ornamented with three hundred and fifty hockey sticks bearing, in luminous tape, the colors of league teams. It has its own wine cellar, and an elegant menu that lists Broiled Sirloin Black Hawk, Broiled Filet Ranger, and Mixed Grille Canadien, not to mention Chicken Stanley Cup and Face-Off Potatoes. It charges an initiation fee of a hundred dollars and annual dues of fifty dollars, and six hundred members of the red-seat set have already joined.

A good deal of the other news out of the Maple Leaf Gardens in recent months has had a financial complexion to it, and it is quite clear now that in the opinion of the new regime pro hockey's potential in the Toronto area has hardly been tapped. Just about a year ago, for example, a plan was launched to add some four thousand seats to the Gardens by means of additions to the north and south ends of the structure, which would be raised on stilts above the sidewalk. This proposal, as might have been expected, raised some civic opposition, on the ground that the additions would constitute an encroachment on public air space, but with the help of photographs of buildings in New York, Montreal, Chicago, and Europe that similarly overhang their streets, the Gardens' management skillfully shepherded its petition through the City Works Committee, the Municipal Council, and the mayor's office, only to see the Private Bills Committee of the Ontario Legislature, which had the final say, turn it down in February by a thumping vote of forty to eight. While the Gardens' management is deciding what its next step will be, it is deriving solace from the success of closed-circuit telecasts of out-of-town Leaf games. The idea was first tried out last year in a movie theatre with a seating capacity of twelve hundred, and the results were so encouraging that this year nine theatres, six of them in Toronto, three in other parts of Ontario, with a combined seating capacity of twelve thousand, were lined up. The cheapest ticket costs a dollar twenty-five, but the attendance at these Sun-

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day-night telecasts has never run below sixty-five per cent of the theatres' combined capacity, and it has often run as high as eighty-five per cent. The closed-circuit process used, which is called Eidophor, projects the action in exciting closeups on a screen forty feet wide, and it is producing a type of fan that makes far more noise than the traditional tight-lipped Leaf rooter. This, I learned, is particularly true in one theatre on Toronto's West Side, where the audience is made up largely of recently arrived Italian immigrants who have gone mad over hockey.

In the game I saw in Toronto, the Leafs broke out of their slump and defeated the Hawks, 4–0, by an excellent team effort. I found watching a game in the Gardens to be a very pleasant experience, partly because smoking is prohibited there (as it is in the Forum)—a state of affairs that seems to sharpen both the sights and the sounds. The fur jackets in the red seats looked just grand, and the handclapping, I thought, was beautifully loud and clear.

A FINAL word about the Stanley Cup playoffs: As has long been recognized, the present system of qualification for the playoffs is ridiculous. Six teams play seventy games each to eliminate the two bottom teams. The elaborate sequence of the playoffs is also absurd. The winner of the N.H.L. championship and the third-place team (this year the Canadiens and the Leafs) compete in a best-four-of-seven-games series, and meanwhile the second-place team (this year the Hawks) opposes the fourth-place team (the Detroit Red Wings) in a similar series. Then the two winners of these preliminary series meet in the Cup final, again a best-four-of-seven-games affair. By the time all this has taken place, the ice has long since melted in Saskatoon and the sound of the 5-iron is heard in Chicoutimi. Accordingly, I would never suggest that an American network attempt to televise the whole drawn-out business. One or two key games, supplemented, perhaps, by taped highlights from a few others, would be fine, though.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Lexington (Mass.) Minuteman*]

TO THE EDITOR:
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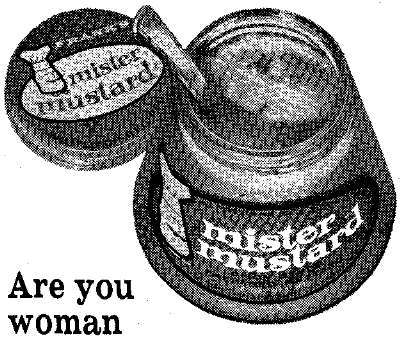

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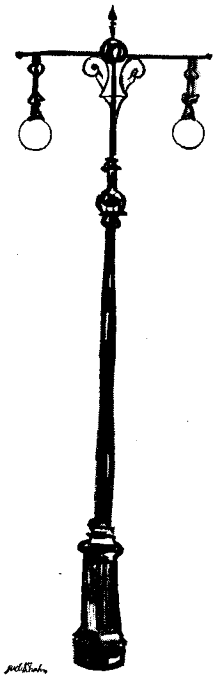
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 4

SENATOR FULBRIGHT has demonstrated once again how in politics it is altogether possible for a man to qualify as a prophet and to create sensation and scandal merely by trumpeting the obvious. In his speech on the Senate floor last week—at once an important discussion of American foreign policy by the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee and a contribution by the Senator from Arkansas of seventy minutes to the Southern filibuster against the civil-rights bill—Fulbright's term for the obvious was “objective reality.” In the *Congressional Record*, the speech bears the title “Old Myths and New Realities.” In it Fulbright maintained that American diplomacy today is to a large and dangerous degree informed not by the facts of international life but by “myths” that obscure and displace the facts. “The master myth in the Cold War,” he went on, “is that the Communist bloc is a monolith composed of governments which are not governments at all but organized conspiracies . . . equally resolute and implacable in their determination to destroy the free world.” The objective reality, as Fulbright perceives it, is pretty much the opposite on all counts: the Communist bloc is hardly a bloc any longer, much less a monolith; most Communist governments have the traditional attributes of sovereignty and are at least as much concerned to maintain their national security as to advance the Communist conspiracy; and they differ widely in the degree of their ideological resoluteness and implacability vis-à-vis “the free world”—some, like Poland and Yugoslavia, being uninterested in threatening or destroying anything, while others, like China and Cuba, are hostile in the extreme. A “reality” that the Senator failed to mention, though, is that a good fifteen years have passed since anyone seriously concerned with the theory or practice of American policy accepted or acted upon the “master myth” he describes. It is an “old myth” indeed. As a basis for policy, the monolith theory was discarded in 1948, when the Communist Party of Yugoslavia was expelled from the Cominform for, among other things, “nationalism.” When Marshal Tito responded by saying that decisions affecting Yugoslavia's future would be made in Belgrade and not in Moscow, the United States government was quick to recognize the historic importance of this development, and quite speedily took steps designed to assist Tito's Communist government in maintaining itself and Yugoslavia's territorial integrity. The Truman administration sent military and economic aid to Yugoslavia in 1951, and although this was an aspect of its policy that was subject to heavy Republican criticism, aid was nevertheless continued by the Eisenhower administration. John Foster Dulles employed the rhetoric of the myth during his years in office, but when the reality presented itself he generally acted upon it—not only in the case of Yugoslavia but in that of Poland, which in 1957 asserted a kind of limited independence. And it has been quite a while since anyone in a responsible position has questioned the juridical legitimacy of Communist governments. We have no diplomatic relations with those Communist regimes that ask us to recognize their sovereignty over areas broader than those they effectively control—the governments, that is, of mainland China, East Germany, North Korea, and North Vietnam. Our non-recognition may be self-defeating in some cases, but in none does it rest upon the assumption that a Communist government is a fiction. Senator Fulbright was not instructing anyone in Washington when he called upon his fellow-senators to see as clearly as he does the “reality” that “mainland China . . . is ruled by Communists and is likely to remain so for the indefinite future.” Just a decade ago, upon the urging of the Republican administration and at the conclusion of extensive debate, Congress passed a resolution based on precisely this perception of reality and making it clear to the world that the United States accepted this view of the matter, that it would not lend itself to any schemes for the military overthrow of the Peking government, and that its commitment to Chiang Kai-shek did not extend beyond assistance in the defense of Formosa.



But if the “monolith” theory and its corollaries have not in recent years been

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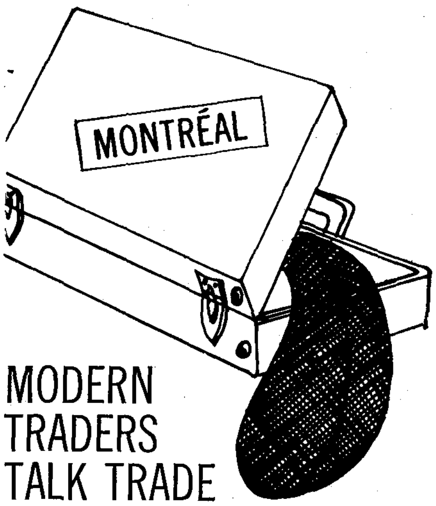
the foundation for strategy, they remain durable, and in some ways indispensable, parts of the official dogma. Millions of Americans and hundreds of their congressmen accept this dogma unquestioningly. The President may not be unduly confined by it, but he must appear to uphold it against such assaults as that by Senator Fulbright. For the dogma is, in fact, the basis for popular and Congressional assent, and if Senator Fulbright or anyone else were to disabuse the public altogether of the "old myths" that blind it to the "new realities," the consequence might well be the withdrawal of assent from almost the whole of current American policy. If the myths were destroyed, it might be very difficult to confront the realities, for almost everything that we do in the mid-sixties—from dispatching helicopters to South Vietnam to dispatching space vehicles to distant parts of the cosmos—must somehow be justified with the rhetoric of the late forties. Senator Fulbright, for example, feels that fear of Castro's Cuba is silly; he thinks we should look upon Castro as merely a "distasteful nuisance" and get on with the serious business of making the Alliance for Progress an effective instrument for "social revolution . . . without violent upheaval." But it is highly doubtful whether the Alliance for Progress would ever have been started if the country in 1961 had shared Fulbright's 1964 view of Castro; if his fellow-congressmen were now to agree with him, it would be hard to find arguments that would induce them to continue even the meagre support they have been giving the Alliance. It is the same with nearly all our policies. NATO was formed in 1949 to defend Western Europe against Soviet military aggression. While the danger of aggression still seemed large, American troops were sent to Europe not only to man NATO defenses but to serve as hostages whose presence abroad would insure the American commitment. The moment NATO was established, the threat of Soviet aggression diminished, and it was generally conceded to be nonexistent even before the development of intermediate-range missiles. While all this was happening, "new realities" were making their appearance and providing new justifications for continuing NATO and the commitment of American manpower to it—justifications such as the military alliance's contribution to economic and political union in Western Europe. In his speech, Senator Fulbright, who is an enthusiastic NATO man, did not go into this question, as Walter Lippmann



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noted with some disappointment; one suspects that if he had, he would have come up against the awkward fact that the old Cold War rhetoric is needed to sustain the policies that he and many others here regard as enlightened and necessary. It would strain the imagination of the most sophisticated and myth-free diplomat to advance reasons for the maintaining of vast armies to defend territory that is believed to require no defense and that could not, in any event, be held against a determined adversary armed with modern weaponry.

The great need, Senator Fulbright said, is for "flexibility" in American policy. No one can be found who will give flexibility a bad name. The common view here, though, is that up to now American policy has been reasonably flexible, and has not been greatly damaged by having had to justify itself to the public with Cold War rhetoric. In fact, there is a feeling that where we have failed to rise to the new occasions, the failure may have been attributable to an acceptance rather than a rejection of the realities. The "monolith" theory still has currency with the public and with congressmen, but it isn't quite as compelling as it once was, and no doubt there is a relationship between its slight decline in acceptance and the steady decline in foreign-aid appropriations. Foreign aid was originally sold on the same terms as NATO—as a response to a great and quite specific danger. To abandon the "myth," to concede the lessening of the danger, is to give away part of the case for the program. (And another "reality" has meanwhile been intruding: Foreign aid doesn't always work.) It is felt, though, that the time may be almost upon us when the rhetoric will prove a serious hindrance to the framing and execution of rational policies. Thus far, only a certain amount of dialectical resourcefulness has been required to relate developments in the real world to the dogmas of the early postwar years; before very long, no amount of skill at this sort of thing may suffice. If this turns out to be the case, exercises like Senator Fulbright's of last week will be not only useful but essential. For certain of the policies that the administration may in time be requesting public and Congressional assent to will be policies of disengagement, non-intervention, and withdrawal. The case for them can seldom be stated in the kind of language used by the prosecution in an adversary proceeding. A way was found last year to present the test-ban treaty to the Senate as an agreement that would not only preserve the Ameri-

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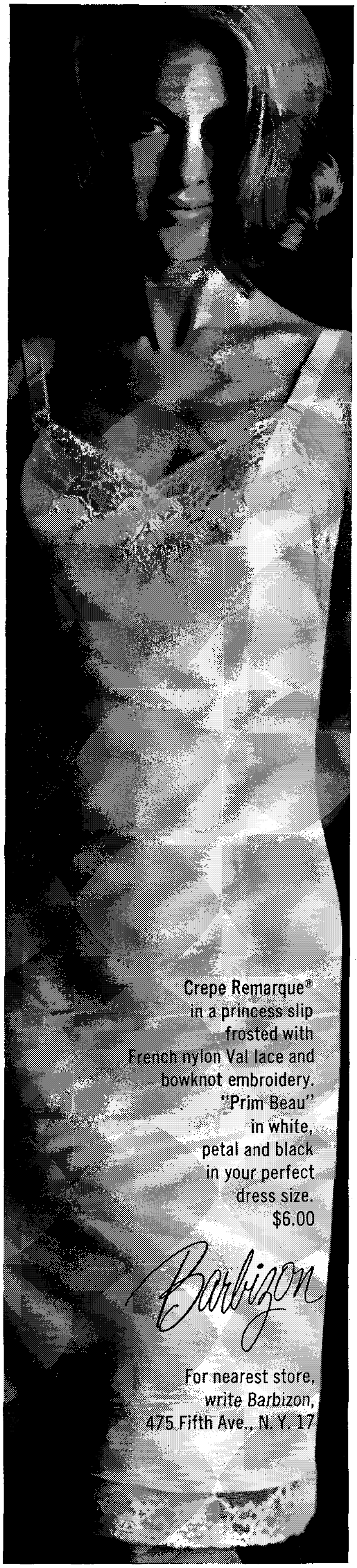

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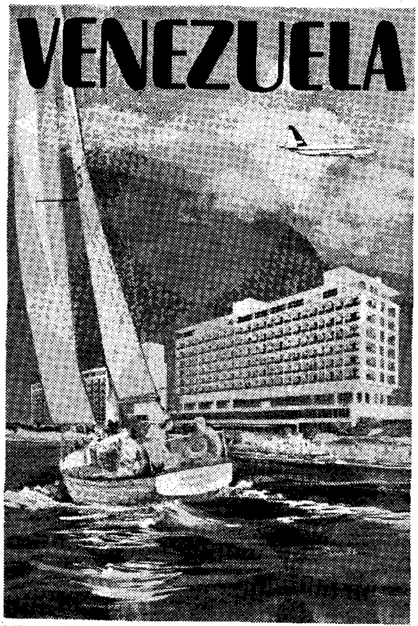
can nuclear advantage but, because of our greater experience with underground testing, actually enable us to widen it. If the administration had been compelled to offer the treaty as an acceptance of parity, it is by no means certain that it could have been ratified. There are not likely to be other steps toward disarmament that can be described as victories for American arms. And none of the policies that Senator Fulbright feels are called for by the "new realities" can be defended as victories for American diplomacy. He would have us resign ourselves to a Communist Cuba, abandon as hopeless the effort to use our foreign-trade policies to slow down Soviet economic growth, prepare for a time of political and economic accommodation with Communist China, and, in general, acknowledge "not how much but how little (in our view of the world) it is within our power to change."

There are some who think that Senator Fulbright himself may have missed several of the imperatives of this period. Senator Morse, of Oregon, took the floor not long after Senator Fulbright relinquished it (this was made possible, Morse explained, by an "understanding" he had reached with Senator Ervin, of North Carolina, the director of Southern maneuvers in the fight against the civil-rights bill) and delivered what was in many ways a more daring and heretical speech. Senator Fulbright had said he thought we had little choice but to stay on in South Vietnam and help prosecute the war there; he favors, as practically everyone does now, a settlement short of total victory, but he feels that the Saigon government's military position must be improved before there can be any resort to diplomacy. Senator Morse said he believed that "American unilateral action in Southeast Asia should stop right now." He continued, "It should never have started. I opposed going into South Vietnam, I oppose staying in South Vietnam, and I favor getting out of South Vietnam now. . . . The President does not believe it necessary to send Marines into Cuba. Why, then, does the President believe it necessary or desirable to send our Special Forces to South Vietnam? What American vital interest in South Vietnam deserves the presence of American men in uniform?" He said we had no business being in Cambodia, either, and that "Cambodia was right and the United States was wrong in the recent Cambodia-United States issue," adding "When the facts are known about the policy of the United States and the U.S



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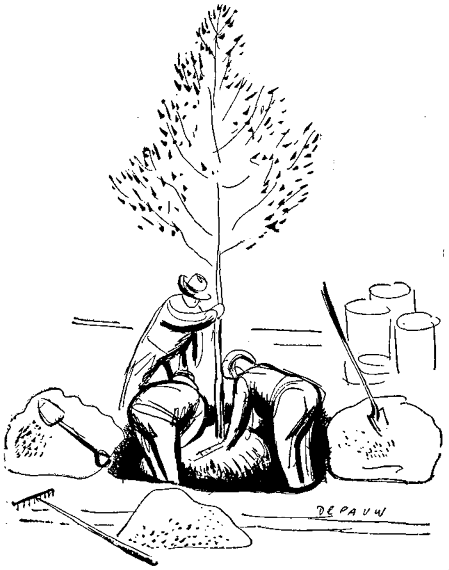
advisers in South Vietnam and the activities of the C.I.A. in that part of the world, the Prince of Cambodia will be sustained in the annals of history."

Senator Morse is widely regarded as mischievous and eccentric, and Senator Fulbright has a larger following outside the government than in it, but both are men whose dissenting opinions have often in the past become the views of majorities, and they are not alone now in their uneasiness over the scope and nature of our commitments—particularly those that have been undertaken in fulfillment of ideological aims. Senator Mansfield, the Democratic Majority Leader, has been critical of our Southeast Asia policy for years, and so, in the past, have been many other leading figures in the Senate, including Lyndon Johnson and John F. Kennedy. Nevertheless, the policy is not likely to change soon. For one thing, withdrawal from South Vietnam could not be explained as anything but the acceptance of defeat there; for another, it is perhaps the one theatre of conflict in the world today that can with some accuracy be described with the old Cold War rhetoric. Such rhetoric has a kind of relevance there that it has not had for many years in Western Europe, the original theatre of conflict, and it is in Western Europe that American policy is now encountering its largest difficulties. No one in a position of authority seems quite prepared to face the realities. In a magazine article a few months ago, General Eisenhower said that he had for some time thought that too much American strength was going into NATO, which had long since accomplished its basic mission, and that he believed "one American division in Europe can 'show the flag' as definitely as can several." But during his White



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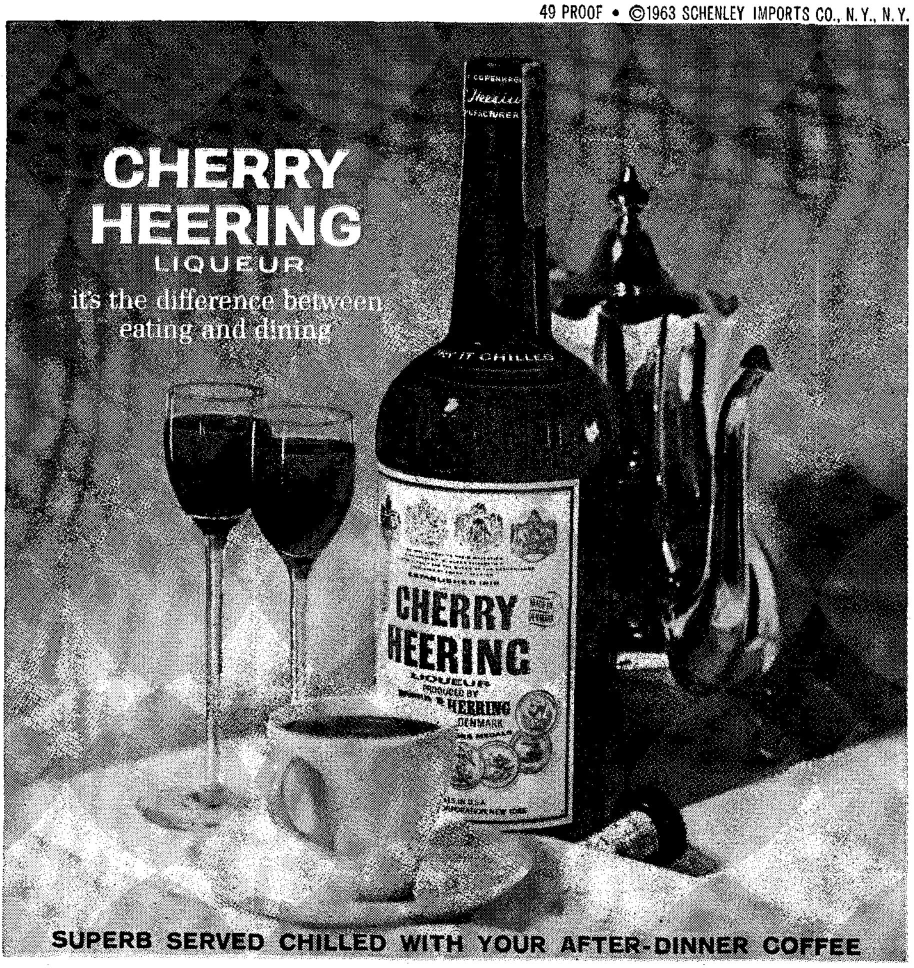
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House years, he said, he had been restrained from even discussing the idea publicly, because "the matter was then considered too delicate a political question to raise." President Johnson is in no mood to renounce the myth. "The task of building our defenses is never really done," he said yesterday, at what appears to have been rather a glum White House ceremony commemorating the fifteenth anniversary of NATO's founding. "The temptation to relax must always be resisted," he added. But all Europe is relaxed, and the fact is that there has lately been more dismantling of defenses than building of them—even by the United States, which, while its commitment of manpower remains high, is closing down European bases made obsolete by its Polaris submarines and its home-based missiles. The only real anxiety our overseas allies feel is that we will in time retire behind our nuclear shield and leave them with the balance of power very much against them.

This sort of anxiety is not much relieved by President Johnson's assurances at the NATO gathering that "we will go on, with God's help, to serve not only our own people but to serve the bright future of all mankind." It is hard to see how NATO can contribute much more than it already has to the future of mankind, and it is at least conceivable that it could further its high aims in Europe only by dissolving and allowing the nations of Western Europe to look after their own defenses, which they are perfectly capable of doing, and by encouraging the development of European nuclear deterrent power. The case for this is brilliantly argued in a recent book by Ronald Steel, a former Foreign Service officer and an astute critic of American strategy. In "The End of Alliance," a work being widely discussed here at the moment, Steel maintains that NATO is breaking up anyway, and that "its passing can be greeted with satisfaction by everyone concerned." NATO, as he says, came into being because of the menacing presence in Eastern Europe of large Soviet land armies. The rebuilding of Europe with American assistance and military protection, he points out, has removed the threat of Soviet aggression, but not the presence of Soviet troops in Eastern Europe. On the contrary, they remain as occupying forces, justifying their long encampment in the East by the existence of so much ready power in the NATO forces in the West. All the Western democracies are eager to see the restoration of liberty and full independence to the Eastern Euro-

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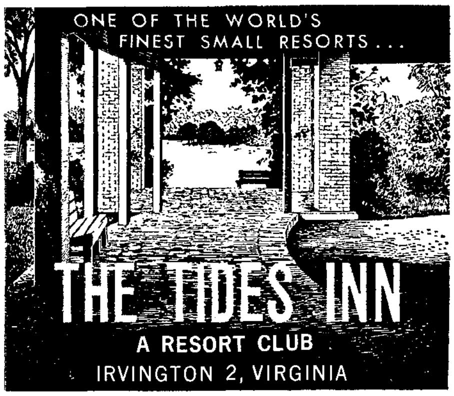

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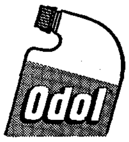

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pean countries, and the Eastern Europeans are evidently no less eager. The President plainly had this in mind when he said yesterday that NATO "must be alert to any hope of a stable settlement with those who have made vigilance necessary and essential," adding, "In particular, we must be alive to the new spirit of diversity that is now abroad in Eastern Europe." But Eastern Europe can appeal to the Kremlin for the withdrawal of Soviet troops only if it can argue plausibly that there is no danger from the West. The obvious way to make such an appeal plausible, Steel argues, is for NATO to demobilize those forces that no longer serve any defensive purpose—or any purpose at all except to provide Western statesmen with grandiose rhetoric about serving "the bright future of all mankind." The day may have come, he thinks, when we can do more along that line by building a good society here than by undertaking any more heady missions in the world at large. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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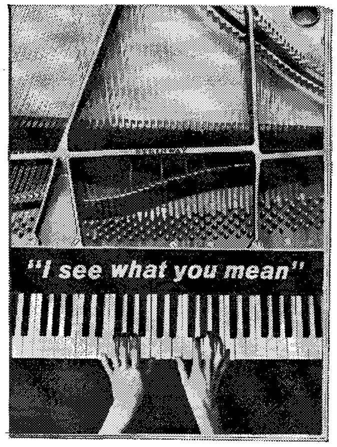

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[*From 316 "Federal Reporter," 2d series, United States v. Campbell*]

[2] The District Judge, however, did not submit the case to the jury upon the basis of a permissible inference of the identity of the man on the porch and the defendant in the bathroom. He gave the jury a positive instruction that, if they believed the policeman-witness and that he was not mistaken in his identification of the defendant as the man he saw in the bathroom, they should convict the defendant. They were not allowed to consider whether or not, though the defendant was in the house and seen in the bathroom, the man who came out on the porch and handled the illegal transaction was another.

In giving this mandatory instruction to the jury, the Court acted out of a background of information which the jury did not possess. When considering counsel's objection to the charge on this score, the following colloquy occurred:

"The Court: He said he saw a man and that man was Campbell.

"Mr. Roper: Not when he came to the door. He didn't identify him by form. I asked him the next question, and he said he saw a form; but then when he turned on the light in the bathroom, that it was Campbell. Now, the point is, with all the Campbells in that country and could have been in that house, is that the Campbell—

"The Court: I never knew a Campbell in my life that wasn't in the liquor business.

"Mr. Roper: I can buy that.

"The Court: As a matter of fact, I defended them all. When I was at the bar, I defended all the Campbells in the liquor business; and after I got to District Attorney, I prosecuted all the Campbells; and now that I have been a judge, I have been trying Campbells 25 years as a judge.

"Mr. Roper: Would it necessarily follow, your Honor, if he was in the house—

"The Court: Not only that, I have tried this fellow three or four times.

"Mr. Roper:—that he would be guilty.

"The Court: What?

"Mr. Roper: It would not necessarily follow, though, would it, your Honor, if he came to the door even, or he was in the house, that he necessarily negotiated this transaction.

"The Court: What would you think a Campbell would have been doing there with that liquor if he wasn't participating?

"Mr. Roper: It may not have been his, if it was there.

"The Court: It doesn't make any difference if it was his liquor or not if he was there participating in it. They never did come out and say whose house it was in.

"Mr. Roper: That's the point I am making: they haven't proved that.

"The Court: I will take your first exception. I think your first exception is correct. Bring them back. I might say to the jury that knowing the Campbells like I do, I forgot to put that part in you suggested. Want me to do that?

"Mr. Roper: No, sir.

"The Court: All right. Bring them in."

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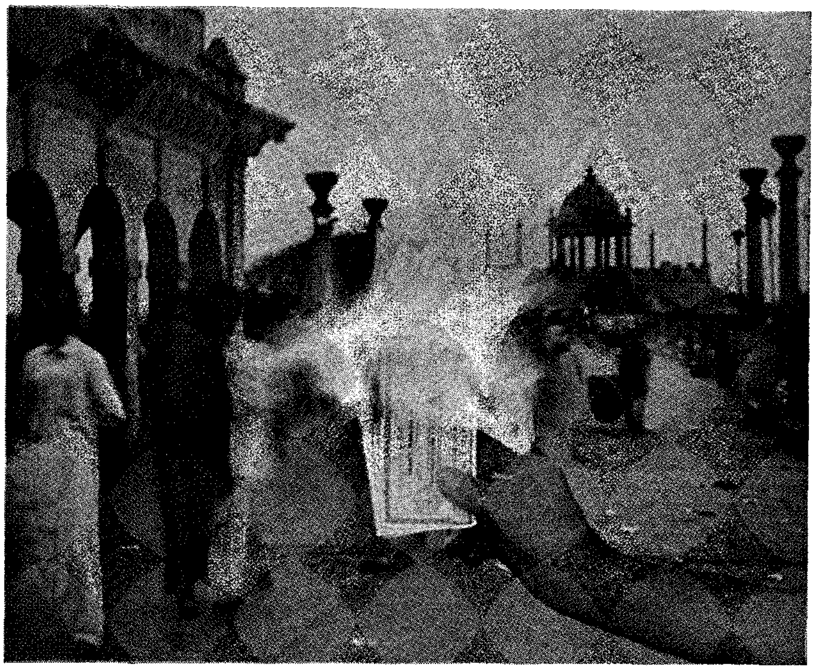

Test No. 1—Refundability—in Karachi

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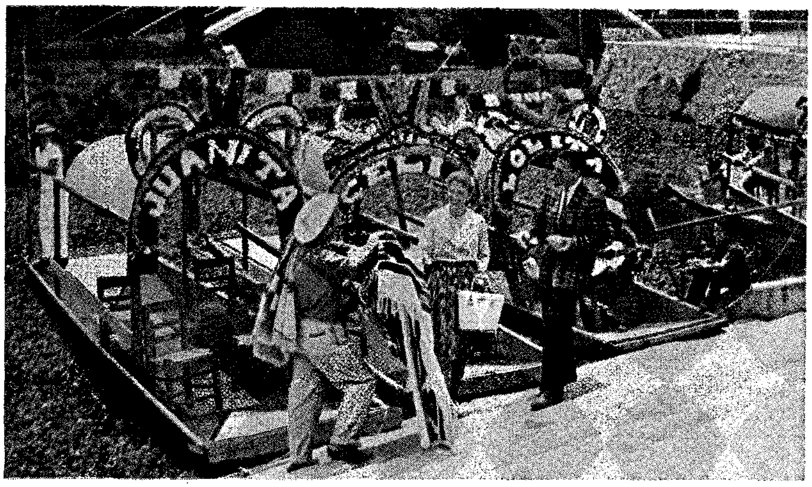

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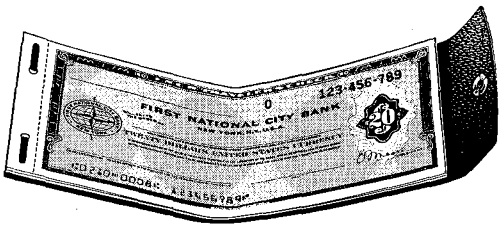

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BLITZKRIEG DAYS

SOMETIMES, when a party has reached the point where the women have moved into the kitchen, I am asked about the bombing that London endured in the war. I always find it a difficult subject to discuss, because I was eleven when war was declared, and though I remember the sky to the northeast alive with the glow of the burning city (my family lived in Mitcham, in the southwest corner of London) and the air-raid sirens moaning their alarm or triumphantly shrilling the all-clear, and though our house was damaged several times by blast and two boys at my school were killed by bombs, these are not the really memorable things. The fire sirens that now shatter the tranquillity of the city night are the *madeleines* that recall emotions of puberty, not of war.

MOST London schools were evacuated at the beginning of the war, but every school had a residue of pupils whose families preferred London under any conditions to the unknown horrors of the country. I was one of these pupils. Both my parents were born and raised well within the sound of Bow bells, and my mother knew the country only as a place one went through in order to reach the seaside. She wouldn't have thought of sending me or my sisters off to live in such an alien land, and so we made our preparations to resist the coming onslaught at home.

During the actual blitz, many of our neighbors slept in the nearby Underground station, but there was as much chance of getting my mother down there, among a lot of strangers, as there was of getting her to camp out in Piccadilly Circus, and we spent the nights in our own Anderson shelter. This was a small corrugated-steel affair issued by the government and designed to be erected in the back yard. It came in sections, which, when bolted together, formed a small hut with a curved roof, about seven feet long, five feet wide, and high enough in the center for a man to stand upright. There was an open entrance at one end. The idea was to dig a pit three or four feet deep and set the shelter in it, then cover the hut with a foot or so of earth, as additional protection. A hole about three feet square and two feet deep was then dug in front of the entrance. To get into the shelter, it was necessary to step down into this hole, stoop, then step down the remaining distance. Inside, four bunks were attached to the walls,

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two on each side. My mother and my older sister had the lower ones, my younger sister and I the upper. My father chose to stay in the house, because he preferred to sleep under his own roof, in his own bed.

Some of the handier neighbors lined their shelters with concrete, built blast walls of brick in front of their doorways, and even made little flights of steps down to their shelters. They often fitted up the interiors with shelves and lights to make them more comfortable, and the more elaborate shelters were as compact and self-contained as a one-room apartment. Ours was not one of these. My father could not manage the smallest house repair without help from my mother, and that the shelter was erected at all remains a minor miracle. He piled up a small hill of earth and rocks in place of a blast wall, and never even bothered about steps. He put an apple box inside the shelter to step down on, and hung a piece of sacking over the doorway. In wet weather, the approach became one long, greasy slope. I used to go first, and help my mother and sisters from inside. Sometimes I literally caught them, like a playground director at the foot of a children's slide. The floor was rude earth, and as a result of faulty digging the shelter was never quite straight, so that it looked as though it had been through one bombardment already. My mother had no real faith in it. She was convinced that its construction had been so hopelessly bungled by her husband as to render it useless, and the only reason she used it at all was that she did not want to show him up in front of the neighbors.

When dusk came, other families along the street could be seen trooping down their garden paths with radios, cards, books, and all the other paraphernalia of a cozy evening, but for us dusk meant total extinction for the night. When it rained, there was at least six inches of water and mud on the floor, and we climbed immediately into the bunks. My mother stretched a piece of wood across the space between the two lower bunks, on which she kept a candle and her purse. For a while, we relied on the one candle for illumination. Then some local Milquetoast told her that a candle used up oxygen, and after that our evenings were spent in darkness, my young sister and I playing an imaginary game of I Spy (we couldn't "spy" anything except the corrugated iron over our heads), and my mother and older sister talking about the neighbors. On really wet nights, when the

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water was a foot deep, I took a few pebbles to bed with me, because it was fun to drop them over the edge of the bunk and hear the "ploomp" they made in the dark water below.

My father would see us safely into the shelter, and then go back to the house. His sleeping there used to make my mother mad. Not only was he a really sound sleeper but it was his habit to pile three or four overcoats on top of the bedcovers, to keep out the cold and the incidental noise of the raids. It took a particularly ferocious barrage to penetrate to him, and my mother used to fret about that. At the height of a raid, annoyance and fear for his safety would make her sit up in bed and say, "Listen to that. *Listen* to it! The whole place being blown to bits, and that bloody man asleep upstairs! *He* doesn't care."

This wasn't quite true. There was an anti-aircraft gun a few hundred yards from the house, and when this started up, my father would usually wake with a guilty conscience, knowing that my mother was also awake, and angry. He would immediately hurry downstairs and make a cup of tea, and a few minutes later the sacking over the entrance of our haven would be pulled back, and there he would be, whispering hoarsely (so as not to wake the children), "Daisy! Daisy! Are you all right? I brought you a cup of tea."

The sky behind him would be a blaze of searchlights and shellbursts and, occasionally, flaming aircraft, and my mother would grab the tea and say, "All right? All right? Course I'm all right. Go back inside. What's the matter with you? You gone daft? Go inside." And the sacking would fall into place again as my father returned to bed. On nights when he didn't bring the tea, my mother would lie muttering about "that bloody man" until the noise died down and she went to sleep.

Eventually, my father got a job as a night watchman in Kennington, one of the most heavily bombed parts of the city. He did so, I think, because it would let him sleep during the day, when the danger of attack was less, and because he preferred the additional hazard at night to the nerve-racking business of trying to assure my mother both that he was safe and that he was not insensible to danger. My young sister and I missed him a lot. We used to enjoy those visits, when the lifted cloth gave us a glimpse of the fireworks outside. For us, the whole fearsome struggle was reduced to the scope of a familiar domestic argument—a kind of storm in

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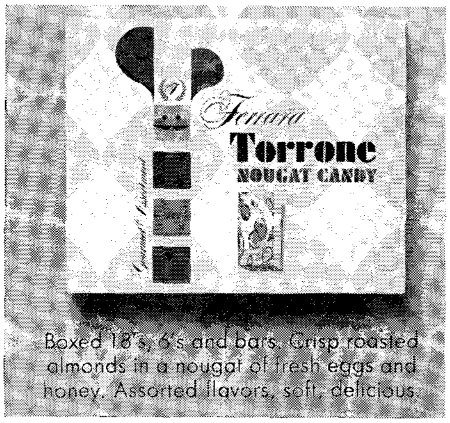
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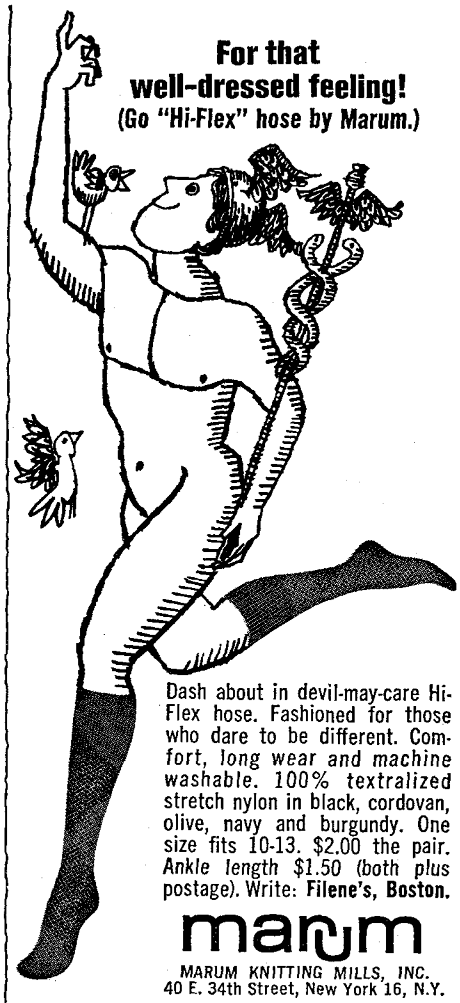
which my father insisted on standing out in the rain.

IF the blitzkrieg nights were spent in the Anderson shelter, the days were centered just as much on the shelters of the school I went to. Many of the schools that were left in London had combined, and it was the good luck of my school to join up with the local girls' school, thus giving us a rare taste of coeducation for a couple of years. We shared both classrooms and playing fields with the girls, but the discipline was fairly strict, and in class, at least, boys and girls were obliged to ignore each other. In the shelters, however, the dark-orange gloom made discipline impossible, and it was here that most of the drama of my youth was enacted.

When the sirens sounded, we all filed out (*walking*, not running) across the school playing fields to the shelters. These were long, low brick structures with entrances at both ends. Each shelter accommodated sixty students, who faced each other in two rows. We boys shared ours with thirty girls—we at one end, they at the other. As soon as we arrived from the classroom, the roll was called. We were supposed to answer "Here" when our names were called, but in the shelters we developed a craze for answering in as many different ways as possible; "Yes," "Present," "*Ici*," "Absolutely," and "That's me" were all considered enormously witty variations. There were two boys in the form with the unlikely names of Yapp and Yass, and they hit on the notion of replying with each other's names, both of which sounded vaguely affirmative. Thus, the end of the roll would go "Yapp?" "Yass!" "Yass?" "Yapp!" When it was done quickly enough, we found it hilarious. Eventually, an efficient science master put an end to it by clouting a few heads. A new diversion was therefore necessary. Several of us were attached to girls at the other end of the shelter (to say that we had girl friends would be putting it pretty strongly), and we struggled to be first into the place, because the center seats had the double advantage of being closest to the girls and farthest away from the master, who attempted to teach from the doorway. (One of the women teachers from the girls' school stood by the door at the other end of the shelter.) I fell madly in love with two girls called Rosemary and June, who were inseparable. I had originally been attracted to Rosemary when we played field hockey together; she was tall for her age and slightly stooped, but she played a wizard game.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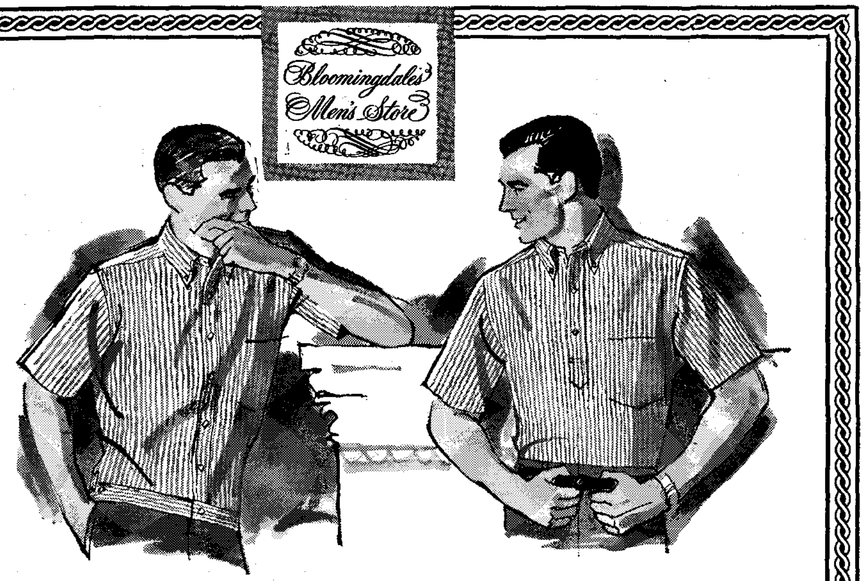
June was blond, with glasses, and she wrote a tiny, neat script that I admired very much. I never saw one without the other, but, in a relationship as pure as ours, this hardly mattered, and I soon fell under June's spell, too. I think it was her complete silence that attracted me. She never even said hello or goodbye, simply giving silent assent to everything Rosemary said.

The air-raid siren became the focus of my days, and when it sounded, I took time off only to look significantly across at Rosemary before I headed for the shelter. Rosemary, followed by June, headed for the girls' entrance. We usually managed to beat off the challenge for the center seats, and for hours we would sit exchanging notes over three feet of space—verses, jokes, anything, even drawings—while the teachers droned on at either end, unable to penetrate the gloom sufficiently to intercept our exchanges.

The day came when Rosemary began to wear a bit thin (I think she had made a fool of me on the hockey field), and by comparison June took on an alluring feminine aspect that I found quite irresistible. It made no difference to our relationship, and the three of us continued to meet by accord when the alarm sounded. June still had not said a word that I remember, all communication being maintained through Rosemary, but Rosemary intuitively suspected my shift of interest.

One day, Rosemary handed me a note with the apparently harmless query "Do you like June?" Our conversation went in for a lot of comparison of likes and dislikes, and I had no hesitation in writing back that June was O.K. by me. The all-clear interrupted us, but a couple of days later, when the enemy had forced us to take cover again, I felt Rosemary's shoe poking me in the leg. I took the note, and there it was: "Do you like June better than you like me?" By now I was in no mood to hedge when I saw the opportunity to have it out, and I wrote back the single word "Yes." There was no more action during this session, and I burned with impatience for the next air raid. When it came, Rosemary delivered the deathblow. She handed me a note that read, "June thinks that if you like her better than the friend you met her through you must be a stinker."

I looked up, and the vixen was staring at me boldly, while June looked—sadly, I thought—at her lap. Then Rosemary whispered something to her friend, and they smiled at each other, elaborately ignoring me. It was the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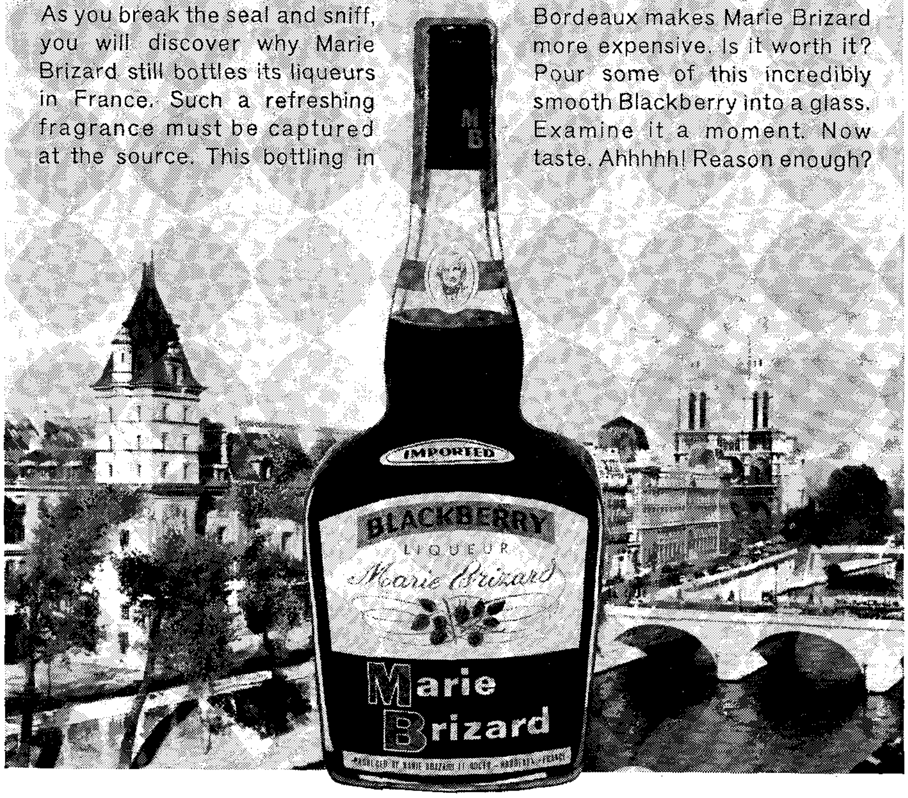

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beginning of a long series of whispered conversations between them, the whole point of which was to exclude me, and from that day on, the air-raid siren was as fearful a sound to me as to anyone else.

THE war in the air settled down after a while, and nothing much happened until the V-1 bombs appeared on the scene. These "buzz bombs" sometimes approached before the sirens could give warning, but one could tell from its position in the sky when the engine cut out roughly where a V-1 would land. One sunny afternoon, I was playing soccer in the local park when one of them appeared. We ran to shelter, and I saw it dip and heard the roar of the explosion, which came from the direction of our house. I raced home and found the house a shambles; blast had taken out most of the windows, and the tiles from the roof were strewn across the street. My mother was already at work trying to clean up the mess. I started to help when she suddenly screamed, "Your father—he's upstairs!" Running up to the bedroom, we plunged into a choking cloud of dust left by the ceiling, which had fallen on the bed, covering it completely. We tore off the mess of plaster and laths, which seemed about a foot thick, and, when we eventually uncovered my father, we found him dazed and, as I now realize, just regaining consciousness. My mother immediately assumed he had slept through the whole business (he *looked* as though he had), and she was furious. —Eric Wright

•

New York—J. Carrol Naish signed to do a "Route 66." It was to be shot in Minnesota. Just before he left for the location, Naish called his wife and asked her to look around the house and find a copy of the script, which he'd left. He said he couldn't remember its name.

"Wait a minute," Mrs. Naish said, "the dog's in the refrigerator."

Later, when he called his wife again, he found out that the family dog had, indeed, shrugged and figured that the titles were getting sillier all the time.

And then she hung up. Naish been in the refrigerator. And the show was called "And Make Thunder His Tribute."

When you think about it, perhaps a better title would have, "Wait a Minute, the Dog's in the Refrigerator."

—*San Antonio Express & News.*

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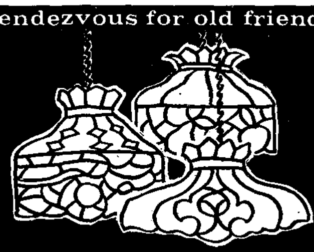

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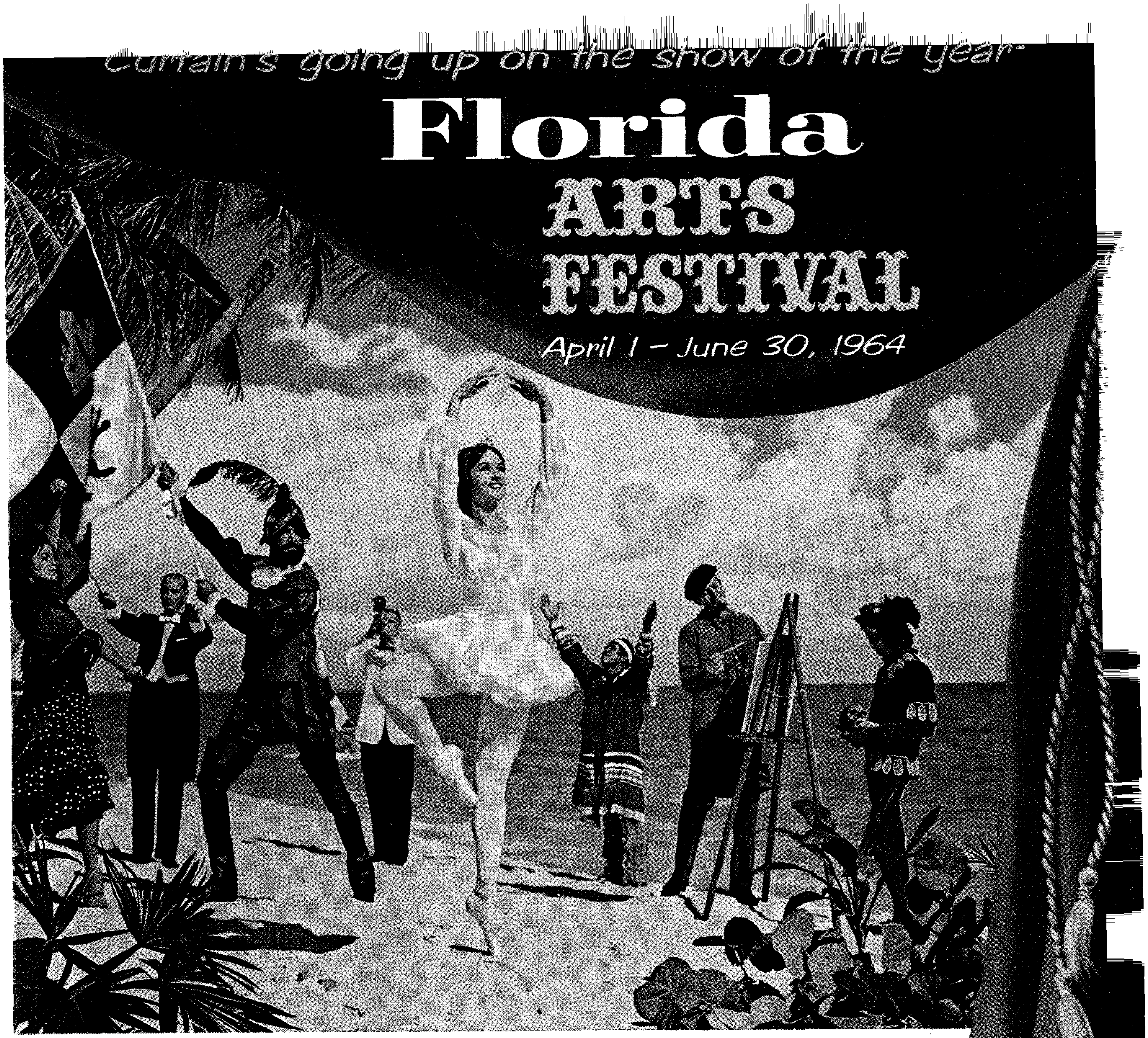
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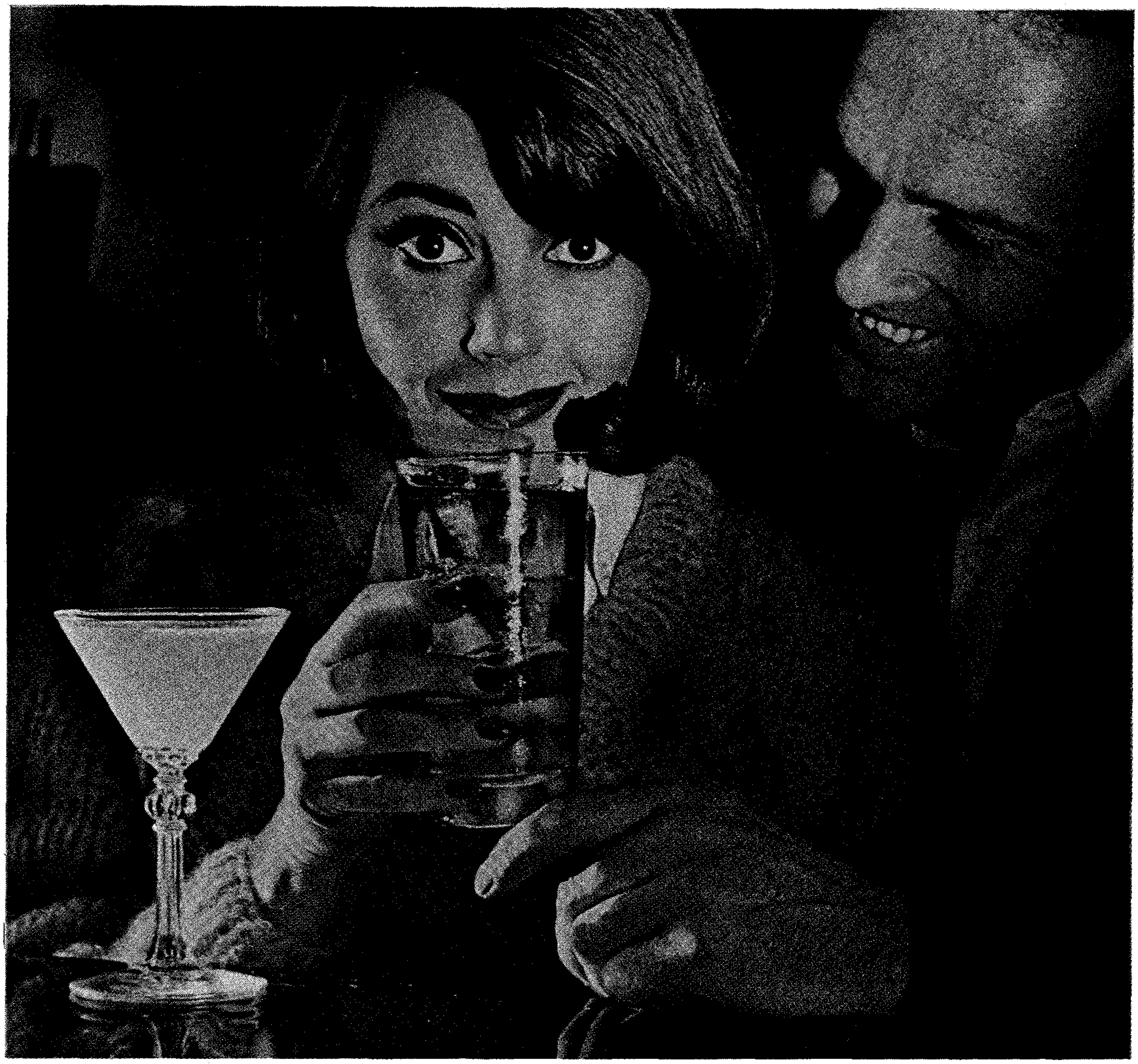

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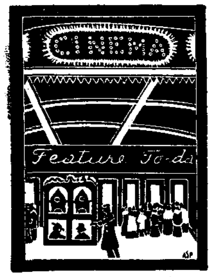
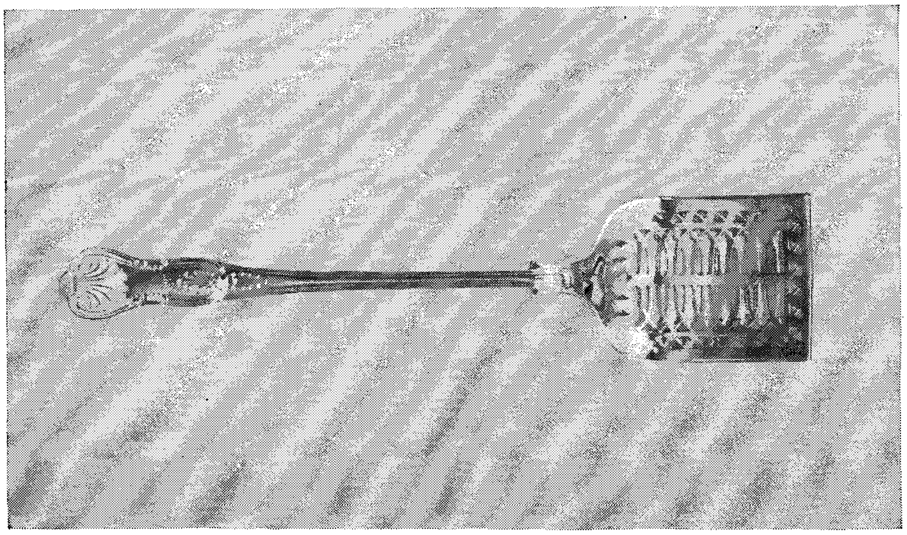


"PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES" is an apt illustration of the celebrated but rarely acted-on truth that if one wishes to make a good movie one must begin with a good script. And where do good scripts come from? It is at just this point, for the usual Hollywood producer, that the shoe pinches, because the answer is that good scripts come from good writers and from nobody else, and good writers are always in fantastically short supply. George Axelrod and Richard Quine, the producers of "Paris When It Sizzles," have had the intelligence to hire as their screenwriter that admirable craftsman George Axelrod. (They have also had the intelligence to hire as their director Richard Quine.) It was Mr. Axelrod who wrote the Broadway hit "The Seven Year Itch" when he was himself but seven years old, and who later devised the superb screenplay of "The Manchurian Candidate;" now forty-one, he continues to take an active interest in neighborhood affairs and to crack many a merry joke, and this latest specimen of his art shows how, in the hands of a master, a skimpy and rather threadbare notion can be made to shine like silk.

As the hero of the picture we're given a vain, aging, hard-drinking, and high-living hack of a screenwriter (William Holden) who, in a gorgeous rooftop suite in a Paris hotel, has Bloody-Maryed himself to within forty-eight hours of the deadline for a terribly important script and has yet to set a word of it on paper. He hires a pretty young typist (Audrey Hepburn, dressed, as so many typists are, by Givenchy) to take dictation and, about equally primed with alcohol and the girl's hopeful innocence, invents and discards a whole series of hilarious, improbable episodes for a movie to be called "The Girl Who Stole the Eiffel Tower." Now, the "in"-ness of a screenwriter writing a script about a screenwriter writing a script and the further "in"-ness of certain mocking parallels with "Charade," which also starred Miss Hepburn, Givenchy, and Paris, more than once threaten to bring the Axelrod fun house of fantasy crashing down, but at every point his wit supplies the necessary prop and the fun goes on. His dialogue is a model of ur-



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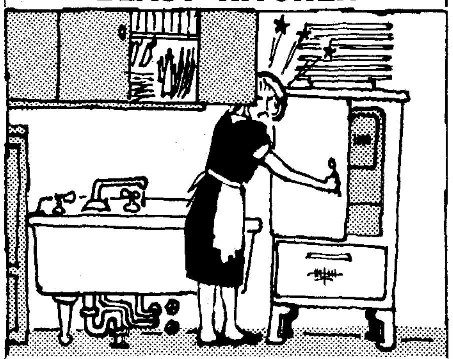

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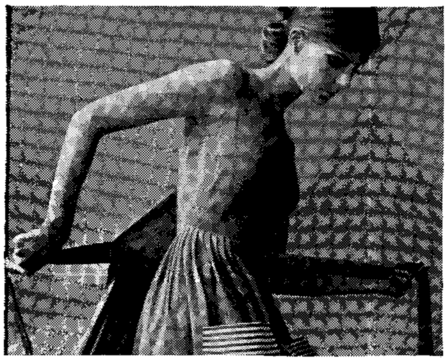

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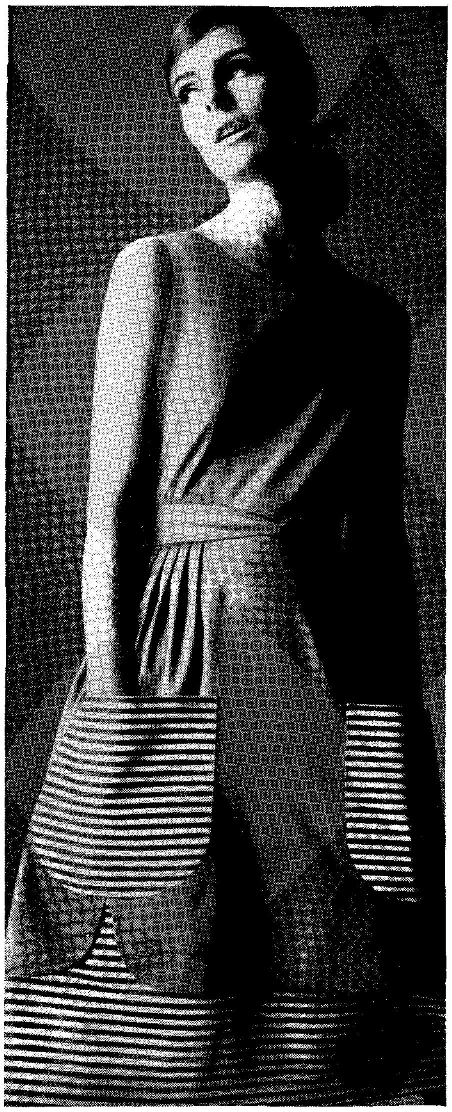

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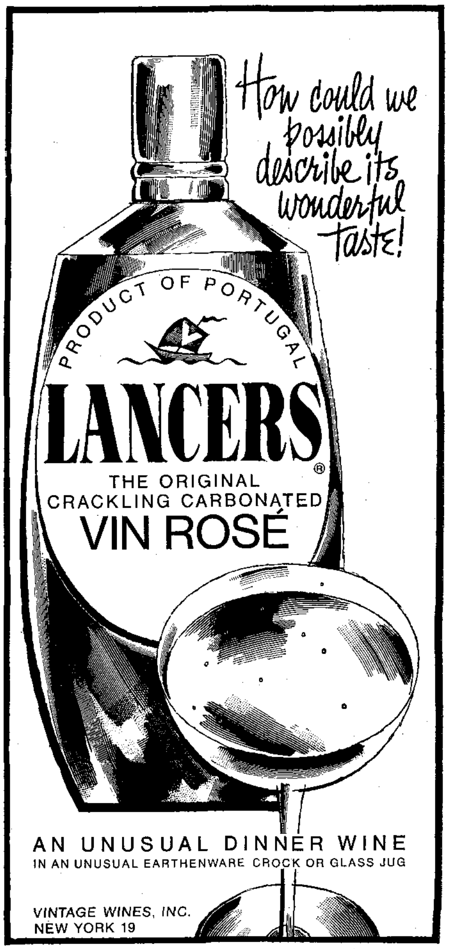
bane, nutty playfulness; he is particularly skilled at setting up an amusing image and then milking it, as I'm afraid the saying is, for laughs. Take the last words of a notorious international safecracker as he lies dying in a pool of his own blood at Le Bourget. He and his beloved had discovered long ago that, as children, each had enjoyed the refinement of a private zoo, complete with giraffes. The girl plucks at his lapels and begs him to live, reminding him of the happy future they had planned. The dying man gamely pretends to look forward to those frabjous days. "And will there be giraffes?" the girl asks, her perfect eyes awash with perfect tears; over the first dread sounds of Cheyne-Stokes breathing we hear the poor man answer, "Of course . . . giraffes." It is a superlative moment.

Besides Mr. Holden and Miss Hepburn, who appear to have had a marvellous time making this picture (I hope they really did), let me praise the rest of the cast, which includes Noël Coward, Grégoire Aslan, and a Hollywood star who, as a gag, isn't mentioned in the credits, since he plays the part of a bit actor petulantly dismayed to find himself a mere "Second Policeman." I should also mention, as a sort of footnote to film history, that Givenchy is given credit not only for Miss Hepburn's wardrobe but for her perfume. Alas, it doesn't travel.

FROM old-fashioned, pre-Axelrod France (as, to us Puritans, the title fairly shouts) comes "A Mistress for the Summer," and it is a more ambitious venture than its modest and nearly always smiling surface might lead one to suppose. Unlike the majority of ambitious things, it's also short, and unless your time happens to be exceptionally valuable, you could do worse than devote eighty minutes to this bittersweet tale of life among the rich and gifted. As we've heard a good many times before, it isn't easy to be either, and almost everyone in the present example has a heart heavy with assorted woes; still, since they practice a commendable gallantry in respect to these woes, and since they're pleasant people to look upon and listen to, we are more often amused than saddened as we watch the working out of their wretched destinies. The setting is a great white whale of a villa, beached in gaping splendor somewhere on the Riviera near Saint-Tropez. The color-processing of the picture happens not to be very exact—certain sections of it seem to have been hand-colored by an impatient child—but one



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gets a vivid enough impression of the gifts of sun, sea, and air available along that famously sybaritic littoral. Also made vivid is the efficacy of wealth as an all-purpose emollient; if money can't buy happiness, it can certainly do wonders for unhappiness.

Directed by Edouard Molinaro from a screenplay by Maurice Clavel and M. Molinaro, the picture stars Pascale Petit as a girl picked up in a bar in Saint-Tropez by an artist down from Paris on holiday; not waiting to learn so much as her name, the artist, played by Michel Auclair, bundles her off to the house of his fashionable hostess (Micheline Presle), who is herself thoroughly preoccupied with the comings and goings of a rebellious, unworldly son (Georges Poujouly). Soon the boy, the artist, the vagrant girl, and the mother are caught up in a rueful four-sided relationship that, as you might expect, ends with everything at sixes and sevens. Mlle. Presle, M. Auclair, and M. Poujouly suffice in their rather negative roles, and Mlle. Petit is so pretty and so desirable that one can't help wondering how she came to be sitting alone in a bar in Saint-Tro' at the very height of the season. Perhaps her fairy godmother left her there the winter before, wrapped in a brown study? —BRENDAN GILL

●

Some said that the Massif of H. R. 10 was made up in long-tons of homework learning the exemptions, limitations, penalties and chillingly long-winded complications of the same with the triple-tongued tones of over-complicity, proverbially adored by the little statesmen and abhorred by salty Field-Underwriters, safe in their tried and true Rules-of-the-road to Success, i.e., the mastery of their time spent in the presence of pre-heated prospects to sell life insurance . . . and furthermore he knows that the wise agent leaves the space in the law library to the salaried home office expert. He knows quick study methods, he trims, he outlines, he recites only the basic material, the vital in encouraging the purchase of the benefits in the new Law: Through the purchase of the Life Insurance Product. Field-Underwriters obviously at this point, needed help from G.H.Q. now the captains of industry did step into the gaping lack of knowledge and action . . . action now was taken to forestall the selling bacon from soaring off into space and time of agents contempt and forgetfulness like the old story of pie-in-the-sky. Now the know-how of legal talents and tax experts were marshalled to make their examinations and studies and report and save the day. By filing off the rust of verbiage H. R. 10 was revealed as an imperfect but currently serviceable tool.—*Bulletin of the Life Underwriters' Association of the City of New York.*

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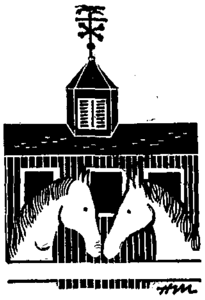

FOOLHARDY as it is to predict anything about three-year-olds at this time of year, it is submitted that this won't be a memorable season for them. Don't ask me why; it's just something in the air. To get down to cases, Northern Dancer, as was expected, won the Florida Derby rather handily at Gulfstream Park last Saturday. As I watched it on TV, it was obvious that Greek Episode, who led for about three-quarters of the mile and a furlong, was doing so on sufferance. Northern Dancer, galloping along in second place, was going so well that you knew his rider had only to ask him for a bit more effort to complete the business in hand. You hadn't long to wait. On the turn into the stretch, Shoemaker eased the jaunty little bay out from behind Greek Episode, and, given his head, he swept into the lead. That was that. The Scoundrel was second, and I must say that I liked the way he finished. He's improving steadily, and he acts as though he'd fancy the Kentucky Derby's mile and a quarter. Dandy K. was third, beating Roman Brother again. From the way Roman Brother ran, I've a notion that he has had too much racing.

It is hard to decide just what indications of Derby form were furnished by the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct last weekend. As you know, Mr. Moonlight, one of the less fancied runners, won it by a nose from Traffic, with Mr. Brick, the favorite, third, and Chieftain a distant fourth. Before the race, the main object of interest was Chieftain, who was quite the handsomest of the ten starters, and who was the last to arrive to be saddled. Traffic and Mr. Brick looked good, too, though the latter is too coarse to be an attractive horse. Another animal that caught everybody's eye was Ciphering, who's a shade over seventeen hands—the biggest three-year-old I've seen in some time. Though Mr. Moonlight made what looked like a spectacular finish, coming from seventh place in the last quarter, all he really did was to sail past the tiring leaders, who had run themselves dizzy in the first half of the one-mile dash. Actually, Mr. Brick's performance was the

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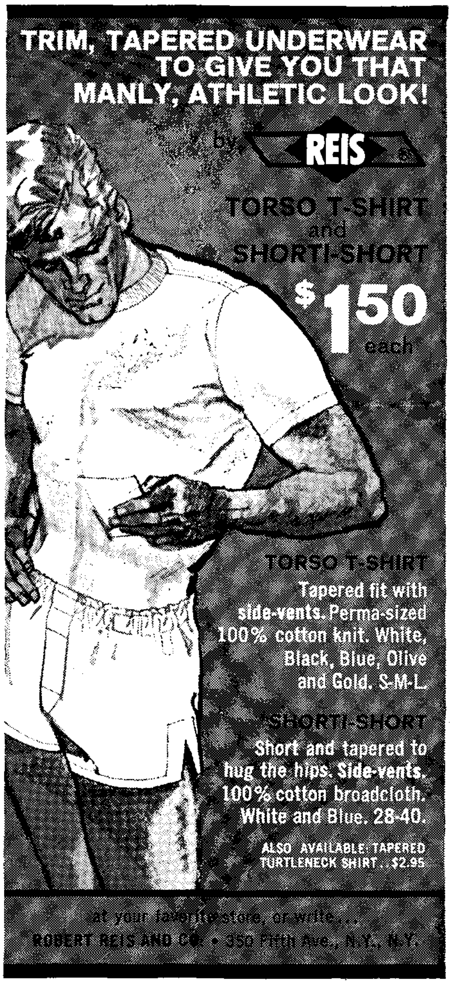

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best of the lot, for he raced National off his feet and then withstood Traffic's challenge until right at the end. I hardly know what to say about Chieftain. He always had a good position, and, turning into the stretch, he came up fast on the rail; then he weakened badly. It had been expected that Quadrangle would be a starter in the Gotham, but Elliott Burch, who trains him, decided to run him earlier in the week in an overnight event at a mile. Taking the lead in the first quarter, Quadrangle won by a neck from Knightly Manner, who was second to Hill Rise in the Santa Anita Derby. Let's hope they'll all meet in the Wood Memorial a week from Saturday.

NOW and then, horses, and especially fillies, fool the most knowing trainers. Before Hirsch Jacobs saddled Affectionately for the Correction Handicap the other afternoon, he thought she didn't look her best, and that perhaps he ought to send her back to the farm. Just for that, she led all the way. Jacobs has a two-year-old half sister to Affectionately, named Admiring, who has all the earmarks of a topnotcher—quality, size, substance (right now, she's almost as big as Affectionately, who is twice her age), and speed. In fact, she won her only start in style at Santa Anita last winter. Incidentally, Admiring is one of eight two-year-olds by Hail to Reason that Jacobs has at Aqueduct. As, of course, you remember, Hail to Reason was the wonder two-year-old of 1960. He was the winner of seven stakes, among them the Hopeful, and he had the Champagne and the Garden State at his mercy; then he broke down during a workout and was retired to the stud. This is his first crop, and seven of the eight I saw are smashers, resembling their sire to a marked degree in size, conformation, and behavior. In addition to Admiring, I particularly liked Adorable, a dark-bay filly; Turn to Reason, a gray colt; and Satisfaction, a bay colt who had bad luck in his first start at Aqueduct several weeks ago. The others are Be Reasonable, Path of Glory, Gracious Welcome, and Morning Calm. All, I'd say, are worth remembering.

—AUDAX MINOR

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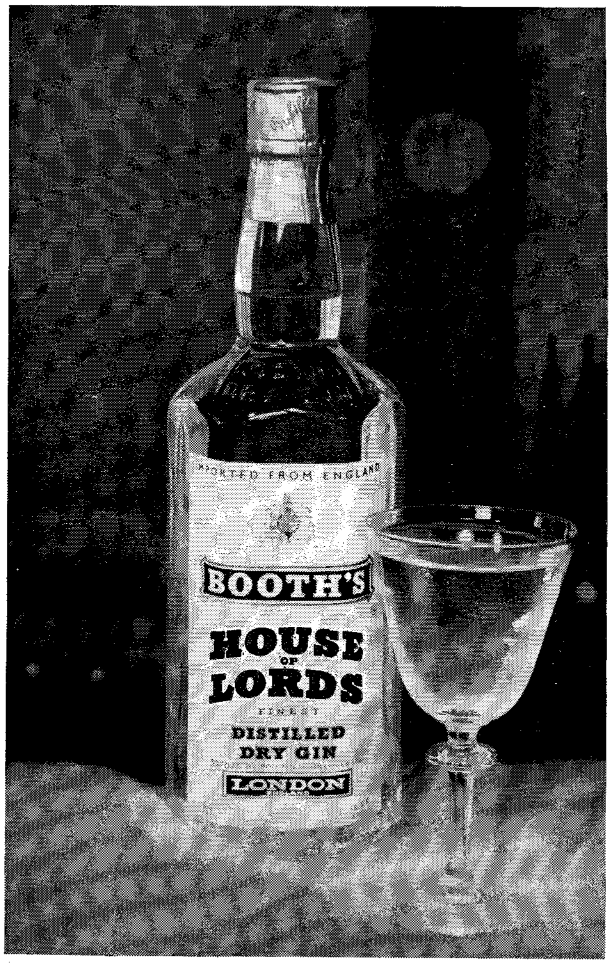

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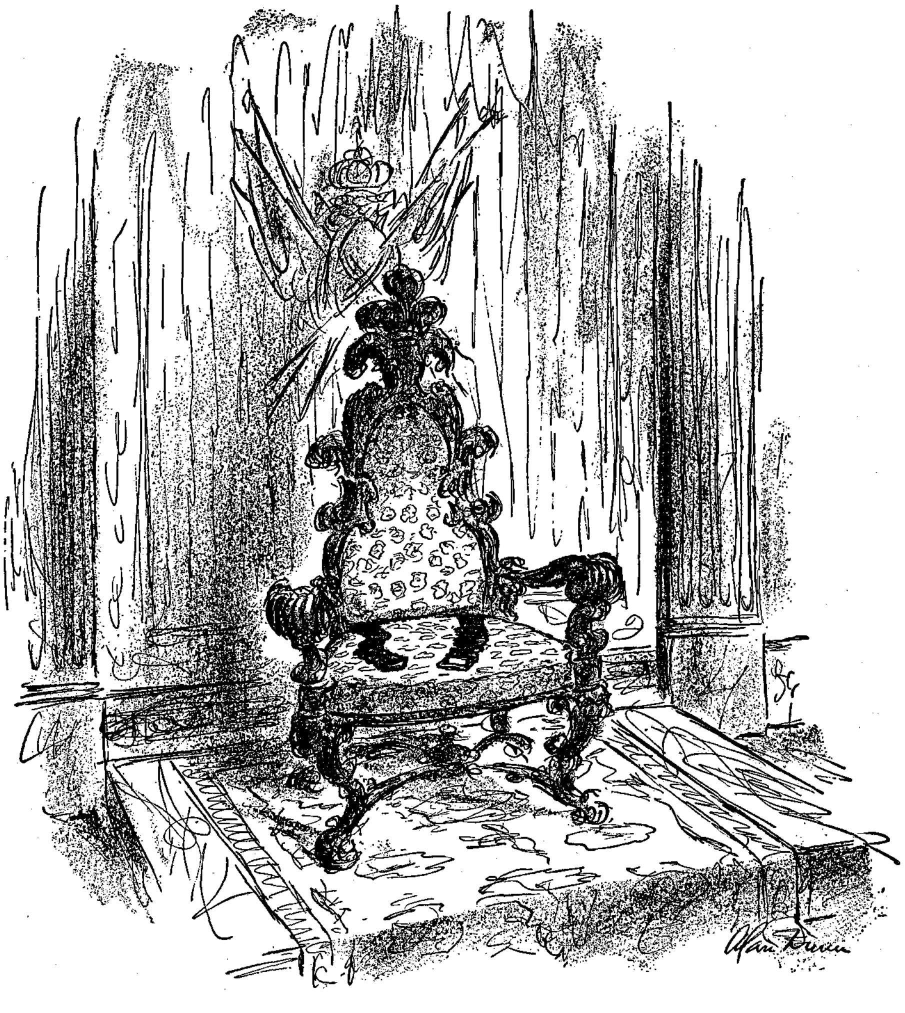
THE hero of Elias Canetti's "Auto-da-Fé" (Stein & Day), which is, according to Miss Iris Murdoch, one of the few great novels of the century, inspires no great confidence when he is formally introduced to the reader, on its second page. He is Professor Kien, and to show that he is a specialist in Sinology, he is out for a morning stroll, carrying a copy of a book by Meng-tse, just as a classics man might be carrying a copy of Caesar's "Commentaries," an anatomist a skull, or a research chemist a rack of test tubes. The book is from the Professor's private library, which contains many "priceless volumes," but the work by Meng-tse is "beloved above all the rest." The Professor is emaciated. . . . At this point, it becomes fairly clear that if there is anything obvious to say about him, Mr. Canetti, a writer of Bulgarian origin who writes in German (the translation is by C. V. Wedgwood), is going to say it, and probably more often than once. He is a cliché who inhabits a world of clichés. The books in his library are "dry and ponderous tomes." He likes the idea of children but can't bear to deal with them in the flesh because they might disturb him at his work. Women are out for the same reason, and because time given to love is time wasted. Professor Kien has none to spare:

> Punctually at eight his work began, his service for truth. Knowledge and truth were for him identical terms. You draw closer to truth by shutting yourself off from mankind.

It apparently occurred to Mr. Canetti that some of his readers might have difficulty in understanding the idea "shut off from mankind" so baldly presented, so he follows this by an illustration in the form of a Comic Incident. Professor Kien is walking down a street when "Suddenly he heard someone shouting loudly at someone else: 'Can you tell me where Mut Strasse is?' " The questioner gets no reply and tries again: "I don't think you heard me." To the Professor's amusement, he then gets angry and begins to shout, "Who do you think you are?," and presently becomes abusive. At last, the Professor realizes, with a shock of surprise . . . Yes, indeed. But Canetti is still uneasy. There is always the reader who was dropped on his head when he was a baby. So when the Professor gets to the top-floor apartment where he keeps his library, he opens a door "secured by three highly complicated locks" and goes into a set of rooms with skylights but no windows. He has persuaded his landlord to wall them up. "The temptation to watch what went on in the street—an immoral and time-wasting habit—disappeared with the side windows."

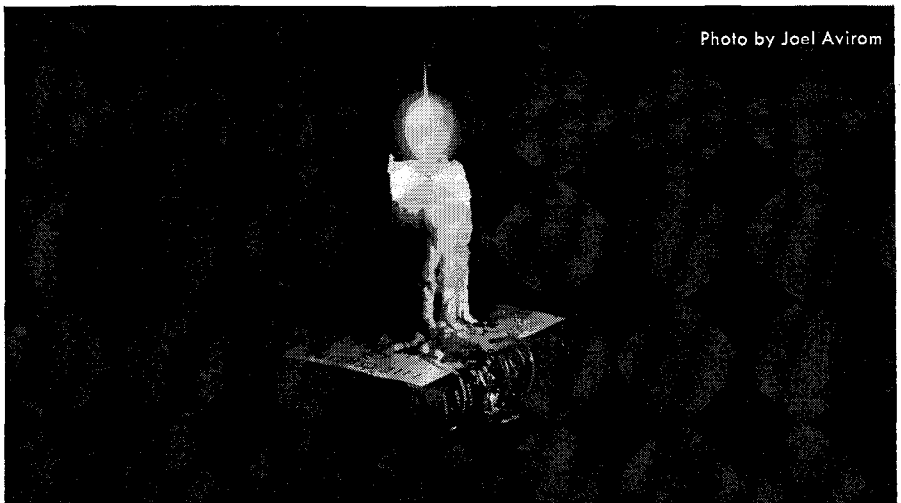
This comes on the fifteenth page, and Mr. Canetti goes on making points in this deft and stimulating way for another four hundred and forty-nine pages. All this is in aid of putting across a message worthy of Meng-tse himself. That worthy succeeded Confucius in the business of producing platitudes, and, finding that the Master had overlooked little that was really stunningly obvious in the line of folk wisdom, simply put the old stuff through the hopper a second time. "The Way is not far from man; if we take the Way as beyond man, this is not the real Way" is the great thought as Confucius put it down, and when Meng-tse had given it the treatment it became "The Way is near, but men seek it afar. It is in easy things, but men seek for it in difficult things." Canetti uses "Chinese" as he might use "double Dutch" as a symbol for "difficult things," and by easy things he means marrying, having children, and being available to people who want to know where Mut Strasse is (right here, my friend!). The message, in short, is that if, in the name of intellect, we expel all that is simple, natural, and instinctive from our lives, it will only be at the expense of creating a vacuum that will be filled by evil things. Sterile relationships breed mental monsters, etc. By a strikingly original stroke, Canetti brings evil into the Professor's life as a scheming and avaricious housekeeper who . . . Quite so, and it does seem inevitable, doesn't it, that in the end the Professor, laughing in his madness, should burn himself alive on a funeral pyre made of his own darling books?

The thing isn't made any more tolerable by Canetti's handling of the technical problem presented by a hero who



is not a person but a symbol, and a mad one at that. His not very satisfactory answer is to write about the Professor's doings and feelings in a style reminiscent of the routine of eyeball rollings, eyebrow flappings, throat clutchings, and staggerings to and fro by which Emil Jannings, in the good old days of UFA and silent films, indicated that suspicion, doubt, or some other troublesome thought was entering his mind. Canetti, in brief, writes without taste or sensitivity, and at inordinate length, to convey an awesome warning about a danger that threatens nobody. In the end, his book, though uninteresting in itself, becomes interesting because it raises the question of why anyone, let alone a writer of Miss Murdoch's intelligence, would wish to bother with it.

It is hard to understand how such evident nonsense comes to be taken seriously unless weight is given to the possibility that the gathering interest in nonsense is connected with a loss of confidence in literature as a medium for the presentation of important or significant ideas. As recently as sixty years ago, the insights of a literary man could still be based on an effective grasp of all that his society knew about itself and its environment. The literary approach to knowledge was then as good and as searching as any other. But even in Matthew Arnold's day a literary man's observations about what the sciences were concerned with and what they were beginning to uncover were likely to be the superficial products of a simple failure of the understanding. In the past sixty years—that is to say, in the second half of the entire period in which even a rudimentary scientific culture has been a possibility—the sciences have transformed the nature of the human experience of reality. What has been brought into view is a universe that the human mind can explore, regardless of all physical limitations, to its furthest confines, because every single part of it stands in a logical relationship to the whole. Unfortunately, the logic of its complexity is not explicable in terms of "Puss-y waves her tail be-cause she is an-gry" and its mechanics are a great deal more sophisticated than the "This pushes that, so this goes round" of the steam-age models. There are no handy short cuts to an understanding of it, and the only approach that yields meaning is the arduous one of learning to speak and think in the non-literary "Chinese" that is the language of science. The great flaw in classical culture is the narrowness epitomized by the existence of the words "barbaric" and "barbarians"—products



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With the publication last October of "Philosophy in Process" by Paul Weiss, a Yale philosopher, the Southern Illinois University Press celebrated publication of its 100th title since its founding in 1956. The occasion was also marked by announcement of the Press' sixth series, Contemporary Latin-American Classics, which bows this Spring with the publication of "The Villagers (Huasipungo)" by Jorge Icaza, the most significant work in contemporary Latin-American literature.

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of hostility to languages that had an unfamiliar sound and an unfamiliar structure and thus registered in the classical ear as "bar-bar-bar." It was an easy step from disliking the sound, or being perplexed by it, to writing off the value of the content; people who talked that way could not have anything worthwhile to say. Canetti's soundly Lawrentian and Tolstoyan contention that knowledge is not truth—or that there is some higher truth apart from knowledge—is part of a similar pattern of rejection. It is because the literary mind shrinks from the effort involved in widening its horizons of comprehension by learning what is, for it, a barbaric and possibly a dangerous tongue that it has been reduced, with what is incomparably the most rational and orderly picture of reality that man has so far been able to construct radiant before it, to complain that it has been turned adrift in a meaningless universe. What scientific culture is hostile to, and what acquaintance with it destroys, is vulgar prejudice about reality. The parrot cry of the advocates of the sort of nonsense literature to which "Auto-da-Fé" is a contribution is that science has caused the breakdown of the reassuring classical picture of rational man as a being at home at the center of an appropriately orderly universe. All that can be said is that the universe is as it has always been and that science has made it rather more difficult to tell obvious lies about it than it used to be. This is not quite the same thing as destroying a conception of an orderly universe, and it seems to be a poor reason for adopting a settled policy of talking nonsense or for claiming that the absurd is a mirror of truth.

"A Man and His Master" (Hill & Wang), translated from the French by Ralph Manheim, is another novel that approaches what is alleged to be the truth through an account of the obsessive behavior of a lunatic. It is by François Billetdoux, who wrote the play "Tchin-Tchin" and who is no end of a clever fellow. In this case, he appears to be playing with an idea that may, or again may not, have originated in the mind of Jean Paulhan. The doubt hinges on the question of whether he wrote a dashing and genuinely original pornographic novel called "L'Histoire d'O" or merely contributed a preface to it. Paulhan's preface explained that an anonymous woman of his acquaintance had written this sadistic romance after reading a description of the behavior of some liberated slaves

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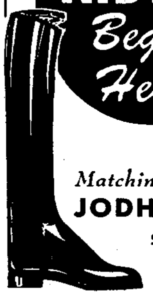

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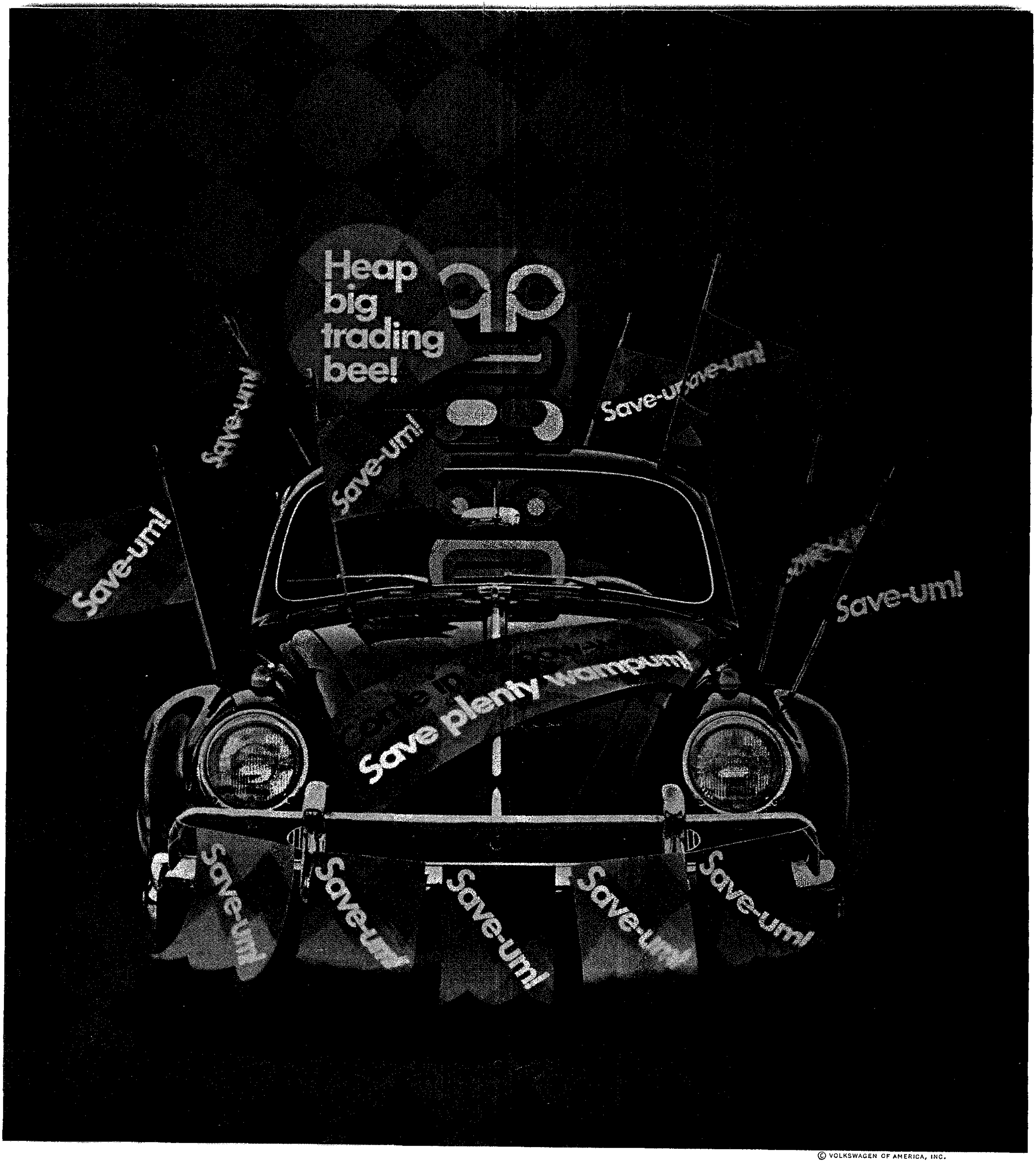
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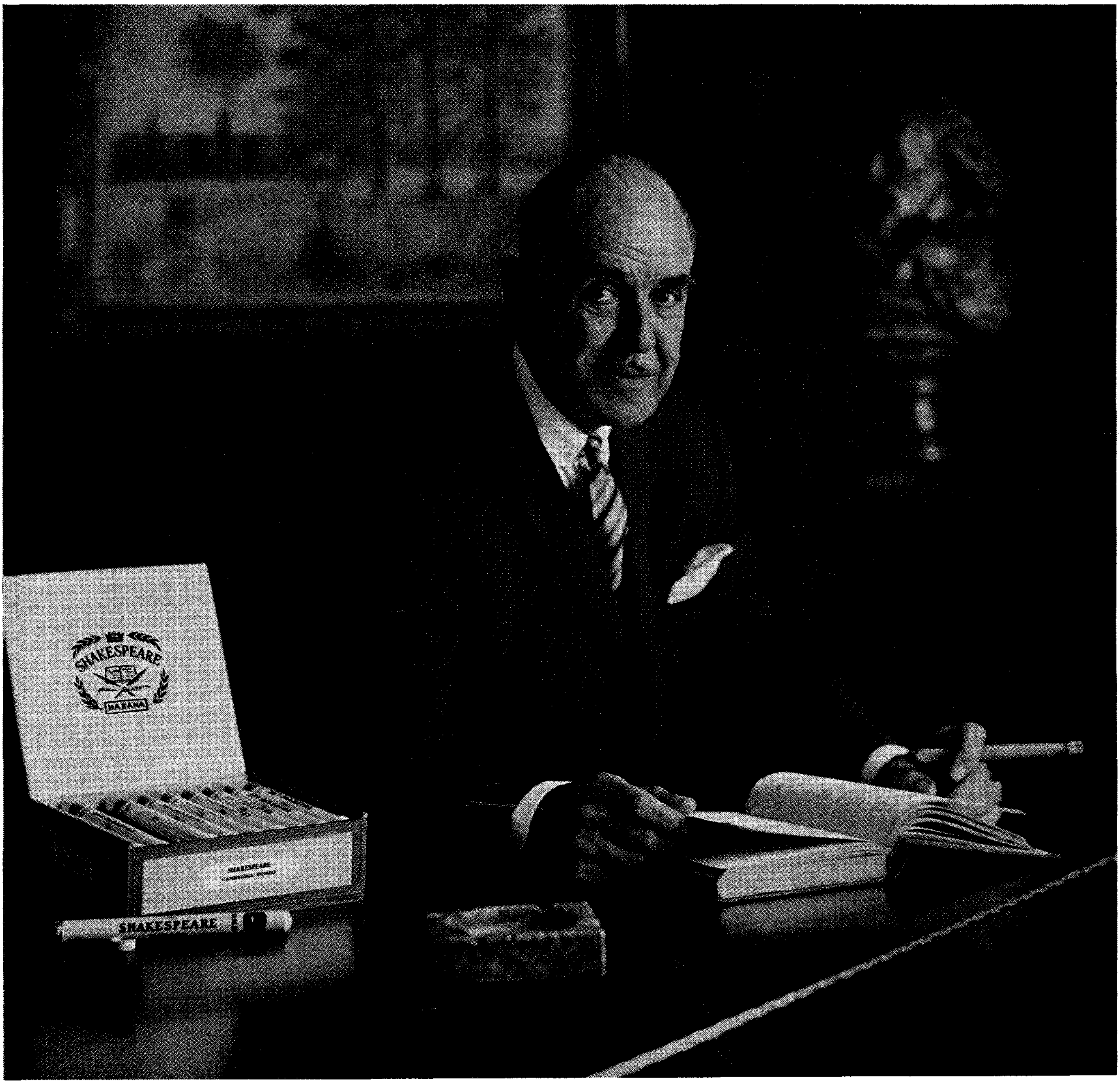

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on a West Indian plantation who, finding freedom intolerable, had begged their former masters to restore them to their happy and carefree condition of servitude. This had struck an answering note, deep, so M. Paulhan alleged, in her being, and revealed to her that the feminists had done their sex a grave wrong in freeing them from a state of subjection that was natural to them and a necessary precondition to their happiness. "L'Histoire d'O" showed how O's lover, by arranging for her systematic degradation and humiliation, saved her from the futility of a search for happiness and opened the way for her fulfillment as a mindless thing. M. Billetdoux has taken this notion—that true happiness lies in the acceptance of a state of bondage—and has applied it to men, who are, if he is correct, never happier than when they are degrading and humiliating themselves in an attempt to live up to an immaturely conceived and unattainable ideal of virility. His hero is a dutiful bourgeois, steady and regular in his business affairs, and a good husband and father, but his mind is haunted by the idea that he should be a free spirit, a Don Juan, who does what he wishes, like his friend Canavaggio, and if M. Billetdoux had been content to make his novel the story of a man's efforts to be untrue to his own character, the results might have been funny, but the author chooses to have him go mad and really believe that he is somehow taking Canavaggio over and absorbing him into his life. The attempt nearly comes off. But the mad really are isolated within their madness, and a sane author's attempts to enter their world of dissociation are necessarily futile. There is no way to share what is essentially solitude, and any coherent account of it must in the last analysis inevitably be a fake.

Luis Harss, the author of "The Little Men" (Atheneum), has written a story of bourgeois family life in Chile, his country of origin, in a prose full of an abundant spurious vitality generated by a skillful misuse of language:

> Poor Mother—she nursed a hopelessly stale and mildewed grief as her last girlish illusions gradually foundered. He [Father] was pleased to see her decline to his level. For such, he sensed, was the way of all flesh, that there was no relief, no escape from its hallucinations, no possible breach of contract, except with the connivance of reality, the most elusive and destructive of its forms.

This sounds clever, and the way the human mind works predisposes the reader to suppose that it must mean something. Mr. Harss does sometimes

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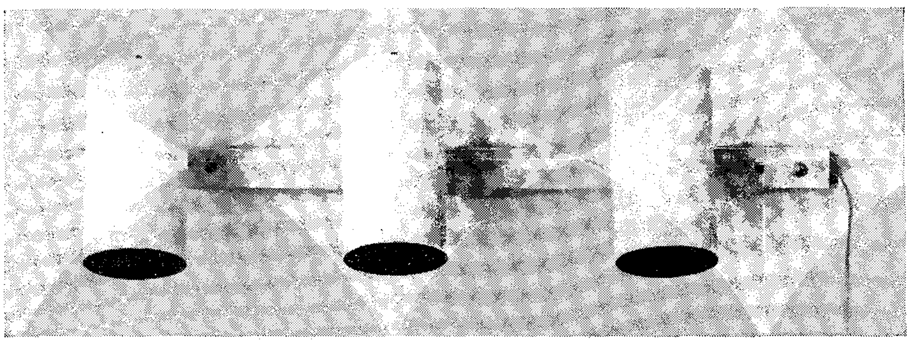

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achieve nice effects, as when the lady whose grief is mildewed "sat up in bed all garbled, and said, 'What are you looking at?' " But the technique isn't fully in his control, and he too often falls off his machine with such sentences as these:

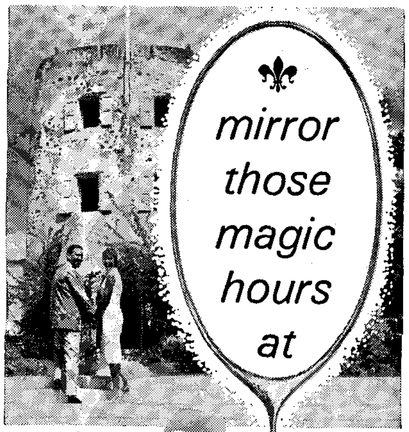
> Another time, a lunatic urge possessed her to claw open her groin and dismantle her bloated inner functionings, as if the better to help him study Mankind in her, in the surging of her womb and beating of her appendix.
>
> "Sometimes I think I love you," I said, as, sequestering her, I seared her forehead with a burning lip that must have been like the touch of Kismet upon her.

The second sentence comes on page 367, and long before they get to it most readers will have realized that Mr. Harss is overworking a gimmick in order to give an adventitious interest to some very commonplace storytelling and to conceal the fact that he doesn't have very much to say. The fashionable retreat from meaning and clarity of statement may well have a similar purpose. —ANTHONY WEST

VERSE

IT seems at present dangerous and almost wicked to acclaim the virtues of the traditional. Academies of all kinds have been in disrepute for decades, and form in the arts has come to be thought of by many people as a sort of trap. But the fact remains that when high, lively poetic talent appears, operating in conventional form, crowds run toward it, though often in the belief that they are running toward something else. The late Dylan Thomas, for example, was a formalist of the first order—in youth, we have been told, a student of Milton and George Herbert, and in maturity one of the few moderns writing in English who could face up to the intricacy, and the exaltation, of the ode. It is difficult to remember, in periods of experiment, that form was invented to produce pleasure and that poets (young Sidney, young Shelley) once hotly defended their right to speak in numbers. Yet in spite of the loud, rebellious cries that are being continually raised by this or that partisan of poetic freedom, conventional delights still count. Even that wonderfully contemptuous brickbat epithet "square" goes off course when aimed at pure lyric endowment. It hits the barnyard fowls but misses the nightingales.

As a matter of fact, the amount of brilliant formal poetry written in English at the moment is striking. The favorites of the Muse are ever the



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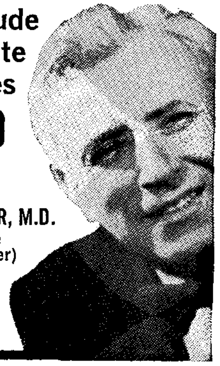

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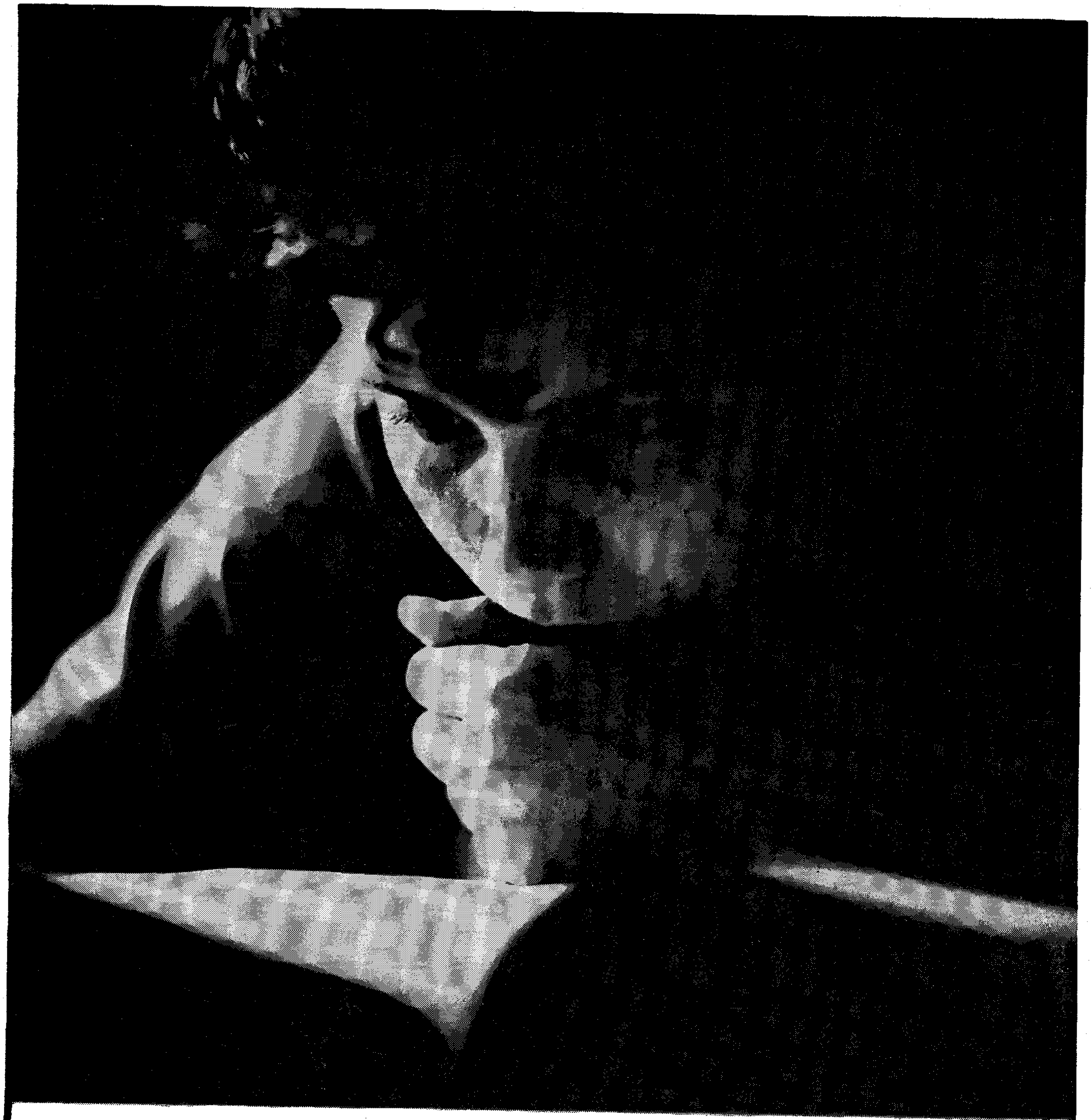

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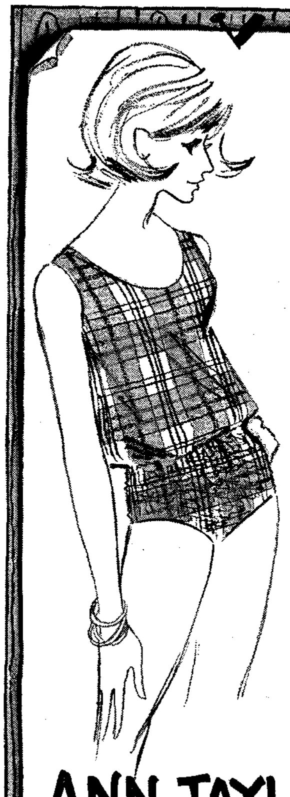

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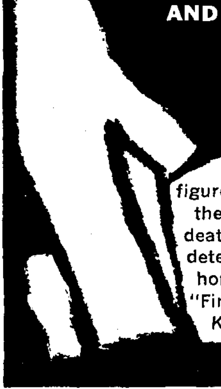

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A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Muse's defenders, and Robert Graves can be considered a shining instance of how the goddess seems to continue to take care of her own. Graves, in his "New Poems" (Doubleday), is still able to write memorable lyrics at an age when in many poets the impulse to song has lessened or totally disappeared. Although his tone frequently slides over into the incantatory and his gods and demons are recurrent and slightly obsessive, they are beings whose power we are made to recognize by the sheer practiced skill of Graves's writing hand.

THE dazzling early lyric performance of Louis MacNeice remained unmatched in his generation. MacNeice's sudden death, at the age of fifty-six, last summer, followed closely upon the publication of his "Collected Poems 1925-48" (Oxford). What proved to be his final volume, "The Burning Perch," appeared posthumously last autumn. The "Collected Poems" should, although not so arranged, be read in chronological order, for it is an added pleasure to watch the opening out of a true lyric gift and of one so clearly illustrative of the subtle shifts and adjustments that have occurred within English poetic tradition during this century. The exuberance and inventive gaiety of MacNeice's early poems helped to break up a tendency of the time toward dead seriousness. His Greek studies kept him on balance and metrically ingenious, while he faced up, at a young age, to his era and place—being able to construct, at least once, a long poem ("Autumn Journal," in 1938) that brought together a dramatic account of public events and a candid record of personal crisis. A growing bitterness and melancholy appear in the later work, but MacNeice's eye for detail and his Anglo-Irish wit never quite failed him, and they reappear in his last book, faultlessly projected, as always.

VERNON WATKINS, in "Affinities" (New Directions), follows a very difficult course in never deviating from the tone of high seriousness that was once thought to be the only proper tone for conventional verse. Watkins, moreover, in poem after poem shows that sense of homage to poets of the past and to the Muse herself (like Graves, he addresses her openly) that can exist, just now, only at the opposite pole of poetic fashion. To praise Wordsworth and Browning is to run the danger of being thought inert and moss-grown. Heine, Hölderlin, D. H. Lawrence, and Nijinsky are more acceptable figures, together

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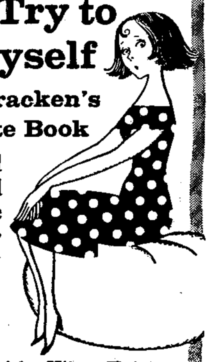

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with T. S. Eliot, who, although rejected by some, can still be tendered reverence without rousing too vigorous an opposition. Watkins steps into one well-lit center of contemporary interest with a long, beautifully written, and most poignant elegy, "A True Picture Restored: Memories of Dylan Thomas." As Thomas's fellow-poet, compatriot, and elder friend, Watkins describes the virtues of a young Thomas as they have never before been described. And the least of his own lyrics are intense, interesting, and humane.

DAME EDITH SITWELL has written a great deal on the subject of form, and has gone through various phases, both formal and experimental, from youth on. "Music and Ceremonies" (Vanguard), her first book of new poetry in eight years, is at moments ceremonious indeed—in its style, which can reflect the intensity of Traherne and Crashaw, and in its series of dedications, which include the grandest sort of names. Here we are again drawn into a special landscape, with phantasmagoric symbols thick about us—a landscape that Dame Edith has elaborated as time goes on, so that much of it has, for her admirers, a charmingly familiar aspect, though occasionally, surely, a rather chilling one, for there are horrid simian creatures loose in the scenery that must be dealt with peremptorily every so often, and are. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE OLD BOYS, by William Trevor (Viking). An English novel about the antics, usually spiteful, of a group of old men who attended the same public school and occasionally meet in committee to deal with the affairs of the Old Boys' Association. Most prominent in the story is Mr. Jaraby, who hates his wife as intensely as she hates him. The Jarabys are seventy-two but seem much older. At the beginning, there seems a fair chance for a moment of cheerfulness or recognition between the Jarabys, but as we read on, it becomes obvious that the hatred between these two is so solid that no gleam of light will ever appear, and so the story is reduced to a dogged exchange of petty domestic revenges. The rest of the Old Boys—widowers and bachelors, most of them—are lightly but effectively drawn. Mr. Trevor writes with originality and style, and it seems a pity that he confines all his characters to this sour,

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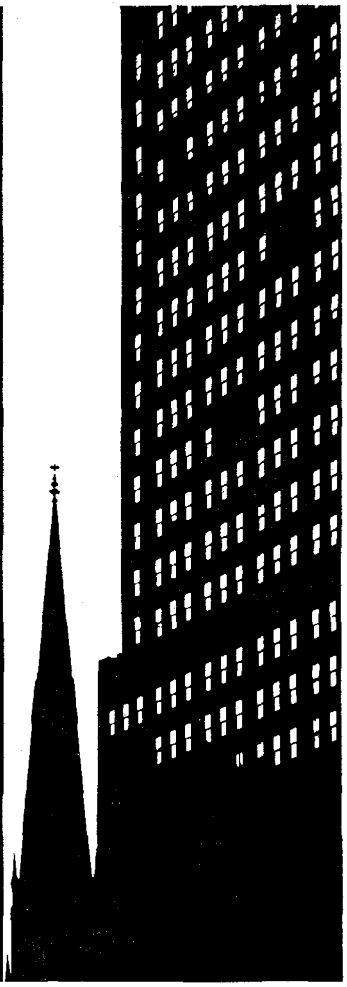

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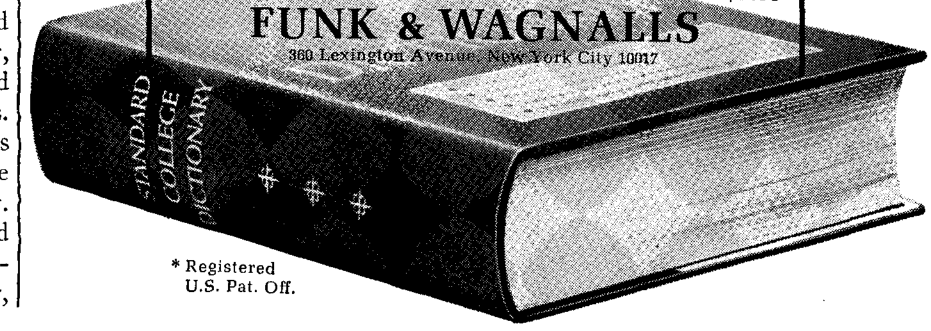

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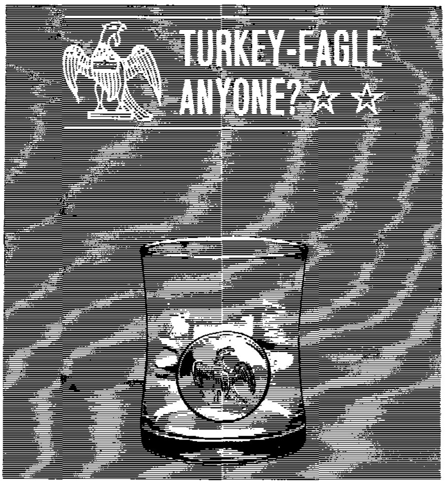
disappointed atmosphere. A first novel.

THE WINTER PEOPLE, by Gilbert Phelps (Simon & Schuster). An eccentric Victorian explorer and black sheep named John Parr discovers an unknown tribe in a high Andean valley. Its people are primitive, peaceful, kindly automatons, and Parr, who believes them to be direct descendants of a pre-Incan culture, is so bewitched by them that he lives with them several summers. (In the winter, they vanish into a mysterious temple and hibernate.) On his final attempt to return, however, he cannot find the valley, which unhinges him, and he passes the rest of his days a mad recluse. This tale is told through Parr's journal, with marginalia by a grandnephew, whose intrusive doubts about his uncle's veracity infect the reader, too. Moreover, the people of the tribe are, despite the author's relish for them, never more than a dream, and a bad one at that. The Utopian novel dies hard.

TWELVE TALES OF SUSPENSE AND THE SUPERNATURAL, by Davis Grubb (Scribners). To be acceptable, fantasy demands either a grain of wisdom or a strain of gaiety, or both, and Mr. Grubb's twelve mercifully short efforts are solidly pedestrian. The scene is America.

GENERAL

INSIDE LINCOLN'S ARMY, edited, with an introduction and notes, by David S. Sparks (Yoseloff). This hitherto unpublished diary, the work of Marsena Rudolph Patrick, a run-of-the-mill West Pointer (class of 1835) from Watertown, New York, covers the span from January 1, 1862, to June 16, 1865, during which he was successively a brigade commander, Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac, and Provost Marshal General of the Armies Operating Against Richmond. His diary is at once comprehensive (he knew everybody, went everywhere, saw everything) and disappointing. It is a day-to-day record, but the entries are invariably rough, almost always short, and generally rather perfunctory: "Rain, Rain, Rain! I have been busy all this evening with various matters. Sharpe has gone to Washington, to carry important despatches to Gen. Hooker, who went up at about 1′45″. I have had hold of some very hard cases today and have been obliged to cut



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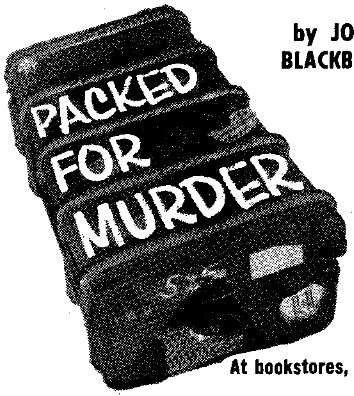

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short some very enterprising Sutlers.” This is not to say that it is wholly lacking in interest, for there are sudden brilliant glimpses of plundering troops, of army politics, and of front-line comfort and discomfort. It is just that they are discouragingly occasional. Contemporary photographs. Ten dollars.

THE PRIVACY INVADERS, by Myron Brenton (Coward-McCann). A hair-raising catalogue of the ways in which the private life of the American citizen is being infiltrated today. The author, a former detective and insurance investigator, is specific. He tells how electronic eavesdropping is carried out; how, and to what extent, big corporations use the lie-detector and the paid spy; how credit bureaus, market researchers, fund raisers, and insurance companies gather secret information; and so on. Mr. Brenton sees this sort of prying as a threat to one of the fundamentals of democracy, which, of course, it is, and he is equally disturbed by the fact that the American public does not seem to be much alarmed by it.

NAPOLEON, by Felix Markham (New American Library). An excellent short biography by an English historian. Mr. Markham is lucid and appreciative when writing about Napoleon’s military genius, and he rather likes the Emperor, but he can be objective about his inadequacies—his ignorance of economics and finance, for example. Napoleon organized France but didn’t develop the country, whereas the English benefited all during the Napoleonic Wars from the unfolding industrial revolution. On the subject of the Emperor’s health, Mr. Markham refers to “premature aging,” beginning before 1805, which appeared as a succession of ailments and a striking loss of energy and may account for the irritable highhandedness that came over Napoleon after 1807. In his case, the result of absolute power may have been not absolute corruption but absolute exhaustion.

LIFE AND LABOR IN ANCIENT MEXICO, translated and edited by Benjamin Keen (Rutgers). A reprinting of Alonso de Zorita’s sixteenth-century “Brief and Summary Relation of the Lords of New Spain,” with a long and excellent introduction by Mr. Keen. Zorita was a high-minded Spanish judge who, in response to a royal demand for information, spent the years between 1556 and 1566 investigating the mistreatment of the

let her love you

VENUS PERALTA, FILIPINA, AGE 4. One of five children. Father dead. Mother earns about 50c a day. Sells fish in market. Lives in one-room shack in squatter area. Roof rusty galvanized tin salvaged from cans. Walls scraps of firewood. Cooking and washing done in lean-to. Children ragged. Main food source sweet potato patch. Privation acute. Mother sickened with despair for children. Help to Venus means help to whole family.

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Money-watching

The essayist Montaigne once said, *"Taking it all in all, I find it is more trouble to watch after money than it is to get it."* Since Montaigne inherited his wealth, you may take his statement with a grain of salt. Still, he made a point worth considering, especially when you're mulling over your own financial affairs.

Watching after money *is* troublesome. If you stash it away in a mattress, the bills may remain intact, but inflation may eat away their purchasing power. Obviously, you had better invest what you can in something that has a good chance of increasing in value over the years. Art? Maybe. Precious stones? Maybe. Real estate? Maybe. But those are all fields where a considerable amount of experience and know-how are necessary if profits are to be made.

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Mexican Indians by the Spanish landowners. The "Brief and Summary Relation" is his report, and it is an utterly damning account of Auschwitz cruelty and ruthless exploitation. As with all the great works of social conscience—and this book rivals Marx's "Capital" in its power—the effect is produced not by the facts but by the imagery: when the Spaniards discover a new mine, Zorita tells the King, vultures gather. Zorita's book is one of the essential documents of American history, and Mr. Keen and the Rutgers University Press deserve our thanks for making it available. Maps and decorations.

THE WIDENING GYRE: CRISIS AND MASTERY IN MODERN LITERATURE, by Joseph Frank, with a foreword by Allen Tate (Rutgers). Mr. Tate, a distinguished older critic, introduces his younger colleague's collection of essays with an encomium so enthusiastic that one assumes it to be a preface to disappointment. Not at all; Mr. Frank is every bit as good as Mr. Tate says. He is original, sensible, learned, and discreet, and every writer he writes about—from Joyce to John Peale Bishop, from Malraux to R. P. Blackmur—is better appreciated through his efforts.

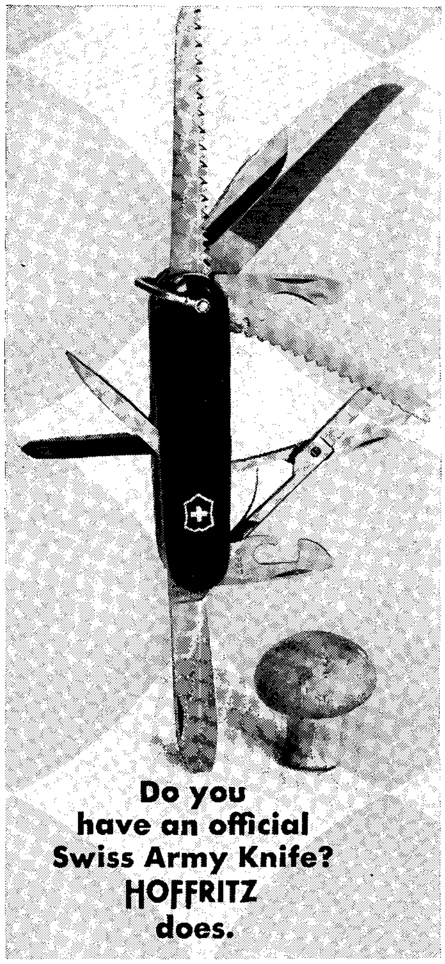
HOW SHAKESPEARE SPENT THE DAY, by Ivor Brown (Hill & Wang). A circumstantial account of Shakespeare's daily life. Since there is really very little information available, Mr. Brown fills out what there is with plausible conjectures. And since even this does not bulk large enough for a book, Mr. Brown fills it out further with *im*plausible conjectures ("'Hamlet' is full of images drawn from disease. Was there some 'hectic in the blood' when he wrote it?"), fictional scenes, and lists of things that Shakespeare did *not* have—the telephone, streptomycin and the sulphonamides, and so on.

•

O PIONEERS DEPARTMENT

[*From an article in Social Casework*]

Family therapy has been referred to as "one of the 'new frontiers' of the mental health field." The theoretical formulations and the basic concepts and techniques of the family therapy approach are still evolving. A usable terminology for the family therapy approach is still being formed. Concepts such as the double bind, family homeostasis, pseudo-mutuality, emotional divorce, undifferentiated family ego mass, overadequate-inadequate reciprocity, and role conflict in the family, represent pioneering efforts in the field.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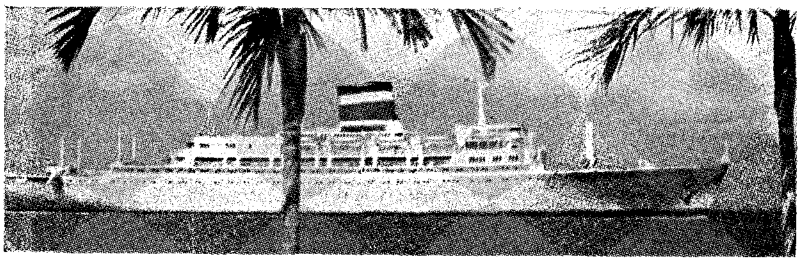

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